

8952  
P362  
2

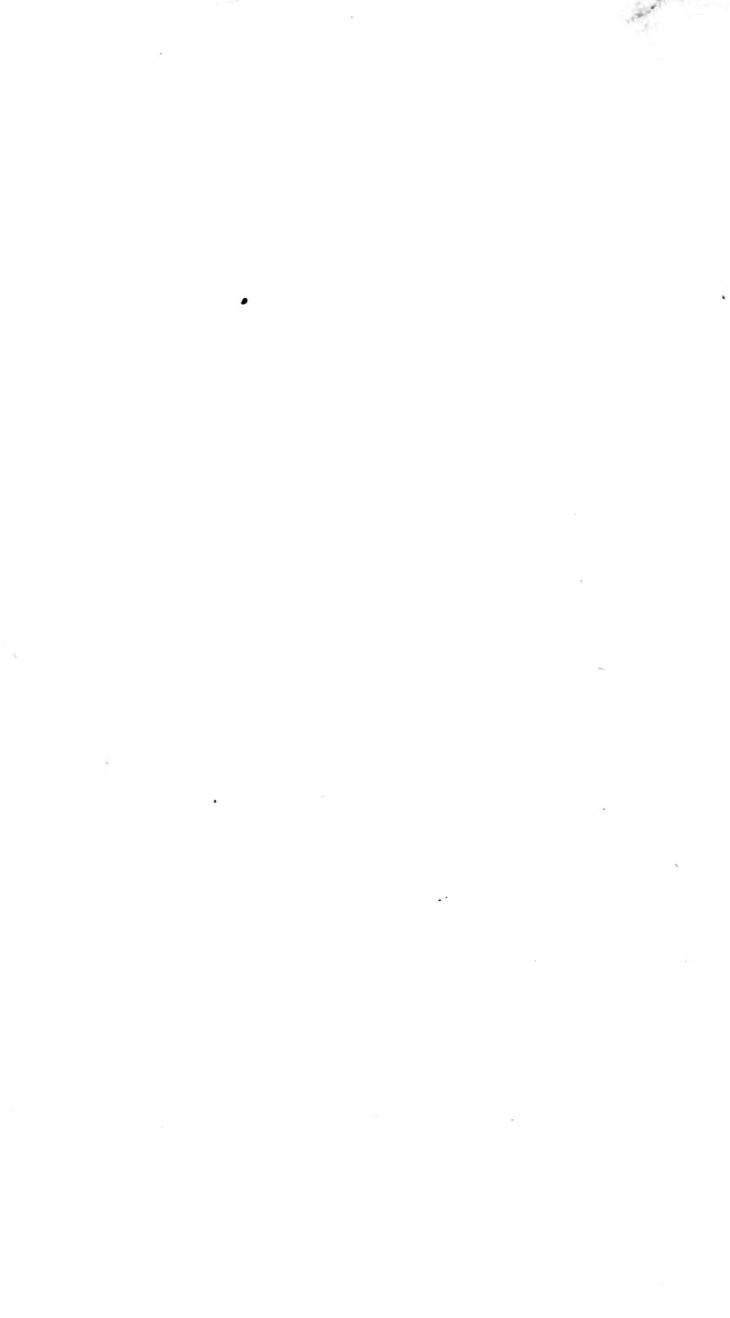
2/1/53







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# The Humorous Speaker

A BOOK OF HUMOROUS SELECTIONS FOR  
READING AND SPEAKING

*Compiled and Edited by*

PAUL M. PEARSON

*Editor of "The Speaker," "The Most Popular Selections  
for Reading and Speaking" "Intercollegiate Debates;"  
Professor of Public Speaking, Swarthmore College*



HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, Inc.  
NEW YORK                      PHILADELPHIA                      CHICAGO

70 111  
111111

COPYRIGHT, 1909  
BY  
HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

A 1

10-111

## INTRODUCTION.

ZITELLA COCKE.

From an article in *The New England Magazine*. By special permission of the publishers.

### THE UTILITY OF HUMOR.

WHATEVER may be urged against ridicule or humorous invective, the wholesome effect of legitimate humor and merriment cannot be denied, and Sterne was clearly in the right when he said that a taste for humor was a gift from Heaven. It is a blessing, a very angel of consolation, without whose presence the thorny, briary path in this workaday world would be uncheered. In the legend of Pandora's box we are told that Hope was left at the bottom, as a compensation for the many ills to which poor humanity is heir, but I think the most efficient and the most ready anodyne is a sense of humor. Hope is indeed an inspiration and often a salvation, yet the promise it offers is too often broken, while Humor presents an immediate solace—a real and present help in time of discouragement and despondency. Let but the unhappy victim have the prehensibles by which to seize upon the proffered good, and he is assured of a temporary, if not a final reprieve. In the annals of English

Court history we read that a crown was paid to one who had succeeded in making the king, Edward II., laugh—a medicine which was doubtless more valuable and efficacious than a dozen prescriptions from the pharmacopœia. A hearty laugh is medicinal and remedial, and Hippocrates believed and declared that a physician should possess a ready humor as a part of the equipment for healing, and Galen informs us that Esculapius himself wrote comedies and commanded them to be read to his patients for the promotion of a healthful circulation of the blood. A noted physician of Richmond, Virginia, Dr. Robert Coleman, whose success was eminent, was said to have accomplished as many cures by his wit and humor as by the drugs he prescribed. His entrance into a sick-chamber brought an atmosphere of cheerfulness, which assisted the receptivity of the patient, and, to quote the homely comparison of Mother Hubbard's dog, many a friend who left a sick one with the thought that nothing more was needed but a coffin, returned to find him laughing and on the highway to recovery. The world is not without illustrious examples and advocates of the excellence and benefit of a hearty laugh. The emperor Titus insisted that he had lost a day if he had passed it without laughing, and Chamfort was accustomed to tell his friends that the most utterly useless and lost of all days was the one upon which he had not laughed.

## THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

How naturally are we attracted to the man who laughs genuinely, and laughs, too, in the right place! His character is indexed at once: we know where to find him—the honest laugh does not emanate from the scoundrel. A man may smile and be a villain still, and may laugh grimly and sardonically, or the loud, unsympathizing, unmeaning laugh may betray the vacant mind; but the laughter which rings with genuineness and appreciation is the catholic note of sympathy, culture, and integrity. And what a teacher is well-timed wit, or genuine humor! How it punctures the bladder of conceit, pretense, and hypocrisy! But, unlike those of wit, the shafts of humor wound to heal, and heal without leaving a scar. There is nothing, says Sydney Smith, of which your pompous gentlemen are so much afraid as a little humor. How often a bloated mass of self-complacency and ignorance is reduced to insignificance by the genial rays of wholesome humor! Says an eminent English author: “I will find you twenty men who will write you systems of metaphysics over which the world shall yawn and doze and sleep, and pronounce their authors oracles of wisdom, for one who can trifle, like Shakespeare, and teach the truest philosophy when he seems to trifle most.”

## STUPIDITY AND WISDOM.

General biography offers ample testimony to the fact that a sense of humor is a feature of great minds; hence Locke's argument that wit and humor

are not ordinarily accompanied with judgment well deserves the stigma put upon it by Sterne, who says that ever since its pronouncement it has been made the Magna Charta of stupidity. On the contrary, it would seem that among the greatest minds the sense of humor never faileth. And why should it not be so? Since humor is the result of an unexpected fitness or incongruity observed either in the world without or in association of ideas within, acting upon a mind qualified to appreciate this fitness or incongruity, it is to be expected that keen and powerful intellects should not be wanting in this qualification. That great powers of acquisition and absorption can and do exist without this sense is hardly denied, but its absence is strangely incompatible with the grasp or sensitivity of genius. It is equally true, as Amiel says, of wit, that while humor is useful for everything, it is sufficient for nothing. It is the wine and good cheer of life, not its food or sustenance.

#### HUMOR AND INTELLIGENCE.

And as humor inhabits the strongest intellects of all, so, too, it belongs to minds of finest quality. The great masters of pathos have been endowed with the finest humor—

There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its cord in melancholy,

and we know that one, greater than Hood, that unparagoned master-mind in tragedy and comedy, and in the sublimest poetry of all time, dealt with the pathetic and the humorous as no author has



done before or since; and the more we study his production the more we realize that no brain could have created Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, and no heart could have held the woe of King Lear and the sorrow of Ophelia, but the brain and heart which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the humor which portrayed Polonius and Malvolio.

## NONSENSE.

Our papers and books abound with spurious humor, and, paradoxical as it may appear, this charge cannot be laid to the nonsense books which constitute a real contribution to the pleasure of nations. Ruskin pronounced Edward Lear's "*Book of Nonsense*" as most beneficent and innocent, and I confess I do not admire the taste of the man who does not find the lyric entitled "*The Owl and the Pussy-Cat*" delicious. The wisest men ought to relish such nonsense, and I think they do, and Lord Chatham uttered the words of wisdom when he said: "Don't talk to me about sense. I want to know if a man can talk nonsense!"—and to be able to write delightful nonsense is a gift not to be despised by any who know Lear, Gilbert, and Burnand, or have ever read "*Nonsense Botany*," which humorous production ought to cure the severest attack of the dismals.

American humor lies chiefly in exaggeration, although Mrs. Partington's account of the "two buckles on her lungs," and her views of an "un-

scrupulous Providence," and willingness to attend divine service "anywhere the Gospel was dispensed with," possess a charm quite independent of this national characteristic, as does the narration given by Sam Patch of the "aqueous Empedocles who dived for sublimity." Some of the newspaper stories are not without a kind of humor, as, for instance, the announcement that a woman attempted to kindle a fire by means of kerosene oil, and the editor simply added, without comment, that the attendance upon the funeral would have been larger but for a wet day! Imagination, of course, supplied all the details, but much that is put forth as humor and wit in our current publications is a spurious article, and, as Addison says, only resembles true humor as a monkey resembles a man.

It has been said that French humor is of the passions, German is abstract, Italian esthetic, and Spanish romantic, while English humor is of interest and social relations, which general classification is doubtless correct, like rules in grammar, with the usual number of exceptions. The humor of the Briton is of such stout fibre that he is prone to think that other nations scarcely know how to be funny, and the Frenchman returns the compliment in coin of like value.

#### A SENSE OF THE LUDICROUS.

There are persons born without humor, as there are persons without sight or hearing, but, like Falstaff, they are the cause of humor in others, as

when the Scotchman and his wife discussed the doctrine of election: "And how many elect on earth now?" "I think, Janet, about a dizzen." "Hoot, mon, nae so many as that." "Why, Janet, do you think naebody to be saved but yoursel' and the minister?" "Weel, I sometime hae my doots about the minister." Or when the four Scotchmen and an Englishman, sitting together in an Edinburgh hostelry, saw a son of Burns enter, and the Englishman remarked: "I would rather see the father enter this room," and the Scotchman replied: "That is impossible, he is dead!"

Without laughter, what a Sahara of barrenness would life be! Upon its journey, refreshing wells of humor gladden and renew the soul, and history and biography agree in the verdict that the capacity for gladness is but the other side of the capacity for pain, and they who sorrow most are they who laugh most heartily. A Scotch essayist, with discriminating judgment, says of the author of the Moslem religion, "Mahomet had that indispensable requisite of a great man—he could laugh." The laugh of the author of "In Memoriam" was thrilling and triumphant, and he who sees no good in humor is least likely to perceive the true and the beautiful; nevertheless, while humor is unfettered by written canons, let us remember that it is for the outer courts of God's temples, nor should dare enter the Holy of Holies.



## CONTENTS.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
On the Game of Foot- ball . . . . .	<i>"Mr. Dooley"</i> . . . . .	1
Mon Pierre . . . . .	<i>Wallace Bruce Amsbary</i> . . . . .	5
The High-Backed Chair	<i>Schuyler King</i> . . . . .	11
Katie's Answer . . . . .	<i>W. B. Fowle</i> . . . . .	16
Applied Astronomy . . . . .	<i>Esther B. Tiffany</i> . . . . .	18
✓ The Ruling Passion . . . . .	<i>William H. Siviter</i> . . . . .	19
Yaw, Dot Is So. . . . .	<i>Charles Follen Adams</i> . . . . .	21
I Knew He Would Come if I Waited . . . . .	<i>Horace G. Williamson</i> . . . . .	22
Her First Drawing- Room . . . . .	<i>Gerald Campbell</i> . . . . .	23
The Compact . . . . .	<i>George Barlow</i> . . . . .	29
Sally Ann's Experience.	<i>Eliza Calvert Hall</i> . . . . .	30
The Stuttering Auction- eer . . . . .	<i>Charles T. Grilley</i> . . . . .	41
The Groom's Story . . . . .	<i>Sir A. Conan Doyle</i> . . . . .	43
A Scene from the Shaughraun . . . . .	<i>Dion Boucicault</i> . . . . .	50
Story of the Gate . . . . .	<i>Harrison Robertson</i> . . . . .	54
Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party	<i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . . .	55
Want to be Whur Mother Is . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> . . . . .	67
✓ Spreading the News . . . . .	<i>From the Washington Post</i> . . . . .	68
When the Summer Boarders Come . . . . .	<i>Nixon Waterman</i> . . . . .	73
The "New Woman" . . . . .	<i>"Mr. Dooley"</i> . . . . .	76
Wet Weather Talk . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> . . . . .	77

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
The Joys of House- Hunting . . . . .	<i>Harvey Peake</i> . . . . .	79
When the Train Comes In . . . . .	<i>Nixon Waterman</i> . . . . .	86
Saunders McGlashan's Courtship . . . . .	<i>David Kennedy</i> . . . . .	89
"No, Thank You, Tom" Chimmie Fadden Makes Friends . . . . .	<i>Frederick E. Weatherley</i> . . . . .	94
The Shaving of Jacob .	<i>E. W. Townsend</i> . . . . .	95
A Scotch Wooing . . .	<i>Sam Walter Foss</i> . . . . .	100
The Wife Who Sat Up .	<i>Jerome K. Jerome</i> . . . . .	102
A Poem of Everyday Life . . . . .	<i>George Grossmith</i> . . . . .	104
The Hard-Shell Preacher . . . . .	<i>Albert Riddle</i> . . . . .	105
The Village Choir . .	<i>Edward Eggleston</i> . . . . .	107
Ringling the Changes .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	109
"Why Don't the Men Propose?" . . . . .	<i>Bertha Moore</i> . . . . .	111
French with a Master .	<i>Thomas Haynes Bayly</i> . . . . .	122
Speech of Spartacus . .	<i>Theodore Tilton</i> . . . . .	124
Fame and Fate . . . .	<i>Bill Nye</i> . . . . .	126
Annabel Lee . . . . .	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> . . . . .	130
The Window Blind . .	<i>Stanley Huntley</i> . . . . .	132
The Bachelor's Solilo- quy . . . . .	<i>Henry Arthur Jones</i> . . . . .	134
Women . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	141
Keep On Just the Same .	<i>George Eliot</i> . . . . .	143
The Model Wife . . .	<i>Sam Walter Foss</i> . . . . .	145
Rubaiyat of Mathieu Lettellier . . . . .	<i>Bill Nye</i> . . . . .	148
The New Arrival . . .	<i>Wallace Bruce Amsbary</i> . . . . .	151
A Violent Remedy . .	<i>George Washington Cable</i> . . . . .	153
When a Man's in Love .	<i>John Seymour Wood</i> . . . . .	154
	<i>Nixon Waterman</i> . . . . .	164

# CONTENTS.

xiii

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Two Fishers . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	165
Christian Science . . . . .	<i>Mark Twain</i> . . . . .	166
Chibougamou . . . . .	<i>William Henry Drummond</i>	173
Burglar Bill . . . . .	<i>F. Anstey</i> . . . . .	179
Two 'Mericana Men . . . . .	<i>T. A. Daly</i> . . . . .	186
Ol' Joshway an' de Sun.	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> . . . .	187
Women Gambling . . . . .	" <i>Mr. Dooley</i> " . . . . .	189
"This Fever Called Living" . . . . .	<i>Wallace Irwin</i> . . . . .	193
Artie's Proposal . . . . .	<i>George Ade</i> . . . . .	195
All's Well That Ends Well . . . . .	<i>T. A. Daly</i> . . . . .	198
Match-Making . . . . .	<i>Captain R. Marshall</i> . . . .	200
+ A Way Out of It . . . . .	<i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . .	204
The Golden Arm . . . . .	<i>Mark Twain</i> . . . . .	205
- The Disagreeable Man . . . . .	<i>W. S. Gilbert</i> . . . . .	207
In Pursuit of Priscilla . . . .	<i>Edward Salisbury Field</i> . . .	209
If You Want a Kiss, Why, Take It . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	225
- On Cats and Dogs . . . . .	<i>Jerome K. Jerome</i> . . . . .	226
Da Strit Pianna . . . . .	<i>Wallace Irwin</i> . . . . .	230
What May Said to December . . . . .	<i>Mark Ambient</i> . . . . .	233
Cordial Relations . . . . .	<i>Anthony Hope</i> . . . . .	235
A Certain Young Lady . . . . .	<i>Washington Irving</i> . . . . .	241
- The Ape and the Lady . . . . .	<i>W. S. Gilbert</i> . . . . .	243
Rip Van Winkle . . . . .		244
- Before Playing Tinkertown . . . . .	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> . . . .	247
- The Late John Wiggins . . . .	<i>Ellis Parker Butler</i> . . . . .	249
- Grampy Sings a Song . . . . .	<i>Holman F. Day</i> . . . . .	266
The Great Pancake Record . . . . .	<i>Owen Johnson</i> . . . . .	268
- The Man in the Moon . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> . . . .	282
The Nap Interrupted . . . . .	<i>Arthur W. Pinero</i> . . . . .	285

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Neighbor Jones's Notion	<i>Nixon Waterman</i> . . . .	294
The Puzzled Census- Taker . . . . .	<i>John Godfrey Saxe</i> . . . .	295
The Courting of Dinah Shadd . . . . .	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> . . . .	296
Modern Medicine . . .	<i>Strickland W. Gillilan</i> . .	306
A Seven-Dollar Bill . .	<i>George Randolph Chester</i> .	308
The Twins . . . . .	<i>Henry S. Leigh</i> . . . .	326
Patriotic Remnants . .	<i>Strickland W. Gillilan</i> . .	328
Poor Dear Mamma . .	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> . . . .	329
A Department-Store Ditty . . . . .	<i>Charles T. Grilley</i> . . . .	338
The Princess Mary . .	<i>Charles Major</i> . . . .	342
When Lovely Woman .	<i>Phoebe Cary</i> . . . .	350
Lines by an Old Foggy .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . .	350
De Circus Turkey . .	<i>Ben King</i> . . . .	350



# HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

FOR

## READING AND SPEAKING

---

### On the Game of Football.

"MR. DOOLEY."

From "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War." Copyright, 1896. Published by Small, Maynard & Co.

"WHIN I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "an' that was a long time ago,—but not so long ago as manny iv me inimies'd like to believe, if I had anny inimies,—I played futball, but 'twas not th' futball I see whin th' Brothers' school an' th' Saint Aloysius Tigers played las' week on th' pee-raries.

"Whin I was a la-ad iv a Sundah afthernoon we'd get out in th' field where th' oats'd been cut away, an' we'd choose up sides. Wan cap'n'd pick one man, an' th' other another. 'I choose Dooley,' 'I choose O'Connor,' 'I choose Dimpsey,' 'I choose Riordan,' an' so on till there was twinty-five or thirty on a side. Thin wan cap'n'd kick th' ball, an' all our side'd r-run at it an' kick it back; an' thin wan iv th' other side'd kick it to us, an' afther awhile th' game'd get so timpischous that all th' la-ads iv both sides'd be in wan pile, kickin' away

at wan or th' other or at th' ball or at th' impire, who was mos'ly a la-ad that cudden't play an' that come out less able to play thin he was whin he wint in. An', if anny wan laid hands on th' ball, he was kicked be ivry wan else an' be th' impire. We played fr'm noon till dark, an' kicked th' ball all th' way home in the moonlight.

"That was football, an' I was a great wan to play it. I'd think nawthin' iv histin' th' ball two hundred feet in th' air, an' wanst I give it such a boost that I stove in th' ribs iv th' Prowtestant minister—bad luck to him, he was a kind man—that was lookin' on fr'm a hedge. I was th' finest player in th' whole county, I was so.

"But this here game that I've been seein' ivry time th' pagan fistival iv Thanksgivin' comes ar-round, sure it ain't th' game I played. I seen th' Dorgan la-ad comin' up th' sthreet yesterdah in his football clothes,—a pair of matthresses on his legs, a pillow behind, a mask over his nose, an' a bushel measure iv hair on his head. He was followed be three men with bottles, Dr. Ryan, an' th' Dorgan fam'ly. I jined thim. They was a big crowd on th' peerary,—a bigger crowd than ye cud get to go f'r to see a prize fight. Both sides had their frinds that give th' colledge cries. Says wan crowd: 'Take an ax, an ax, an ax to thim. Hooroo, hooroo, hellabaloo, Christyan Bro-others!' an' th' other says, 'Hit thim, saw thim, gnaw thim, chaw thim, Saint Alo-ysius!' Well, afther awhile

they got down to wur-ruk. 'Sivin, eighteen, two, four,' says a la-ad. I've seen people go mad over figures durin' th' free silver campaign, but I niver see figures make a man want f'r to go out an' kill his fellow-men befure. But these here figures had th' same effect on th' la-ads that a mintion iv Lord Castlereagh'd have on their fathers. Wan la-ad hauled off, an' give a la-ad acrost fr'm him a punch in th' stomach. His frind acrost th' way caught him in th' ear. Th' cinter rush iv th' Saint Aloysiuses took a runnin' jump at th' left lung iv wan iv th' Christyan Brothers, an' wint to th' grass with him. Four Christyan Brothers leaped most crooly at four Saint Aloysiuses, an' rolled thim. Th' cap'n iv th' Saint Aloysiuses he took th' cap'n iv th' Christyan Brothers be th' leg, an' he pounded th' pile with him as I've seen a section hand tamp th' thrack. All this time young Dorgan was standin' back, takin' no hand in th' affray. All iv a suddent he give a cry iv rage, an' jumped feet foremost into th' pile. 'Down!' says th' impire. 'Faith, they are all iv that,' says I. 'Will iver they get up?' 'They will,' says ol' man Dorgan. 'Ye can't stop thim,' says he.

"It took some time f'r to pry thim off. Near ivry man iv th' Saint Aloysiuses was tied in a knot around wan iv th' Christyan Brothers. On'y wan iv them remained on th' field. He was lyin' face down, with his nose in th' mud. 'He's kilt,' says I. 'I think he is,' says Dorgan, with a merry smile.

' 'Twas my boy Jimmy done it, too,' says he. 'He'll be arrested f'r murdher,' says I. 'He will not,' says he. 'There's on'y wan polisman in town cud take him, an' he's down town doin' th' same f'r somebody,' he says. Well, they carried th' corpse to th' side, an' took th' ball out iv his stomach with a monkey wrinch, an' th' game was rayshumed. 'Siven, sixteen, eight, eleven,' says Saint Aloysius; an' young Dorgan started to run down th' field. They was another young la-ad r-runnin' in fr-front iv Dorgan; an', as fast as wan iv th' Christyan Brothers come up an' got in th' way, this here young Saint Aloysius grabbed him be th' hair iv th' head an' th' sole iv th' fut, an' thrun him over his shoulder. 'What's that la-ad doin'?' says I. 'Interferin',' says he. 'I shud think he was,' says I, 'an' most impudent,' I says. ' 'Tis such interference as this,' I says, 'that breaks up fam'lies;' an' I come away.

" 'Tis a noble sport, an' I'm glad to see us Irish ar-re gettin' into it. Whin we larn it thruly, we'll teach thim colledge joods fr'm th' pie belt a thrick or two."

"We have already," said Mr. Hennessy. "They'se a team up in Wisconsin with a la-ad be th' name iv Jeremiah Riordan f'r cap'n, an' wan named Patsy O'Dea behind him. They come down here, an' bate th' la-ads fr'm th' Chicawgo Colledge down be th' Midway."

"Iv coorse, they did," said Mr. Dooley. "Iv

coorse, they did. An' they cud bate anny collection  
iv Baptists that iver come out iv a tank."

---

### Mon Pierre.

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

From "Ballads of Bourbonnais." Copyright, 1904, by  
the Bobbs-Merrill Co. Reprinted by permission.

It is to-morrow morning dat  
I marry Pierre Minot:  
I wander if I mak' a dream,  
Or if it can't be so;  
But still I see hees picture dere,  
It hang upon de wall;  
He ees de bol' Pierre Minot,  
He's gat head of dem all.

I nevere shall forget firs' tam'  
I meet dat beeg garçon,  
I see h'right 'way upon my heart  
He seem to be moch gone;  
I t'ink dat's verree bol' of heem,  
Of course I mak' resent,  
For heem to fall on lof' wid me  
Before I am consent.

But somehow here dese French boys, dey  
Hav' gat it on dere min'  
Dat dey can hav' de gairl dey wan'  
W'en dey can mak' de fin'.

I say to me, myself I say,  
I'll geeve heem une lessone,  
I'll mak' heem know not where he ees  
Or where he want to gone.

I soon is see I gat ma man,  
He tak' me off wan side,  
He wan' to know if Sunday nex'  
I wid heem tak' a ride;  
I say to heem, "Young Lettellier  
Was ask me do dat, too;  
I'm verree sorry, M'sieu Pierre,  
I can not go wid you."

Dat was a story dat I tell  
About young Lettellier,  
But w'en Pierre meet heem on de road,  
I t'ink it was nex' day,  
He mak' present of two black eye,  
He tears hees hat in piece',  
He use heem op mos' mighty rough,  
Lettellier's wan beeg geese.

An' den two weeks is pass away,  
No wan is com' near me,  
Not even Pierre, who, I was sure,  
He could not let me be;  
De boys dey all is drop me lak'  
Wan hot potato ball,  
I wander w'at dat all is mean  
An' w'at keep 'way dem all.

An' w'en t'ree week is com' an' pass  
An' Sunday's here again,  
I'm gat to be a lonely gairl,  
An' dis is happen den:  
I see a bran' new buggy com'  
Down road where we leeve at,  
It's drive by Pierre Minot, it ees,—  
My heart go pit-a-pat.

But w'at you t'ink was in ma min'  
W'en he go drivin' by  
An' not look h'right or to de lef'  
But hol' hees head so high;  
An' den I stamp ma heel wid rage,  
I grin' beneat' my feet  
De rose I pick for heem to geeve—  
My heart turn col' lak' sleet.

For years all of de garçon here  
Dey do jus' w'at *I* say—  
An' now dis bol' Pierre Minot,  
He wan' to ac' *hees* way;  
An' so I cry for long, long tam',  
Den look down by de gate,  
An' op de padt walk Pierre Minot,  
De man I—almos' hate.

He whistle tune—"Après du Bal,"  
An' "*High Born Lady*," too,  
An' tip hees hat an' bow to me  
An' say, "How do you do?"

I not expect' to fin' you home,  
I t'ought you go away  
An' h'ride along each Sunday tam'  
Wid dat young Lettellier."

He also say, "I t'ought you had  
Mor' taste dan tak' a ride  
Wid man dat's gat t'ree four black eyes;  
I t'ought I would decide  
To com' an' geeve you wan gran' spin  
'Way down *chemin public*.  
*Hein! Bientôt* you com' wid me,  
An' be about it quick."

W'at's mor' to do I am not know,  
I'm almos' 'fraid refuse;  
He mak' me gat my hat an' com';  
To say "no" is no use.  
He lif' me op in de high seat,  
Unhitch an' jump in too,  
An' soon we mak' t'ree forty gait—  
My! how dat horse he flew.

De boggay he has got red wheels,  
De wheels she's rubber tire—  
An' w'en dey go spin down de road  
Dey seem lak' dere on fire;  
I almos' t'ink if Pierre not hol'  
Mos' clos' on tight to me,  
I would be fri'ht ver' near to death,  
I's scare' as I can be.



But somehow w'en hees gr'ad beeg arm  
Was hol' me roun' de wais',  
I don' gat w'ite som' mor' wid fear,  
But turn red on de face.  
Oh my, wid rage I'm mad wid heem,  
W'at could a poor gairl do,  
For hav' a man cut op lak' dat  
An' ac' lak' hees bran' new?

Den Pierre look op an' catch ma eye,  
An' w'en to me he say,  
"Rosalee, dear, w'at do you t'ink,  
Ees it not pretty day?"  
I say to heem de day's all right,  
But any fool would know  
All 'bout dat 'fore dey spe'k it out  
An' tell you 'bout it so.

De twilight com', we're jogging 'long  
De road down l'Arable way,  
An' Pierre keep talking all de tam',  
I can't gat word to say.  
He tell me dere is une fin' farm,  
How do you lak' de trees,  
Dat line de orchard on de lef'  
For keep off nort' win' breeze?

Dere is new house a building op,  
De roof is almos' done,  
I order dat for you an' me  
W'en you an' me are wan.

An' den he smile on de same way;  
I use to do dat, too,  
W'en I had garçon on de string  
An' keep dem in a stew.

I try to gat away from heem,  
But Pierre gat tighter grip,  
An' den he talk mos' different  
As 'long de road we skip;  
He say, "Ma Rosalee, *ma chère*,"  
In voice dat's sof' an' low,  
I nevere heard so sweet a soun'  
As he is speek, dat so.

"Ah, *mon ami*, can you not see  
I'm tre't you rough because  
Dat's only way to keep out reach  
Your pretty tiger claws."  
An' w'en he see de leddle tear  
He fol' me to hees breas'  
An'—kiss me once, maybe t'ree tam',  
An' smood me wid caress.

An' den he ax w'en I marray  
An' nevere from heem part,  
An' den som't'ing jomp on my t'roat,  
I t'ink it was my heart;  
I can not speak a word to heem,  
My face all flush wid red,  
No better he is understan'  
If houndred word I said.

It is to-morrow morning dat  
I marray Pierre Minot,  
I wander if I mak' a dream  
Or if it can be so.  
But still I see hees picture dere,  
It hang upon de wall;  
He is mon Pierre I lof' so well,  
He's bes' man of dem all.

---

### The High-Backed Chair.

SCHUYLER KING.

THE bookkeeper always went away on Thursday afternoon, so the chair and the den were vacant, and then She used to come out of her office, leaving the noisy typewriter to have a rest, and slip into the big chair to do some reviewing She always had on Thursday afternoon.

And it was just because She sat there one particular Thursday afternoon last month that this exceedingly veracious narrative comes to be written.

It was raining, and She was feeling lazy, so She hurried through her reviews, and sat there, doing nothing but just gazing at the blue wool dog with dark red eyes on which the bookkeeper wiped his pen, and which he regarded as being quite the happiest artistic product of the nineteenth century.

So She was sitting there, her thoughts converging toward a very interesting objective point, when

the outside door opened and closed with a bang, and He came in. She could always tell when He came in; He jumped the last two steps and gave the door a swing which made it close after him with a hair-raising bang—but He didn't care.

There was that fearful bang now. All at once, She thought of something which made her give the blue wool dog the bookkeeper used for a pen-wiper such a squeeze that some cotton-wool blood dripped appealingly from his left paw; then She put one of the bookkeeper's cough-drops in her mouth, tucked in her sleeves, touched her knot of hair to make sure that it did not show over the top of the chair, and then She sat extremely still, and waited.

Very soon, He came along to the window in the grating, and vouchsafed, "Are you there, Scott?" for when the chair was turned around to the desk, no one could see who was in it.

"Yes, I'm here," came a hoarse and muffled voice from within.

"Well, turn around, won't you? I want to talk to you."

"I don't want to turn around," said the Voice crossly; "I've got a cold, and a sore throat, and the light hurts my eyes, and I have a cough-drop in my mouth; if you want to talk, go ahead, and I'll listen."

There was a little pause, and the owner of the Voice squeezed the blue wool dog until he really

should have howled, but he was a long-suffering dog, and then He said listlessly,

"Rotten weather!"

"Y—yes."

"Many of the men in to-day?"

"Quite a few."

"Well"—a brief sigh—"I guess I'll have to finish that confounded report." The sound of retreating footsteps, a short and undecided shuffle, and then—

"Scott!"

"Well?"

"Did—did she wear those violets I left for her this morning?"

"Yes."

"She didn't say anything about them, did she?"

"No," snapped the Voice; "what'd you expect her to say?"

"Oh, nothing"—dejectedly; a pause. "Is she in her office?"

The chair creaked a little, and then the Voice said, "No," as the prelude to a hacking cough.

"Oh, does she go home early now on Thursday? She told me——"

No reply but the rattling of the cough-drop box.

"Scott!"

"Well?"

"You said she didn't say anything about the violets?"

"Yes."

"Didn't say she liked them, or—or—anything?"

"No."

Another pause.

"I say, Scott"—a short but agonized scuffle—"do you—I mean—yes, do you—hang it all, do you think she cares for me at all?"

The chair creaked again, as though the occupant thereof had started violently, and then the Voice muttered unsteadily, "How should I know?"

"Well," He said humbly, "she talks to you more than to any one else, and I thought maybe——"

"And you thought maybe she discussed her feelings with the office staff!" interrupted the Voice, full of hoarse, indignant scorn.

"Oh, no! Not that!" He exclaimed, noting, in the midst of his perplexity, what a peculiar ring there was to Scott's voice, even with a cold. "You know I don't mean that—Scott!"

"Well?"

"Will you turn around so that I can talk to you?"

"No."

"Well, if you won't you won't. But I'll talk all the same—I can't stand it any longer. I tell you, it's awful; you've been through the mill, Scott—you ought to know what it is to think of a girl all day, and dream of her all night"—here the chair creaked outrageously—"to put away every dollar with the hope that she'll share it with you some day, and then go blow in almost all you have when it strikes you what a jay you are to think of it at all. Perhaps you know what it is to eat your din-

ner in the confounded restaurant, thinking all the time that if you only had the courage to speak, she might be smiling at you across a table of your own, with a soft light, and flowers, and all that, you know"—if he had not known Scott abhorred perfumes, he could have sworn to a whiff of wood violet, as a handkerchief was raised to stifle the very troublesome cough at this juncture—"and to loaf around your room or some silly show at night, trying not to remember that, if you were only the kind of a fellow she could like a little, you could be sitting by a cozy hearth, with the firelight shining on her hair—I can just imagine how it would shine on her hair, Scott!" Here the handkerchief was raised again, and remained raised, but the cough was not apparent, so He continued: "I don't know why I'm letting out on you like this, Scott, but I've got to talk to some one, and you're the only one I know who won't laugh at me for being a crazy fool; it's driving me wild, and half the time I think that perhaps she cares for Myers! Scott!"

"Well?"

"Do you think that she could care for me a little?"

"Yes," said the Voice tremulously, but judiciously; "I do!"

"Jove! You do! Say! Don't fool with me, Scott; what makes you think so?"

The December dusk had fallen long since, and

the great office was very still, save for the splashing of the **rain** against the windows, and quite deserted except for the office boy away down at the other end.

"Scott, for Heaven's sake tell me what makes you think so?" He asked, even more eagerly than before.

And then the office chair swung slowly around, disclosing the bookkeeper's blue wool dog, with white cotton wounds all over his portly person, held in front of a very crimson and tear-stained face.

"Well—because——" faltered the Voice, very low and sweet now.

And then He understood, and, after a delirious half-second to himself, He leaned—well, He leaned a shocking distance through the grating, but the office-boy was cross-eyed, and you couldn't tell which way he might be looking at any given moment.

The bookkeeper's new dog is lavender, with a green embroidered tail.

---

### Katie's Answer.

W. B. FOWLE.

OCH, Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,  
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,  
An' her dimples so swate,  
An' her ankles so nate,  
She dazed, an' she bothered me, too.



Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,  
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side  
    The darlint, she sat,  
    Wid the wickedest hat  
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate!  
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,  
    Wid cheeks like the roses,  
    An' all the red posies  
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,  
Till she said wid a toss of her head,  
    "If I'd known that to-day  
    Ye'd have nothing to say,  
I'd have gone wid my cousin, instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld,  
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld  
    Uv the love in my heart,  
    That would never depart,  
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,  
I'd lit go uv the baste, and I'd throw  
    Both arms round her waist,  
    An' be stalin' a taste  
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigent red  
As she said, without raisin' her head,  
    An' her eyes lookin' down  
    'Neath her lashes so brown,  
"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

---

### Applied Astronomy.

ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

HE took me out to see the stars,  
    That astronomic bore;  
He said there were two moons near Mars,  
    While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon  
    What fourfold bliss 'twould be  
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon  
    On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,  
    I was convinced he'd say  
That was the very kind of thing  
    To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went  
    To double stars. Now that  
Was most suggestive, so content  
    And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,  
Of which the only fraction  
That caught my fancy, I confess,  
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer  
And stupid altogether,  
For stars to keep so very near,  
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;  
I thought he'd caught the notion;  
He merely bowed good-night and said,  
Their safety lay in motion.

---

### The Ruling Passion.

WILLIAM H. SIVITER.

SHE had never mailed a letter before, and so she approached the stamp clerk's window with the same air that she would enter a dry-goods store.

"I would like to look at some stamps, please."

"What denomination do you want?"

"Denomination?"

"Yes. Is it for a letter or a newspaper?"

"Oh, I want to send a letter to my Uncle John; he's just moved to——"

"Then you need a two-cent stamp," said the clerk, offering her one of that value.

"I hardly like that color!"

"That is a two-cent stamp, madam. Please stand aside, and let the gentleman behind you come up."

"But haven't you got them in any other color? I never did like that shade of red."

"There is only one color."

"That is strange. I'd think you'd keep them in different shades, so that there'd be some choice. You are sure you have none in a brighter red, or even in a different color—Nile green, or seal brown, or jubilee blue, for instance?"

"You can put two one-cent stamps on your letter if you like."

"Let me see them, please. Ah, that will do. I like that shade so much better. I'll take only one, if you please."

"If it's for a letter you'll need two. These are one-cent stamps and letter postage is two cents per ounce."

"Oh, I don't want to put two stamps on my letter; I don't think they will look well."

"It requires two cents to carry a letter, madam, and you must either put a two-cent stamp on or two ones. It won't go without. I must ask you to please hurry, for you are keeping a great many people away from the window."

"That's singular. I don't like the looks of two together. You are sure the other doesn't come in seal-brown, or——"

"No, madam; no!"

"Then I'll have to see if I can suit myself elsewhere."

And she departed.

---

### Yaw, Dot Is So!

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

YAW, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
"Dis vorltd vas all a fleeting show!"  
    I shmokes mine pipe,  
    I trinks mine beer,  
Und efry day to vork I go;  
"Dis vorltd vas all a fleeting show";  
    Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
I don't got mooch down here below.  
    I eadt und trink,  
    I vork und sleep,  
Und find out, as I oldter grow,  
I haf a hardter row to hoe;  
    Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
Dis vorltd don't gif me half a show;  
    Somedings to veear,  
    Some food to eadt;  
Vot else? Shust vait a minute, dough;  
Katrina, und der poys! oho!  
    Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
Dis worl'dt don't been a fleeting show-  
I haf mine frau,  
I haf mine poys  
To sheer me, daily, as I go;  
Dot's pest as anydings I know;  
Yaw, dot is so!

---

### **I Knew He Would Come if I Waited.**

HORACE G. WILLIAMSON.

I KNEW he would come if I waited,  
Tho waiting, it caused me despair;  
And I sat by the window and listened  
To hear his first step on the stair;  
For I knew he would come if I waited,  
But anxiously I paced 'round the floor;  
Oh, to see his own form on the threshold  
As I hastened to open the door.  
Would he come? But how dare I question  
His faithfulness to his own word;  
Would he dare not come at my calling?  
Or was that his dear step that I heard?  
Oh, I rush to the door for to meet him,  
For to welcome him here after all,  
For I knew he would come if I waited,  
He would come to answer my call.  
Yes, yes, it is he on the pavement,  
He's coming, he's ringing the bell,  
And my heart beats wild with rapture

Of a joy which I never can tell,  
For I knew he would come if I waited,  
Yes, he'd come at my call; joy, O joy,  
What happiness it is to welcome,  
Just to welcome "the messenger boy."

---

### Her First Drawing-room.

GERALD CAMPBELL.

From "The Joneses and the Asterisks."

No, no more, Mrs. Parkins. I can't stand it any tighter. It shows my figure very well as it is, don't you think? Do you think I'll do now? Just a shade more powder perhaps. Now, you'd better go and finish Miss Maud. I don't suppose she's half— Ah, there you are, child, at last. In time for once. No, don't touch me. How thoughtless you are! I was wondering how long you were going to keep me waiting. Now, are you sure you have got the cards? Give them to me. You're perfectly certain to forget them. Why doesn't the carriage come, I wonder?

Turn round, Maud, and let me look at you. My dear child, I think your dress is a little low. Nonsense, you can't compare yourself with me. That's quite a different thing. Oh, the carriage has come at last, has it? Well, tell him to wait. Now, have you remembered everything? Let's see. There's your flowers and your gloves and—oh yes, your curtsy. Let me see if you remember what

Madame Devere taught you. Oh, gracious, no; that will never do. How awkward you are! No one would ever think that you were my daughter. Let me show you. There, like that. You see, that is far more graceful. Try it again now, and kiss my hand, and don't take so long about it. You'll make us late, after all. And do try and remember one thing. Don't be nervous, and don't fuss. It's so *bourgeois* to be always fussing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Goodness, what a crowd! How they stare! And, of course, there isn't a policeman. Make haste into the carriage. They ought all to be struck blind, like Peeping What's-his-name, you know, in Tennyson. Now, do be careful of my dress. Thank goodness, we're off at last. Oh, where are the tickets? Stop, coachman, stop. Drive back. Now, what did I tell you? Of course you've—— Oh, you *have* got them. Stop, coachman. No, drive on. No, straight on, of course, to the Palace. Well, I won't say anything more about it now, as I want you to be calm to-day, but another time—— What was I saying? Oh, yes; whatever you do, don't get nervous. The only way is not to think about it. I remember when I was presented, when your father was made an alderman, I wasn't a bit nervous; so you oughtn't to be now. It's almost a pity, you know, that I am taking you myself. Miss Jones, by the Countess of Asterisk,



would have looked so much better in the papers. And now she's going to present that dreadful Harriet Smythe. Smythe, indeed! I can't see what people like that want with being presented. Of course, for us it will be very useful—travelling, you know, and at foreign Courts, and all that. Oh, you can never tell; we might. Being presented is like being a Freemason; you never know when it will help you. Besides, of course, in our position we must. But I call it perfectly indecent of Mrs. Smythe to go pushing her daughter forward. I can't bear snobbishness. If only Dickens was alive to write another *Book of Snobs* and put them in it. Maud, I will not have you contradicting me in that flippant way. Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*.

That's the Prince of Wales's house on the left. I do hope he will be here to-day, and the dear Princess. They say he's so affable. How cold it is! I would have brought a shawl or something, only for the people. They do enjoy looking at us, poor things. What are those people cheering for? And they are laughing, too. At us? How absurd you are. Why should they—unless—perhaps—they take us for royalty.

What is that man saying? "Where's your dickey?" What does that mean? What is a dickey? "Go home and finish dressing." What can he mean? My dress? Oh, Maud, *has* anything come undone? Mrs. Parkins would insist on lacing me too tight. Gracious, what a fright he

gave me. Poor man, I dare say he has never seen a lady in full-dress before. It's really extraordinary how ignorant the lower class are, with all their Board schools and piano-playing. If they would only teach them really useful things, now.

Aren't you cold, Maud? Well, you ought to be then. I did think of wearing a high neck, with my asthma—only Mrs. Smythe said she wasn't going to, so of course I had to, too. And now she isn't coming after all, just to let people see she knows Lady Asterisk. Look, they are pointing at us again. How very disagreeable! Why aren't all those people working, instead of idling here all day? Poking their dirty faces right into the carriage. I'm sure I don't see the good of your father being in the County Council if he can't stop it. Do try and sit a little more that way, Maud. I'm sure you have got more than your share of the seat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here we are at last. Now remember, don't get nervous whatever you do. Did you give the coachman the card? Well, then, you follow me. Don't stand dawdling there, child. Go on in front. Gracious, what a crowd! I thought this was to be a select drawing-room, and there are the Haycocks and those dreadful people from Earl's-court, and, look! there's that Smythe girl, hanging on to Lady Asterisk, of course. I wonder where she got her pearls from.

Dear Lady Asterisk! Yes, looking quite pretty;

and what lovely pearls she has! Isn't it too tiring? I feel ready to drop. The impertinent hairdresser said that if he didn't come at eight he couldn't come at all, so Maud and I have been sitting ever since. So glad you think so. She's very nervous, poor child; but I keep telling her not to think about it. That's the only way, isn't—— Why, she's gone! How rude it is the way these people push. The only thing is to push, too. It's a perfect scandal keeping the doors shut so long. I'm sure the dear Queen doesn't know about it. We must get up to the front, though. I'm not going to stand here all day. It's like waiting for an omnibus at Hyde Park Corner. It doesn't do to be always thinking about politeness. There's a time for all things.

There, at last. Quick, Maud. What does it matter if you did kick her. You can't stand there apologizing all day. Would you kindly not push, madam, and let me pass? There! I was determined *that* old thing shouldn't get before me. What? The Duchess of——? Are you sure? So it was. Dear me! Yes, I remember now, at the bazaar. How provoking! Here she is again. Perhaps I ought to—— I'm sure I beg your Grace's pardon. So stupid of me. If I'd only——Well, really! Did you see that, Maud? Never even looked at me. No wonder people want to do away with the House of Lords. Probably, though, she was one of those horrid Americans. Yes, I'm sure she was. *Our* aristocracy are so different.

They really ought to arrange things better. Making us all so hot with pushing and scrambling, and then standing in this dreadful draught. How many more of these rooms are there, I wonder? The next the last? Oh, thank you very much indeed, I'm sure. I must say it's high time. I wonder who that was, Maud. Nonsense, child, it couldn't have been an American. She was so polite. Now try and not feel nervous. Oh, dear! I quite forget—which glove ought one to take off? Or is it neither? Well, it's too late now, anyhow. Have you got the card? Well, have it ready. There now, give it to that man, and he'll arrange your train. And don't forget you must back out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, I do think some one might have come in to see our dresses. No one but that dreadful Captain Lambert. Who asked him to come, I wonder? Don't contradict, child. You ought to be very grateful to me for telling you whom you can know. Going about getting girls to fall in love with him, when he's no money. But you're not—not a bit. You're just one of those revolting daughters they write about in the magazines. You know I want you to marry Lord Asterisk, and if you'd given him any encouragement, he'd have come to-day. Well, you oughtn't to hate him. The Bible says we are to love our enemies, and he isn't your enemy. So you ought to love him all the more. No, I don't

want to be kissed, thank you. I don't like that sort of pretended affection when you won't do what I tell you. You've spoilt my whole pleasure to-day, contradicting everything I say, and I'm sure I shall look horrible in the photograph. I don't know what the Queen must have thought of you. I was positively ashamed of your curtsey, and only one too. Miss Smythe managed four, so why couldn't you? I've no patience with you. And if Thackeray did write a book about snobs, it doesn't prove that Dickens didn't too.

---

### The Compact.

GEORGE BARLOW.

From "From Dawn to Sunset."

"If only I were a man," she said,  
"What wonderful deeds I'd do!  
With a general's plume, and a coat of red,  
I'd harry my foes till my foes fell dead,  
And I'd travel the wide world through.  
Sword in hand, I'd traverse the land  
(How I hate this ivory fan!)—  
Hearts should ache, and hearts should break,  
If only I were a man!"

"If only I were a girl," he said,  
"How pleasant this life might be.  
Lovely dresses of Indian red!  
Beautiful bonnets and caps on my head!"

Beautiful men to tea!  
How I would flirt, at dinner, dessert  
(Head-dress of ruby and pearl!)—  
That would be brave. What a time I would have,  
If only I were a girl."

They looked at each other, and laughed outright;  
Brown eyes laughed into the gray.  
Then he said, "And why should the dream take  
flight?"

Marry me, darling, and we'll unite  
Our powers,—the world we'll sway!"  
Gray eyes smiled back their "Yes" to the brown  
(And she played with the hated fan)—  
"I think that I'm glad I'm a girl," she said,  
"Now I'm loved by a love of a man!"

---

### Sally Ann's Experience.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

Copyright, 1907, by Little, Brown & Co. This cutting is from "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," a book of short stories of unusual merit. There are nine stories included in the volume, most of them having that dramatic quality which gives them special value as recitations.

COME right in and set down. I was jest wishin' I had somebody to talk to. Take that chair right by the door so's you can get the breeze."

And Aunt Jane beamed at me over her silver-rimmed spectacles and hitched her own chair a little

to one side, in order to give me the full benefit of the wind that was blowing softly through the white-curtained window, and carrying into the room the heavenliest odors from a field of clover that lay in full bloom just across the road.

After we had been talking some time, she asked, "Did I ever tell you about Sally Ann's experience?"

"Do tell me," I said.

"'Twas forty years ago," she began, musingly, "and the way of it was this. Our church was considerably out o' fix. It needed a new roof. Some o' the winder lights was out, and the floor was as bare as your hand, and always had been. The men-folks managed to git the roof shingled and the winders fixed, and us women in the Mite Society concluded we'd git a cyarpet. We'd been savin' up our money for some time, and we had about twelve dollars. I ricollect what a argument we had, for some of us wanted the cyarpet, and some wanted to give it to furrin missions, as we'd set out to do at first. Sally Ann was the one that settled it. She says at last—Sally Ann was in favor of the cyarpet—she says, 'Well, if any of the heathen fails to hear the gospel on account of our gittin' this cyarpet, they'll be saved anyhow, so Parson Page says. And if we send the money and they do hear the gospel, like as not they won't repent, and then they're certain to be damned. And it seems to me as long as we ain't sure what they'll do, we might as well keep the money and git the cyarpet. I

never did see much sense anyhow,' says she, 'in givin' people a chance to damn theirselves.'

"Well, we decided to take Sally Ann's advice, and we was talkin' about app'intin' a committee to go to town the follerin' Monday and pick out the cyarpet, when all at once 'Lizabeth Taylor—she was our treasurer—she spoke up, and says she, 'There ain't any use app'intin' that committee. The money's gone,' she says, sort o' short and quick. 'I kept it in my top bureau drawer, and when I went for it yesterday, it was gone. I'll pay it back if I'm ever able, but I ain't able now.' And with that she got up and walked out of the room, before any one could say a word, and we seen her goin' down the road lookin' straight before her and walkin' right fast.

"And we—we set there and stared at each other in a sort o' dazed way. I could see that everybody was thinkin' the same thing, but nobody said a word, till our minister's wife—she was as good a woman as ever lived—she says, 'Judge not.'

"Them two words was jest like a sermon to us. Then Sally Ann spoke up and says: 'For the Lord's sake, don't let the men-folks know anything about this. They're always sayin' that women ain't fit to handle money, and I for one don't want to give 'em any more ground to stand on than they've already got.'

"So we agreed to say nothin' about it, and all of us kept our promise except Milly Amos. She



had mighty little sense to begin with, and havin' been married only about two months, she'd about lost that little. So next mornin' I happened to meet Sam Amos, and he says to me, 'Aunt Jane, how much money have you women got to'rds the new cyarpet for the church?' I looked him square in the face, and I says, 'Are you a member of the Ladies' Mite Society of Goshen Church, Sam Amos? For if you are, you already know how much money we've got, and if you ain't, you've got no business knowin'. And, furthermore,' says I, 'there's some women that can't keep a secret and a promise, and some that can, and I can.' And that settled him.

"Well, 'Lizabeth never showed her face outside her door for more'n a month afterwards, and a more pitiful-lookin' creatur' you never saw then she was when she come out to prayer-meetin' the night Sally Ann give her experience. She set 'way back in the church, and she was as pale and peaked as if she had been through a siege of typhoid. I ricollect it all as if it had been yesterday. We sung 'Sweet Hour of Prayer,' and Parson Page prayed, and then called on the brethren to say anything they might feel called on to say concernin' their experience in the past week. Old Uncle Jim Matthews begun to clear his throat, and I knew, as well as I knew my name, he was fixin' to git up and tell how precious the Lord had been to his soul, jest like he'd been doin' every Wednesday night for twenty

years. But before he got started, here come 'Lizabeth walkin' down the side aisle and stopped right in front o' the pulpit.

" 'I've somethin' to say,' she says. 'It's been on my mind till I can't stand it any longer. I've got to tell it, or I'll go crazy. It was me that took that cyarpet money. I only meant to borrow it. I thought sure I'd be able to pay it back before it was wanted. But things went wrong, and I ain't known a peaceful minute since, and never shall again, I reckon. I took it to pay my way up to Louisville the time I got the news that Mary was dyin'.'

"Mary was her daughter by her first husband, you see. 'I begged Jacob to give me the money to go on,' says she, 'and he wouldn't do it. I tried to give up and stay, but I jest couldn't. Mary was all that I had in the world; and maybe you that has children can put yourself in my place, and know what it would be to hear your child callin' to you from her death-bed, and you not able to go to her. I asked Jacob three times for the money,' she says, 'and when I found he wouldn't give it to me, I said to myself, "I'm goin' anyhow." I got down on my knees,' says she, 'and asked the Lord to show me a way, and I felt sure he would. As soon as Jacob had eat his breakfast and gone out on the farm, I dressed myself, and as I opened the top bureau drawer to get out my best collar, I saw the missionary money. It come right into my head,' says she, 'that maybe this was the answer to my prayer;

maybe I could borrow this money, and pay it back some way or other before it was called for. It looked like the Lord was leadin' me all the time,' says she, 'but the way things turned out it must 'a' been Satan. I got to Mary just two hours before she died, and she looked up in my face and says, "Mother, I knew God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once more."

"'God only knows what I've suffered,' says she, 'but if I had to do it over again, I believe I'd do it. Mary was all the child I had in the world, and I had to see her once more before she died. I've been a member of this church for twenty years,' says she, 'but I reckon you'll have to turn me out now.'

"The pore thing stood there tremblin'. Old Silas Petty was glowerin' at her from under his eyebrows, and it put me in mind of the Pharisees and the women they wanted to stone, and I ricollect thinkin', 'Oh, if the Lord Jesus would jest come in and take her part!' And while we all set there like a passel o' mutes, Sally Ann got up and marched down the middle aisle and stood right by 'Lizabeth. You know what funny thoughts people will have sometimes.

"Well, I felt so relieved. It popped into my head all at once that we didn't need the Lord after all; Sally Ann would do just as well. It seemed sort o' sacrilege, but I couldn't help it.

"Well, Sally Ann looked around as composed as

you please, and says she, 'I reckon if anybody's turned out o' this church on account o' that miserable little money, it'll be Jacob and not 'Lizabeth. A man that won't give his wife money to go to her dyin' child is too mean to stay in a Christian church anyhow; and I'd like to know how it is that a woman that had eight hundred dollars when she married has to go to her husband and git down on her knees and beg for what's her own. Where's that money 'Lizabeth had when she married you?' says she, turnin' round and lookin' Jacob square in the face. 'Down in that ten-acre medder lot, ain't it,—and in that new barn you built last spring. A pretty elder you are, ain't you?'

"Goodness knows what she would 'a' said, but jest here old Deacon Petty rose up. And says he, 'Brethren,'—and he spread his arms out and waved 'em up and down like he was goin' to pray,—'brethren, this is awful. If this woman wants to give her religious experience, why,' says he, very kind and condescendin', 'of course she can do so. But when it comes to a woman standin' up in the house of the Lord and revilin' an elder as this woman is doin', why, I tremble,' says he, 'for the church of Christ. For don't the Apostle Paul say, "Let your women keep silence in the church"?'"

"As soon as he named the 'Postle Paul, Sally Ann was terrible free-spoken. And when Deacon Petty said that she jest squared herself like she intended to stand there till judgment-day, and says

she, 'The 'Postle Paul has been dead ruther too long for me to be afraid of him. And I never heard of him app'intin' Deacon Petty to represent him in this church. If the 'Postle Paul don't like what I'm sayin', let him rise up from his grave in Corinthians or Ephesians, or wherever he's buried, and say so. I've got a message from the Lord to the men-folks of this church, and I'm goin' to deliver it, Paul or no Paul,' says she. 'And as for you, Silas Petty, I ain't forgot the time I dropped in to see Maria one Saturday night and found her washin' out her flannel petticoat and dryin' it before the fire. And every time I've had to hear you lead in prayer since then I've said to myself, "Lord, how high can a man's prayers rise toward heaven when his wife ain't got but one flannel skirt to her name? No higher than the back of his pew, if you'll let me tell it." I knew jest how it was,' said Sally Ann, 'as well as if Maria'd told me. She'd been havin' the milk and butter money from the old roan cow she'd raised from a little heifer, and jest because feed was scarce, you'd sold her off before. Maria had money enough to buy her winter flannels. I can give my experience, can I? Well, that's jest what I'm a-doin',' says she; 'and while I'm about it,' says she, 'I'll give in some experience for 'Lizabeth and Maria and the rest of the women who, betwixt their husbands an' the 'Postle Paul, have about lost all the gumption and grit that the Lord started them out with.'

"Job Taylor was settin' right in front of Deacon Petty, and I reckon he thought his time was comin' next; so he gets up, easy like, with his red bandanna to his mouth, and starts out. But Sally Ann headed him off before he'd gone six steps, and says she, 'There ain't anything the matter with you, Job Taylor; you set right down and hear what I've got to say. I've knelt and stood through enough o' your long-winded prayers, and now it's my time to talk and yours to listen.'

"And, bless your life, if Job didn't set down as meek as Moses, and Sally Ann lit right into him. And says she, 'I reckon you're afraid I'll tell some o' your meanness, ain't you? And the only thing that stands in my way is that there's so much to tell I don't know where to begin. There ain't a woman in this church,' says she, 'that don't know how Marthy scrimped and worked and saved to buy her a new set o' furniture, and how you took the money with you when you went to Cincinnati, the spring before she died, and come back without the furniture. And when she asked you for the money, you told her that she and everything she had belonged to you, and that your mother's old furniture was good enough for anybody. It's my belief,' says she, 'that's what killed Marthy. Women are dyin' every day, and the doctors will tell you it's some new-fangled disease or other, when, if the truth was known, it's nothin' but wantin' somethin' they can't git, and hopin' and waitin' for somethin' that never comes.'

"Sally Ann always was a masterful sort of woman, and that night it seemed like she was possessed. The way she talked made me think of the Day of Pentecost and the gift of tongues. And finally she got to the minister! I'd been wonderin' all along if she was goin' to let him off. She turned around to where he was settin' under the pulpit, and says she, 'Brother Page, you're a good man, but you ain't so good you couldn't be better. It was jest last week,' says she, 'that the women come around beggin' money to buy you a new suit of clothes to go to Presbytery in; and I told 'em if it was to get Mis' Page a new dress, I was ready to give; but not a dime was I goin' to give toward puttin' finery on a man's back. I'm tired o' seein' ministers walk up into the pulpit in their slick black broadcloths, and their wives settin' down in the pew in an old black silk that's been turned upside down, wrong side out, and hind part before, and sponged, pressed, and made over till you can't tell whether it's silk, or caliker, or what.'

"Well, I reckon there was some o' the women that expected the roof to fall down on us when Sally Ann said that right to the minister. But it didn't fall, and Sally Ann went straight on. 'And when it comes to the perseverance of the saints and the decrees of God,' says she, 'there ain't many can preach a better sermon; but there's some of your sermons,' says she, 'that ain't fit for much but kindlin' fires. There's that one you preached last Sunday on the twenty-fourth verse of the fifth

chapter of Ephesians. I reckon I've heard about a hundred and fifty sermons on that text, and I reckon I'll keep on hearin' 'em as long as there ain't anybody but men to do the preachin'. Anybody would think,' says she, 'that you preachers was struck blind every time you git through with the twenty-fourth verse, for I never heard a sermon on the twenty-fifth verse. I believe there's men in this church that thinks the fifth chapter of Ephesians hasn't got but twenty-four verses, and I'm goin' to read the rest of it to 'em for once anyhow.'

"And if Sally Ann didn't walk right up into the pulpit same as if she'd been ordained, and read what Paul said about men lovin' their wives as Christ loved the Church, and as they loved their own bodies.

"'Now,' says she, 'if Brother Page can reconcile these texts with what Paul says about women submittin' and bein' subject, he's welcome to do it. But,' says she, 'if I had the preachin' to do, I wouldn't waste time reconcilin'. I'd jest say that when Paul told women to be subject to their husbands in everything, he wasn't inspired; and when he told men to love their wives as their own bodies, he was inspired; and I'd like to see the Presbytery that could silence me from preachin' as long as I wanted to preach. As for turnin' out o' the church,' says she, 'I'd like to know who's to do the turnin' out. When the disciples brought that woman to Christ, there wasn't a man in the crowd



fit to cast a stone at her; and if there's any man nowadays good enough to set in judgment on a woman, his name ain't on the rolls of Goshen Church. If 'Lizabeth,' says she, 'had as much common sense as she's got conscience, she'd know that the matter o' that money didn't concern nobody but our Mite Society, and we women can settle it without any help from you deacons and elders.'

"Well, I reckon Parson Page thought if he didn't head Sally Ann off some way or other, she'd go on all night; so, when she kind o' stopped for breath and shut up the big Bible, he grabbed a hymn-book and says:

"'Let us sing "Blest be the Tie That Binds."'

"'Twas a reg'lar love-feast; and we went home feelin' like we'd been through a big protracted meetin' and got religion over again."

---

## The Stuttering Auctioneer.

CHARLES T. GRILLEY.

From "Jingles of a Jester." Copyright, 1907. Reprinted by special permission of the author and of the publishers, Pearson Brothers.

I'M nearly c-crazy, almost w-w-wild,  
I've been so s-s-since I was a ch-ch-child;  
To all things else I h-h-have been b-b-blind,  
I've had j-j-just one th-th-thing on my mind;  
I w-w-want to be an auctioneer,

Th-th-there's something 'bout the way h-h-he  
stands

And pl-pl-pleads and g-g-gestures with his  
h-h-hands.

No m-m-matter what I have, I deem

M-m-my g-g-greatest joy, my p-p-proudest dream,  
T-t-to be an auctioneer.

I th-th-thought one day I'd t-t-try my hand;  
So bought some g-g-goods and t-t-took my stand  
Upon a d-d-dry-goods box, and there  
I st-st-started on my way for f-f-fair  
To be an auctioneer.

"G-g-give me an offer," first I said,  
"For this b-b-beautiful walnut f-f-folding-bed."  
T-t-two dollars was its c-c-cost t-to me;  
Why, they r-r-ran it up to t-t-twenty-three.  
Oh, lucky auctioneer!

I th-th-thought 'twas time t-t-to stop them there  
Or soon I'd be a m-m-millionaire;  
But when to holler, "S-S-Sold!" I tried,  
I c-c-couldn't s-s-say it if I d-d-died.  
Oh, luckless auctioneer!

Each bidder cl-cl-claimed he'd b-bought the bed.  
"It's g-g-getting too h-hot for me," I said;  
So d-d-down I j-j-jumped, ran to a well,

L-l-leaped in, and sh-sh-shouted back, "F-f-fare-well."

Unhappy auctioneer!

If a p-p-policeman hadn't heard me shout  
Wh-wh-when I disappeared, and f-f-fished me out,  
All covered with moss and wr-wr-wringing wet,  
I g-g-guess, by gum, I'd b-b-been there yet,  
A half-drowned auctioneer.

I haven't q-quit; oh, no, not me!  
I don't g-g-give up s-s-so easily.  
I trust b-b-before I come to d-d-die  
And go up y-y-yonder in the sky,  
I'll have a ch-ch-chance, s-s-some day, from dawn  
Till night, to cry "G-g-going! G-g-gone!"  
Then I can say with c-c-conscience cl-cl-clear,  
"I d-d-die a f-f-full-fledged auctioneer."

---

### The Groom's Story.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

From "Songs of Action." Copyright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co.

TEN mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir.  
That's true.

The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.

I've seen some better 'orses; I've seldom seen a wuss,

But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good  
enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three  
part;

We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad  
no 'eart;

For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dig-  
nified,

It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,  
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin'  
of the view.

'E looked a puffleck pictur', and a pictur' 'e would  
stay,

'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies  
away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im; we knew as 'e could  
fly;

But what we couldn't git at was 'ow to make 'im  
try.

We'd almost turned the job up, when all at once  
one day

We got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin'  
way.

It was all along o' master; which master 'as the  
name

Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts  
the same;  
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad  
one,  
An' 'e went and bought a motor-car when motor-  
cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me  
sick—  
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor  
kick.  
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to  
make it stop,  
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a  
blacksmith shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,  
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.  
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,  
Which the same should be agin' the law if I could  
'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor-car, an' moted 'ere an'  
there,  
A-frightenin' the 'orses an' a-poisonin' the air.  
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor'! wot *did*  
'e know,  
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would  
stop or go?

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed and  
screwed again,  
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the  
mud of a country lane.  
It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but what was 'e to do?  
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor  
through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im; an' when we  
reached the car,  
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of  
the bar,  
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each  
side,  
While 'e 'eld 'is head so 'aughtily, an' looked most  
dignified.

Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained  
and vexed,  
And 'e seemed to say, "Well, bli' me! wot *will* they  
ask me next?  
I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all  
by far,  
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor-car!"

Well, master 'e was in the car, a-fiddlin' with the  
gear,  
And the 'orse was meditatin', an' I was standin'  
near,

When master 'e touched somethin'—what it was  
we'll never know—

But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the  
engine go.

“'Old 'ard, old gal!” says master, and “Gently  
then!” says I,

But an engine won't 'eed coaxin' an' it ain't no use  
to try;

So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw,  
But the thing kept crawlin' forrard spite of all that  
'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went  
also slow,

But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began  
to go;

For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im  
along,

And in less than 'alf a minute, sir, that 'orse was  
goin' strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to  
trot,

And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became  
too 'ot.

'E looked 'is very 'aughtiest, as if 'e didn't mind,  
And all the time the motor-car was pushin' 'im  
be'ind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't  
stop,  
And 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an' somethin'  
else went pop,  
An' somethin' else went fizzywiz, and in a flash. or  
less,  
That blessed car was goin' like a limited express

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all  
right,  
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt!  
it was a sight.  
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse that ever lived  
by far,  
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im that  
pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all  
'e knew;  
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e  
could do;  
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked him on  
a'ead,  
Till he broke the ten-mile record, same as I already  
said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir.  
That's true.  
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse  
could do.



Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made  
a fuss,

But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's good  
enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't! No more  
do we,

Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to  
see;

That engine wore it off 'im before master made it  
stop,

And all the road was littered like a bloomin' bar-  
ber's shop.

And master? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from  
that day,

And come back to 'is 'orses in the good old-  
fashioned way.

And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way  
by far

Is to 'int as 'ow you think he ought to keep a motor-  
car.

### A Scene from the Shaughraun.

DION BOUCICAULT.

Arrangement by Leland Powers, as used by him on the Lyceum platform.

This scene introduces the following characters: Conn, the Shaughraun, a reckless, devil-may-care, true-hearted young vagabond, who is continually in a scrape from his desire to help a friend and his love of fun; his mother, Mrs. O'Kelly; his sweetheart, Moya Dolan, niece of the parish priest.

It is evening. Moya is alone in the kitchen. She has just put the kettle on the fire when Mrs. O'Kelly, Conn's mother, enters.

*Mrs. O'K.* Is it yourself, Moya? I've come to see if that vagabond of mine has been round this way.

*Moya.* Why should he be here, Mrs. O'Kelly? Hasn't he a home of his own?

*Mrs. O'K.* The Shebeen is his home when he is not in jail. His father died o' drink, and Conn will go the same way.

*Moya.* I thought your husband was drowned at sea?

*Mrs. O'K.* And bless him, so he was.

*Moya.* Well, that's a quare way o' dying o' drink.

*Mrs. O'K.* The best of men he was, when he was sober—a betther never dhrawed the breath o' life.

*Moya.* But you say he never was sober.

*Mrs. O'K.* Niver! An' Conn takes afther him!

*Moya.* Mother, I'm afeared I shall take afther Conn.

*Mrs. O'K.* Heaven forbid, and purtect you agin him! You a good dacint gurl, and deserve the best of husbands.

*Moya.* Them's the only ones that gets the worst. More betoken yoursilf, Mrs. O'Kelly.

*Mrs. O'K.* Conn niver did an honest day's work in his life—but dhrinkin', an' fishin', an' shootin', an' sportin', and love-makin'.

*Moya.* Sure, that's how the quality pass their lives.

*Mrs. O'K.* That's it. A poor man that sports the sowl of a gintleman is called a blackguard.

*(At this moment Conn appears in the doorway.)*

*Conn.* *(At left.)* Some one is talkin' about me! Ah, Moya, darlin', come here. *(Business as if he reached out his hands to Moya as he comes forward to meet her, and passes her over to his left so he seems to stand in centre between Moya on left and Mrs. O'Kelly on right.)* Was the old mother thryin' to make little o' me? Don't you belave a word that comes out o' her! She's jealous o' me. *(Laughing as he shakes his finger at his mother.)* Yes, ye are! You're chokin' wid it this very minute! Oh, Moya darlin', she's jealous to see my two arms about ye. But she's proud o' me. Oh, she's proud o' me as an old hin that's got a duck

for a chicken. Howld your whist now, mother! Wipe your mouth and give me a kiss.

*Mrs. O'K.* Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis have been in the cabin to-day about ye. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

*Conn.* Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute.

*Mrs. O'K.* But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'.

*Conn.* Well, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away wid a man's charachter like this! Oh, Wurra! may I niver die in sin, but this was the way of it. I was standin' by owld Foley's gate, whin I heard the cry of the hounds coming across the tail of the bog, an' there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, an' the finest dog fox ye ever seen a-sailin' ahead of thim up the boreen, and right across the churchyard. It was enough to raise the inhabitints out of the ground! Well, as I looked, who should come and put his head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a word I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent, we knew by their yelp and whine as they hunted among the gravestones. When whist! the fox went by us. I leapt upon the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view-halloo to the whip; in a minute the pack caught the scent again, an' the whole field came roaring past.

The mare lost her head entoirely and tore at the

gate. "Stop," says I, "ye divil!" an' I slipt a taste of a rope over her head an' into her mouth. Now mind the cunnin' of the baste, she was quiet in a minute. "Come home, now," ses I, "aisy!" an' I threw my leg across her.

Be jabbers! No sooner was I on her back than—Whoo! Holy Rocket! she was over the gate, an' tearin' afther the hounds loike mad. "Yoicks!" ses I; "come back, you thafe of the world, where you takin' me to?" as she carried me through the huntin' field, an' landed me by the soide of the masther of the hounds, Squire Foley himself.

He turned the color of his leather breeches. "Mother o' Moses!" ses he, "is that Conn, the Shaughraun, on my brown mare?"

"Bad luck to me!" ses I, "it's no one else!"

"You sthole my horse," ses the Squire.

"That's a lie!" ses I, "for it was your horse sthole me!"

*Moya (laughing).* An' what did he say to that, Conn?

*Conn.* I couldn't stop to hear, Moya, for just then we took a stone wall together an' I left him behind in the ditch.

*Mrs. O'K.* You'll get a month in jail for this.

*Conn.* Well, it was worth it.

**Story of the Gate.**

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

ACROSS the pathway, myrtle-fringed,  
Under the maple, it was hinged—  
    The little wooden gate;  
'Twas there within the quiet gloam,  
When I had strolled with Nelly home,  
    I used to pause and wait.

Before I said to her good-night,  
Yet loath to leave the winsome sprite  
    Within the garden's pale;  
And there, the gate between us two,  
We'd linger as all lovers do,  
    And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,  
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise,  
    After a stealthy quest,—  
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,  
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet  
    Tuberose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—  
With many a meaning glance between  
    The tender words and low;  
We'd whisper some dear, sweet conceit,  
Some idle gossip we'd repeat,  
    And then I'd move to go.

"Good-night," I'd say; "Good-night—good-by!"  
"Good-night"—from her with half a sigh—  
    "Good-night!" "Good-night!" And then  
And then I do not go, but stand,  
Again lean on the railing, and—  
    Begin it all again.

Ah! that was many a day ago—  
That pleasant summer-time—although  
    The gate is standing yet;  
A little cranky, it may be,  
A little weather-worn—like me—  
    Who never can forget.

The happy "End"? My cynic friend,  
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."  
    Watch yonder chubby thing!  
That is our youngest, hers and mine;  
See how he climbs, his legs to twine  
    About the gate and swing.

---

### **Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party.**

CHARLES DICKENS.

Arranged from "Pickwick Papers."

MR. BOB SAWYER embellished one side of the fire, in his first-floor front, early on the evening for which he had invited Mr. Pickwick to a friendly party; and his chum Mr. Ben Allen embellished

the other side. The preparations for the reception of visitors appeared to be completed.

Notwithstanding the highly satisfactory nature of these arrangements, there was a cloud on the countenance of Mr. Bob Sawyer, as he sat by the fire, and there was a sympathizing expression, too, in the features of Mr. Ben Allen, and melancholy in his voice, as he said, "Well, it is unlucky that your landlady Mrs. Raddle should have taken it in her head to turn sour, just on this occasion. She might at least have waited till to-morrow."

"That's her malevolence, that's her malevolence. She says that if I can afford to give a party, I ought to be able to afford to pay her confounded 'little bill.' "

"How long has it been running?"

"Only a quarter, and a month or so."

Ben Allen coughed, and directed a searching look between the two top bars of the stove.

"It'll be a deuced unpleasant thing if she takes it into her head to let out, when those fellows are here, won't it?"

"Horrible, horrible."

Here a low tap was heard at the room door, and Mr. Bob Sawyer looked expressively at his friend, and bade the tapper come in; whereupon a dirty, slipshod girl, in black cotton stockings, thrust in her head, and said, "Please, Mister Sawyer, Missis Raddle wants to speak to *you*."

Before Mr. Bob Sawyer could return an answer,



this young person suddenly disappeared with a jerk, as if somebody had given her a violent pull behind. This mysterious exit was no sooner accomplished; than there was another tap at the door.

Mr. Bob Sawyer glanced at his friend with a look of abject apprehension, and once more cried, "Come in."

The permission was not at all necessary, for, before Mr. Bob Sawyer had uttered the words, a little fierce woman bounced into the room, all in a tremble with passion, and pale with rage.

"Now, Mr. Sawyer, if you'll have the kindness to settle that little bill of mine I'll thank you, because I've got my rent to pay this afternoon, and my landlord's a-waiting below now." Here the little woman rubbed her hands and looked steadily over Mr. Bob Sawyer's head at the wall behind him.

"I am very sorry to put you to any inconvenience, Mrs. Raddle, but——"

"Oh, it isn't any inconvenience. I didn't want it particular before to-day; leastways, as it has to go to my landlord directly, it was as well for you to keep it as me. You promised me this afternoon, Mr. Sawyer, and every gentleman as has ever lived here has kept his word, sir, as of course anybody as calls himself a gentleman do." Mrs. Raddle tossed her head, bit her lips, rubbed her hands harder, and looked at the wall more steadily than ever.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Raddle, but the fact is, that I have been disappointed in the City to-day."

"Well, Mr. Sawyer, and what is that to me, sir?"

"I—I—have no doubt, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob, blinking this last question, "that before the middle of next week we shall be able to set ourselves quite square, and go on, on a better system, afterwards."

This was all Mrs. Raddle wanted. She had bustled up to the apartment of the unlucky Bob, so bent upon going into a passion, that, in all probability, payment would have rather disappointed her. She was in excellent order for a little relaxation of the kind, having just exchanged a few introductory compliments with Mr. Raddle in the front kitchen.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Sawyer," elevating her voice for the information of the neighbors,—“do you suppose that I'm a-going day after day to let a fellar occupy my lodgings as never thinks of paying his rent, nor even the very money laid out for the fresh butter and lump sugar that's bought for his breakfast, nor the very milk that's took in at the street door? Do you suppose as a hard-working and industrious woman which has lived in this street for twenty year (ten year over the way, and nine year and three-quarter in this very house) has nothing else to do but to work herself to death after a parcel of lazy, idle fellars, that are always smoking and drinking and lounging, when they ought to be glad to turn their hands to anything that would help 'em to pay their bills?"

"My good soul," interposed Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Have the goodness to keep your observashuns to yourself, sir, I beg," suddenly arresting the rapid torrent of her speech, and addressing the third party with impressive slowness and solemnity. "I am not aweer, sir, that you have any right to address your conversation to me. I don't think I let these apartments to you, sir."

"No, you certainly did not."

"Very good, sir. Then p'r'aps, sir, as a medical student, you'll confine yourself to breaking the arms and legs of the poor people in the hospitals, and will keep yourself *to* yourself, sir, or there may be some persons here as will make you, sir."

"But you are such an unreasonable woman."

"I beg your parding, young man; but will you have the goodness to call me that again, sir?"

"I didn't make use of the word in any invidious sense, ma'am."

"I beg your parding, young man; but who do you call a woman? Did you make that remark to me, sir?"

"Why, bless my heart!"

"Did you apply that name to me, I ask of you, sir?"—with intense ferocity, and throwing the door wide open.

"Why, of course I did."

"Yes, of course you did," backing gradually to the door, and raising her voice, for the special behoof of Mr. Raddle in the kitchen,—“yes, of course you did! And everybody knows that they

may safely insult me in my own 'ouse while my husband sits sleeping downstairs, and taking no more notice than if I was a dog in the streets. He ought to be ashamed of himself" (sob) "to allow his wife to be treated in this way by a parcel of young cutters and carvers of live people's bodies, that disgraces the lodgings" (another sob), "and leaving her exposed to all manner of abuse; a base, faint-hearted, timorous wretch, that's afraid to come upstairs and face the ruffinly creatures—that's afraid—that's afraid to come!" Mrs. Raddle paused, when there came a loud double-knock at the street door, and then disappeared into the back parlor.

"Does Mr. Sawyer live here?" said Mr. Pickwick, when the door was opened.

"Yes, first floor. It's the door straight afore you, when you gets to the top of the stairs."

Mr. Pickwick and his two friends stumbled upstairs, where they were received by the wretched Bob, who had been afraid to go down, lest he should be waylaid by Mrs. Raddle.

"How are you? Glad to see you,—take care of the glasses." This caution was addressed to Mr. Pickwick, who had put his foot in the tray.

"Dear me, I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it,—don't mention it. I'm rather confined for room here, but you must put up with all that when you come to see a young bachelor. Walk in. You've seen Mr. Ben Allen

before, I think?" Mr. Pickwick shook hands with Mr. Benjamin Allen, and his friends followed his example. They had scarcely taken their seats when there was another double-knock.

"I hope that's Jack Hopkins! Hush. Yes, it is. Come up, Jack; come up."

A heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Jack Hopkins presented himself.

Here another knock at the door announced the rest of the company, five in number, among whom there was, as presently appeared, a sentimental young gentleman with a very nice sense of honor. The little table was wheeled out; the bottles were brought in, and the succeeding three hours were devoted to a round game at sixpence a dozen.

When the last deal had been declared, and the profit-and-loss account of fish and sixpences adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, Mr. Bob Sawyer rang for supper, and the visitors squeezed themselves into corners while it was getting ready.

It was not so easily got ready as some people may imagine. First of all, it was necessary to awaken the girl, who had fallen asleep with her face on the kitchen table; this took time, and, even when she did answer the bell, another quarter of an hour was consumed in fruitless endeavors to impart to her a distant glimmering of reason. The man to whom the order for the oysters had been sent had not been told to open them; it is a very difficult thing to open an oyster with a limp knife

or a two-pronged fork, and very little was done in this way. Very little of the beef was done either; and the ham (which was also from the German sausage-shop round the corner) was in a similar predicament. However, there was plenty of porter in a tin can; and the cheese went a great way, for it was very strong.

After supper more bottles were put upon the table, together with a paper of cigars. Then there was an awful pause; and this awful pause was occasioned by an embarrassing occurrence.

The fact is, the girl was washing the glasses. The establishment boasted four; which is not mentioned to its disparagement, for there never was a lodging-house yet that was not short of glasses.

Having washed the glasses the girl brought them back. The sight of the tumblers restored Bob to a degree of equanimity he had not possessed since his interview with his landlady. His face brightened up, and he began to feel convivial.

"Now, Betsey," dispersing the tumultuous little mob of glasses the girl had collected in the centre of the table,—“now, Betsey, the warm water. Be brisk, there's a good girl.”

“You can't have no warm water.”

“No warm water!”

“No; Missis Raddle said you warn't to have none.”

“Bring up the warm water instantly,—instantly!”

"No, I can't. Missis Raddle raked out the kitchen fire afore she went to bed, and locked up the kittle."

"Never mind,—never mind. Pray don't disturb yourself about such a trifle," said Mr. Pickwick, observing the conflict of Bob Sawyer's passions as depicted in his countenance; "cold water will do very well."

"My landlady is subject to some slight attacks of mental derangement. I fear I must give her warning."

"No, don't."

"I fear I must. Yes, I'll pay her what I owe her, and give her warning to-morrow morning." Poor fellow! how devoutly he wished he could!

Mr. Bob Sawyer's attempts to rally under this last blow communicated a dispiriting influence to the company. At last the youth with the nice sense of honor felt it necessary to come to an understanding on a dispute with Mr. Hopkins; when the following clear understanding took place.

"Sawyer."

"Well, Noddy."

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any unpleasantness at any friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer,—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Hopkins that he is no gentleman."

"And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside;

but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbors by pitching the person who has just spoken out o' window."

"I should like to see you do it, sir."

"You shall *feel* me do it in half a minute, sir."

"I request that you'll favor me with your card, sir."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir."

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning."

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons."

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct. A vast quantity of talking ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feelings to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment toward Mr. Hopkins. To this Mr. Hopkins replied that, on the whole, he preferred Mr. Noddy to his own mother; on hearing this admission, Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins grasped it; and everybody said the whole dispute had been conducted in



a manner which was highly honorable to both parties concerned.

"And now, just to set us going again, Bob, I don't mind singing a song." Hopkins, incited by applause, plunged at once into "The King, God bless him," which he sang as loud as he could to a novel air, compounded of the "Bay of Biscay" and "A Frog he would a-wooing go." The chorus was the essence of the song; and, as every gentleman sang it to the tune he knew best, the effect was very striking.

It was at the end of the chorus to the first verse that Mr. Pickwick held up his hand in a listening attitude, and said, as soon as silence was restored: "Hush! I beg your pardon. I thought I heard somebody calling from upstairs."

A profound silence ensued; and Mr. Bob Sawyer was observed to turn pale.

"I think I hear it now. Have the goodness to open the door."

The door was no sooner opened than all doubt on the subject was removed by a voice screaming from the two-pair landing, "Mr. Sawyer! Mr. Sawyer!"

"It's my landlady. I thought you were making too much noise.—Yes, Mrs. Raddle."

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Sawyer? Ain't it enough to be swindled out of one's rent, and money lent out of pocket besides, and insulted by your friends that dares to call themselves men,

without having the house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire-engines here, at two o'clock in the morning?—Turn them wretches away.”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourselves,” said the voice of Mr. Raddle, which appeared to proceed from beneath some distant bedclothes.

“Ashamed of themselves! Why don't you go down and knock 'em every one downstairs? You would if you was a man.”

“I should if I was a dozen men, my dear, but they've the advantage of me in numbers, my dear.”

“Ugh, you coward! *Do* you mean to turn them wretches out, Mr. Sawyer?”

“They're going, Mrs. Raddle, they're going.—I am afraid you'd better go. I *thought* you were making too much noise.—They're only looking for their hats, Mrs. Raddle; they are going directly.”

Mrs. Raddle thrust her nightcap over the banisters just as Mr. Pickwick emerged from the sitting-room. “Going! what did they ever come for?”

“My dear ma'am,” remonstrated Mr. Pickwick, looking up.

“Get along with you, you old wretch!” said Mrs. Raddle, hastily withdrawing the nightcap. “Old enough to be his grandfather, you villin! You're worse than any of 'em.”

Mr. Pickwick found it in vain to protest his innocence, so hurried downstairs into the street, closely followed by the rest.

The visitors having all departed, in compliance with this rather pressing request of Mrs. Raddle, the luckless Mr. Bob Sawyer was left alone, to meditate on the probable events of the morrow, and the pleasures of the evening.

---

### Want to be Whur Mother is.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury." Copyright, 1888.  
By special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"WANT to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"

Jeemses Rivers! won't some one ever shet that howl o' his?

That-air yellin' drives me wild!

Cain't none of ye stop the child?

Want yer Daddy? "Naw." Gee whiz!

"Want to be whur mother is!"

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"

Coax him, Sairy! Mary, sing somepin fer him!

Lift him, Liz—

Bang the clock-bell with the key—

Er the *meat-ax*! Gee-mun-nee!

Listen to them lungs o' his!

"Want to be whur mother is!"

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"

Preacher guess'll pound all night on that old pulpit  
o' his;

'Pears to me some wimmin jest

Shows religious interest

Mostly 'fore their fambly's riz!

"Want to be whur mother is!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"

Nights like these and whipperwills allus brings that  
voice of his!

Sairy! Mary! 'Lizabeth!

Don't set there and ketch yer death

In the dew—er rheumatiz—

"Want to be whur mother is!"

---

### Spreading the News.

*From the Washington Post.*

IN front of the Stoners' house two little girls, children of a neighbor's, were playing with their dolls, when suddenly the younger of them said:

"I'll tell you what—let's play funeral."

"How?"

"Well, we can play that my Josephine Maude Angelina dolly died, and that we buried her."

"That will be splendid! Let's have her die at once."

Immediately after the death of Josephine Maude Angelina her grief-stricken mother said:

"Now, Katie, we must put crape on the door-knob to let folks know about it. You run over to our house and get the long black veil mamma wore when she was in mourning for grandpa."

Katie went away and soon returned with a long black mourning veil. It was quickly tied to Mrs. Stoner's front door bell; then the bereft Dorothy's grief broke out afresh, and she wailed and wept so vigorously that Mrs. Stoner put her head out of an upper window ~~and said~~:

"You little girls are making too much noise down there. Mr. Stoner's ill and you disturb him. I think you'd better run home and play now. My husband wants to go to sleep."

The children gathered up their dolls and play-things and departed, sobbing as they went.

Mary Simmons, who passed them a block above, but on the other side of the street, supposing the children to be playing at sorrow, was shocked. She came opposite the house to observe the crape on the door-knob.

"Mr. Stoner is dead!" she said to herself. "Poor Sam! I knew he was ill, but I'd no idea that he was at all dangerous. I must stop on my way home and find out about it."

She would have stopped then if it had not been for her eagerness to carry the news to those who

might not have heard it. A little further on she met an acquaintance.

"Ain't heerd 'bout the trouble up at the Stoners', have you?" she asked.

"What trouble?"

"Sam Stoner is dead. There's crape on the door-knob. I was in there yesterday, and Sam was up and round the house; but I could see that he was a good deal worse than he or his wife had any idea of, and I ain't much s'rprised."

"My! I must find time to call there before night."

Mrs. Simmons stopped at the village post-office, ostensibly to look for a letter, but really to impart her information to Dan Wales, the talkative old postmaster.

"Heard 'bout Sam Stoner?" she asked.

"No. I did hear he was gruntin' round a little, but——"

"He won't grunt no more," said Mrs. Simmons, solemnly. "He's dead."

"How you talk!"

"It's right. There's crape on the door."

"Must have been dreadful sudden! Mrs. Stoner was in here last evening, an' she reckoned he'd be out in a day or two well as ever."

"I know. But he ain't been well for a long time. I could see it if others couldn't."

"Well, well! I'll go round to the house soon as Mattie comes home from school to mind the office." The news was spreading now from another source.

Job Higley, the grocer's assistant, returned from leaving some things at the house full of indignation.

"That Mrs. Stoner ain't no more feelin' than a lamp-post," said Job indignantly to his employer. "There's crape on the door-knob for poor Sam Stoner; an' when I left the groceries Mrs. Stoner was cooking a joint cool as a cucumber, an' singin' 'Ridin' on a Load of Hay' loud as she could screech; an' when I said I was sorry about Sam, she just laughed and said she 'thought Sam was all right,' an' then if she didn't go to jokin' me about Tildy Hopkins!"

Old Mrs. Peavey came home with an equally scandalous tale.

"I went over to the Stoners' soon as I heerd 'bout poor Sam," ~~she said~~, "an' if you'll believe me, there was Mrs. Stoner hangin' out clothes in the back yard. I went roun' to where she was, an' she says, jest as flippant as ever, 'Mercy! Mrs. Peavey, where'd you drop from?'"

"I felt so s'prised and disgusted that I says, 'Mrs. Stoner, this is a mighty solemn thing,' an' if she didn't jest look at me an' laugh, with the crape of poor Sam danglin' from the front door bell-knob, an' she says, 'I don't see nothing very solemn 'bout washin' an' hangin' out some o' Sam's old shirts an' underwear that he'll never wear again. I'm goin' to work 'em up into carpet rags if they ain't too far gone for even that.'"

"'Mrs. Stoner,' I says, 'the neighbors will talk

dreadfully if you ain't more careful,' an' she got real angry, an' said if the neighbors would attend to their business she'd attend to hers. I turned an' left without even going into the house."

The *Carbury Weekly Star*, the only paper in the village, came out two hours later with this announcement:

"We stop our press to announce the unexpected death of our highly respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Stoner, this afternoon. A more extended notice will appear next week."

"Unexpected! I should say so!" said Mr. Samuel Stoner in growing wrath and amazement as he read this announcement in the paper.

"There is the minister coming in at the gate," interrupted his wife. "Do calm down, Sam. He's coming to make arrangements for the funeral, I suppose. How ridiculous!"

Mr. Havens, the minister, was surprised when Mr. Stoner himself opened the door and said:

"Come right in, pastor; come right in. My wife's busy, but I'll give you the main points myself if you want to go ahead with the funeral."

For the first time he saw the crape, and, taking it into the house, he called to his wife for an explanation. Later they heard Dorothy Dean's childish voice calling:

"Please, Miss Stoner, Kate and I left mamma's old black veil tied to your door-knob when we were playing over here, and I'd like to have it again."



**When the Summer Boarders Come.**

NIXON WATERMAN.

From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900. By special permission of the publishers, Forbes & Co.

YES, June is here, an' now, by jing! it won't be long  
until

Our good, old-fashioned neighborhood, 'at seems  
so kind o' still

An' solemn-like at times, as though the world had  
shut us in,

'Ll sort o' waken from her dream an' stir herself  
agin.

The medder's full o' daisies an' the trees is full o'  
bloom;

An' after dark the fireflies is sparkin' in the gloom;

The birds is busy buildin' nests, the hives is full o'  
hum;

It's jes' about the season when the summer boarders  
come.

Peculiar lot o' people is the ones 'at come from  
town,

They're full o' funny notions, but they plank the  
money down.

It don't much matter what they git ner what they  
have to pay,—

Jes' give 'em lots o' buttermilk an' let 'em have  
their way.

'Pears 's if they yearn fer scenery an' never git  
enough  
O' sunsets an' o' moonlight nights, an' highty-  
tighty stuff;  
But sence they pay me fer it, why, I'm keepin'  
mighty mum;  
You'll find me diplermatic when the summer  
boarders come.

One year I thought I'd please 'em, so I spent a good  
big pile  
A-buyin' tony fixin's an' a-slingin' on the style.  
I painted up the house an' barn an' built a picket  
fence,  
"All moderrun conveniences" I planned at big  
expense.  
I got some patent foldin'-beds an' a pianner, too,  
An' tried to make the place appear like city man-  
sions do;  
But when the folks come—jimony!—they wouldn't  
stop a day;  
Such "comforts" made 'em tired, so they'd up an'  
go away.

So then I scraped the paint all off the fence an'  
barn an' house,  
An' cast aside my nice store clothes fer overalls an'  
blouse.  
In place o' every door-knob I contrived a wooden  
latch,

I ripped the shingles off the roof an' made a leaky  
thatch.

The patent pump I traded fer a windlass an' a rope,  
The bathroom is a horse-trough an' a hunk o' home-  
made soap.

The foldin'-beds an' likewise the pianner's cheerful  
thrum—

Oh, we hide 'em in the attic when the summer  
boarders come.

An' sence I reconstructed things the house has  
overflowed

With summer boarders every year—'pears like the  
whole world knowed

'At here's the place to find the joys 'at's near to  
Nature's heart,

The extry, duplex, simon-pure, without a touch o'  
art,

Folks like my homely dialect an' ask me fer to spin  
Some simple yarn, an' by an' by they'll ask fer it  
agin;

So I've jes' got to jolly 'em; but say, it's tough, by  
gum!

Fer me who's been through Harvard, when the  
summer boarders come.

### The "New Woman."

"MR. DOOLEY."

THE nex' mornin' Mrs. Donahue an' Mollie came to his dure. "Get up," says Mrs. D., "an' bring in some coal," she says. "Ye drowsy man, ye'll be late f'r ye'er wurruk." "Divvle the bit iv coal I'll fetch," says Donahue. "Go away an' lave me alone," he says. "Ye're inthruptin' me dream." "What ails ye, man alive?" says Mrs. Donahue. "Get up." "Go away," says Donahue, "an' lave me slumber," he says. "The idee of a couple iv big, strong women like you makin' me wurruk f'r ye," he says. "Mollie'll bring in the coal," he says. "An' as f'r you, Honoria, ye'd best see what there is in th' cupboard an' put it in ye'er dinner-pail," he says. "I heerd the first whistle blow a minyit ago," he says. "Ye know ye can't afford to lose ye'er job with me in this delicate condition," he says. "I'm goin' to sleep now," he says. "An', Mollie, do ye bring me in a cup iv cocoa an' a pooched igg at tin," he says. "I ixpect me music teacher about that time."

"The Lord save us from harm," says Mrs. Donahue. "The man's clean crazy." "Divvle the bit," says Donahue, "I'm the new man," he says.

Well, sir, Donahue said it flured thim complete. They didn't know what to say. Mollie was game, an' fitched in the coal; but Mrs. Donahue got nervous as eight o'clock came around. "Ye're not

goin' to stay in bed all day an' lose ye'er job?" she says. "The 'ell with me job," says Donahue. "I'm not th' man to take wurruk whin they'se industhrees women with nawthin' to do," he says. "Show me th' pa-apers," he says. "I want to see when I can get an eighty-cint bonnet f'r two an' a half." He's that stubborn he'd iv stayed in bed all day, but the good woman weakened. "Come," she says, "don't be foolish," she says. "Ye wuddn't have th' ol' woman wurrkin' in the mills," she says. "Th' ol' woman! Well, that's a horse iv another color," he says. "An' I don't mind tellin' ye th' mills is closed down to-day, Honoria." So he dressed himself an' wint out; an' says he to Mollie, he says, "Miss New Woman," says he, "ye may find wurruk enough around th' house," he says. "Th' ol' man is goin' to take th' ol' woman down to Holstead Sthreet an' blow himself f'r a new shawl f'r her."

---

### Wet Weather Talk.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury." Copyright, 1888.  
By special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;

It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,

W'y, rain's my choice.

Men giner'ly, to all intents—

Although they're ap' to grumble some—  
Puts most their trust in Providence,

And takes things as they come;  
That is, the commonality  
Of men that's lived as long as me,  
Has watched the world enough to learn  
They're not the boss of the concern.

With *some*, of course, it's different—

I've seed *young* men that knowed it all,  
And didn't like the way things went  
On this terrestrial ball!

But, all the same, the rain some way  
Rained jest as hard on picnic-day;  
Er when they raily wanted it,  
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet

Will overtake the best of men—  
Some little skift o' clouds'll shet

The sun off now and then;  
But maybe, while you're wonderin' who  
You've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,  
And *want* it—out'll pop the sun,  
And you'll be glad you ain't got none!

It aggervates the farmers, too—

They's too much wet, er too much sun,  
Er work, or waiting round to do  
Before the plowin's done;

And maybe, like as not, the wheat,  
Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat,  
Will ketch the storm—and jest about  
The time the corn's a-jintin' out!

These here cy-clones a-foolin' round—  
An back'ard crops—and wind and rain,  
And yit the corn that's wallered down  
May elbow up again!  
They ain't no sense, as I kin see,  
In mortals, sich as you and me,  
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents,  
And lockin' horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;  
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:  
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,  
W'y, rain's my choice.

---

### The Joys of House-Hunting.

HARVEY PEAKE.

From the *National Monthly*. Copyright, 1909.

MISS GLADYS LUGGS (who is soon to become Mrs. Livingstone Cheaply) is house-hunting with her husband-to-be.

"Now, Livingstone, let's try our luck here at the 'Utopia Apartments,' and for goodness' sake, let me do the talking this time. You men don't seem to know what a house should contain, or what it

should cost. Why, you had almost signed a lease for that last one before I could interfere. And it never would have done in the world. You must never take the first thing that's offered you, because there's almost always something better just a little further on. At least that's a woman's view of the matter." (To the janitor, who has come in answer to their ring.) "Are there any vacant flats in this building? You've only a third-floor flat? Oh, that's altogether too far up. Nevertheless, we'll look at the rooms." (When they reach them.) "Why, these are nothing but closets—drawing-room and dining-room? Why, they are not big enough to turn round in! I should feel as if I were in a doll's play-house all the time. You see I've never lived in flats. Poor papa owned his own house in the country, and I am used to large, airy, light rooms. Is that all you have to show us? Well, we are very much obliged to you, but they won't do. Good day."

(As they emerge onto the sidewalk outside.) "I could never get along with the other tenants in that house even if I liked the rooms. Did you notice the curtains on the first floor with that rubber plant rubbering out between? You didn't? Well, nothing of that kind escapes me. Those curtains were of Nottingham—now mind you, Nottingham curtains on the first floor of a first-class apartment house. Those people, I'll venture to say, are ignorant upstarts who don't know the difference. I'll bet



their bookcases, if they have any at all, are filled with uniform sets that have never been opened, and there's bric-a-brac and photographs sitting about on everything that presents sufficient surface to hold them. No doubt the people themselves are named Pimple or Dangle, and talk of little else than the doings of the smart set as chronicled by the yellow press.

"Of course you could not help hearing that woman pounding the poor, overworked 'Merry Widow' waltz upon the piano on the second floor. From the number of times she repeated it while we were there, I should judge that she gave continuous daily performances. I can imagine her a woman of about forty, with uncertain hair and a sharp nose. No, I could never get along there.

"Here's the 'Palmo.' Let's see what they have to offer." (To janitor.) "You have a first-floor front? Well, that sounds alluring, at least. May we see it? Well, the paper's atrocious in the reception hall, and the floors are terribly scratched. Why, Livingstone! I don't see how you can like it. Just look at those mantels. You know our furniture is to be Mission style, and these mantels are Louis XV. They would never go together in the world. Oh, it's light, yes, but other things are necessary, too.

"Now, for goodness' sake, don't, Livingstone. Be careful! Just because the janitor raised the window to see what the noise was in the street

below, and was temporarily attracted to something else, you had no right to take advantage of his abstraction and try to kiss me. Suppose he had pulled in his head suddenly! Now, I know my hat's awry, and my ruching mussed, and not a mirror in the flat anywhere!—There, is it all right? Is the veil coming down off the rim?—Don't love you? Yes, I do, really. But I can't keep repeating it over and over when we're immersed, head over ears, in practical things! Now don't be silly and try to do that again.—There, he's getting ready to pull in his head and turn around.” (To janitor.)

“Yes, we've seen everything. We thank you for showing them to us, but they won't begin to do. The views from the windows are very ugly, especially that back wall and stable, and, of course, in the summer the stable would make the flies dreadful. Now let's go, Livingstone. Good morning.”

(Outside.) “If I had had to look at the paper on that front room much longer I should have screamed. And I didn't like the look of the janitor at all; he had a bad eye. You noticed it? I'll never be satisfied with a janitor that I can't dictate to. That will have a great deal to do with my choice of a flat.

“Here's the ‘Elite Palace,’ but it doesn't look the part, and no matter how nice the rooms, I could never stand that name. It sounds as if it belonged to a country millinery emporium. Imagine having

it engraved on our 'At Home' cards. I can see our few aristocratic friends raising their eyebrows when they encountered it thereon, and getting out their fountain-pens to cut us off their visiting lists. You know we can't afford to lose any social prestige. What could the person who named that house have been thinking of? Everybody seems to have been fighting shy of it, just as we have, for there are very few curtains at its windows, and they are of the 'I-got-mine-in-a-hurry' kind.

"Here's the 'Sammarco,' let's see what it offers. Oh, look! Castiron dogs on each side of the door! I don't like that to begin with. Think of sitting alongside one of those cold things, on a summer evening, when it comes our turn to assist in adorning the steps! Yes, I know you'd be on the other side of me, to offset any coldness of the dogs, but I don't fancy cast-iron dogs either from an artistic or practical view-point; yet they may have a use. If the rooms are pretty, however, the steps may be able to get along without us. Let's take a look, anyhow."

(In an aside as they go up the elevator.) "Oh, I like this house; everything is so rich and swell, and the empty flat is on the second floor, too. That's really the best floor of all. You're rid of all the street annoyances, and yet are not inconveniently high—Oh, what perfectly lovely rooms! Don't you love that olive burlap in the halls? And what beautiful windows, and what a good view

down that tree-shaded street! Livingstone, I'm delighted with them, but I sha'n't let the janitor know it, that would affect the price. I'll pretend I don't like them."

(To the janitor.) "Yes, the rooms are not bad, but they are quite crowded, and there are too many windows to drape and keep clean, and I'm not particularly fond of the neighborhood, and—and—what else was it I objected to, Livingstone? Oh, yes, there's no room for a baby grand piano." (Aside.) "Of course we haven't any, and never expect to have any, but if, by any chance, one should some day come into our possession, where would we put it?" (Aloud.) "Oh, yes, janitor, by the way, what is the rental of this flat?—How's that? Say it again, slowly, please. Eighty dollars?—You mean eighty dollars per month? You are not mistaken? Be sure before you go any further. Eighty dollars! Eighty dollars! H-m——" (Suddenly jerking her husband-to-be into the hall.) "Livingstone, what in the world are you waiting for? Why don't you come on? If we stay much longer we'll owe two dollars rent before we've decided not to take the flat!"

(As they go out the door.) "Get over on the other side, please, I just want to kick this iron dog as I go by. Take that! and that, you wretch! There, I feel better now. I've found out what you were put there for. Eighty dollars! and your salary is seventy-five. I wonder what we would

eat and wear, and where the installment people would come in!

“Now, let’s pass by all these vulgar, unimportant-looking places. I’m weak enough as it is from that last encounter. I don’t want all the starch taken out of me by another shock of a similar kind. What do you say to trying one of these pretty little side streets? All right; let’s go down this one. Why, here, just off the main thoroughfare, is a modest little place with a sign out that tells of rooms to rent. It’s such a quaint little place I like it very much. Let’s see what it will bring forth.”

(To a sweet old lady who comes to the door.)  
“Yes, please, we will look at the rooms. They are on the second floor?—What a dear, grand, old staircase! And what big, airy rooms, just like ours used to be at home. And Livingstone, notice the view! Did you ever see anything in such complete harmony? Oh, we must have them; don’t you think so?—Oh, I am so glad you like them, too.—How much are they?—Twenty dollars, and you’ll alter anything we don’t like?—Well, we’ll take them and we don’t want a thing changed. Yes, draw up the lease at once and we’ll sign it.”

(As the old lady leaves the room.) “Now, Livingstone, please kiss me. These rooms invite that sort of thing, but it was horribly out of order in the other places. I should never have felt comfortable or domestic in any of those other little boxes, but these—oh, double joy—are simply per-

fect! And, by the way, there isn't a janitor. You'll have to be janitor yourself! You know I said I'd never take a flat whose janitor I couldn't boss!"

---

### When the Train Comes In.

NIXON WATERMAN.

From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900. By special permission of the publishers, Forbes & Co.

WELL, yes, I calkerlate it is a little quiet here  
Fer one who's b'en about the world an' travelled fur  
an' near;

But, maybe 'cause I never lived no other place, to  
me

The town seems 'bout as lively as a good town  
ort to be.

We go about our bizness in a quiet sort o' way,  
Ner thinkin' o' the outside world, exceptin' wunst  
a day

We gather at the depot, where we laff an' talk an'  
spin

Our yarns an' watch the people when the train  
comes in.

Si Jenkins, he's the jestice o' the peace, he allers  
spends

His money fer a paper which he glances through  
an' lends

To some the other fellers, an' we all take turns an'  
chat,

An' each one tells what he 'u'd do ef he was this  
er that;

An' in a quiet sort o' way, afore a hour's gone,  
We git a purty good idee o' what's a-goin' on,  
An' gives us lots to think about until we meet agin  
The follerin' to-morrer when the train comes in.

When I git lonesome-like I set aroun' the barber-  
shop

Er corner groc'ry, where I talk about the growin'  
crop

With fellers from the country; an' if the sun ain't  
out too hot,

We go to pitchin' hoss-shoes in Jed Thompson's  
vacant lot

Behin' the livery-stable; an' afore the game is done  
As like as not some feller'll say his nag kin clean  
outrun

The other feller's and they take 'em out an' have a  
spin;

But all git back in town afore the train comes in.

I see in the papers 'at some folks, when summer's  
here,

Pack up their trunks an' journey to the seashore  
every year

To keep from gettin' sunstruck; I've a better way  
'an that,

For when it's hot I put a cabbage-leaf inside my hat

An' go about my bizness jes' as though it wasn't  
warm—

Fact is I ain't a-doin' much sence I moved off my  
farm;

An' folks 'at loves the outside world, if they've a  
mind to, kin

See all they ort to of it when the train comes in.

An' yit I like excitement, an' they's nothin' suits  
me more

'An to git three other fellers, so's to make a even  
four,

'At knows the game jes' to a T, an' spend a half a  
day

In some good place a-fightin' out a battle at croquet.  
There's Tubbs who tends the post-office, an' old  
Doc Smith an' me

An' Uncle Perry Louden—it 'u'd do you good to see  
Us fellers maul them balls aroun'; we meet time  
an' agin

An' play an' play an' play until the train comes in.

An' take it all in all I bet you'd have to look aroun'  
A good, long while afore you'd find a nicer little  
town

'An this'n is. The people live a quiet sort o' life,  
Ner carin' much about the world with all its woe  
an' strife.

An' here I mean to spend my days, an' when I reach  
the end



I'll say, "God bless ye!" an' "Good-bye," to every  
faithful friend;  
An' when they foller me to where they ain't no  
care ner sin,  
I'll meet 'em at the depot when the train comes in.

---

### Saunders McGlashan's Courtship.

DAVID KENNEDY.

SAUNDERS MCGLASHAN was a hand-loom weaver in a rural part of Scotland. In his early youth his father died and left him with the care of his mother and the younger children. He was a gray-haired man now. The bairns were married and awa'. His old mother, on whom he had lavished the most tender care, was lying beside his father in the kirkyard. He returned to the house alone. He sat down in his father's chair, crowned with a priceless crown of deserved blessing, but there was no voice to welcome him.

"What'll I dae?" he said. "I think I'll just keep the hoose mysel'."

But when winter set in, his trials began. One dark morning he awoke and said: "What needs I lie gautin' here? I'll rise and get a licht." So he got his flint and steel and tinder-box, and set to work. The sparks from the flint and steel would not ignite the tinder. He struck vehemently, missed the flint, and drove the steel deep into his knuckles. "I said in my haste this mornin' that I wud hae a

wife, and noo I say in my solemn leisure, this very day I shall have a wife."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his best dress should go on; and looking in the glass he said: "I canna gang to see the lassies wi' a beard like that." The shaving done, he rubbed his chin, saying with great simplicity, "I think that should dae for the lassies noo." Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is the last thing that dies in a man.

"Ye're no a very ill-looking man after a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel bein' guid-lookin' and well-drest, but what woman am I gaun to seek for my wife?"

He got at length a paper and pencil and wrote down with great deliberation six female names in large half-text, carefully dotting all the "i's" and stroking all the "t's," and surveyed the list as follows:

"That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them; let me see," putting on his spectacles, "it's no wise-like gaun courtin' when a body needs to wear specs. Several o' them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young; she's not very young at any rate. Elspeth McFarlane; but she's blind o' the recht e'e, and it's not necessary that Saunders McGlashan should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsyth; she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough

for ony woman. Mary Morrison, a bonnie woman; but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an' they say the hair upon her heid's no her ain hair. I'm certain it's her ain tongue at ony rate! Jeannie Millar, wi' plenty o' siller—not to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude heart, for she was kind to her mither lang bedfast. Noo which o' thae six will I go to first? I think the first four can bide a wee, but the last twa—siller and love! love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wud just hae ta'en them baith, but I'm no Abraham. If I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside and she sits at that side darnin' stockin' and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I lauch ower to her an' she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body can get on in this world withoot siller, but they canna get on in the world withoot love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows commanding a view of the street there were female noses flattened against the panes. Voices might be heard crying, "Mither! mither! mither! Come here! come here! Look! look! look! There's Saunders McGlashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle of the week! He's

lookin' awful melancholy. I wonder wha's dead."

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on toward the house of Janet Henderson.

"Lord preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's guid for sair een! Come awa into the fire. What's up wi' ye the day, Saunders? Ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are. I never saw you lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after?"

"I'm gaun aboot seeking a wife."

"Eh, Saunders, if that's what ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'."

"But ye dinna seem to understand me; it's you I want for my wife."

"Saunders McGlashan! think shame o' yoursel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner."

"I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first that I have spoken till. I houp there's nae offence, Janet. I meant nae offence. Eh! oh! very well; if that's the way o't, it canna be helped;" and, slowly unfolding the paper which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit down here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her head, and broke the silence as follows:

"Saunders (ahem!) McGlashan (ahem!), I've given your serious offer great reflection. I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back

to my tongue. I'm sorry tae hurt your feelin's, Saunders, but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an account at the last. So I think, Saunders,—I think I'll just—I'll just—"covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak' ye. Eh! Saunders, gae 'wa' wi' ye! gae 'wa'!"

But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat and solemnly said: "I'm rale muckle obleeged to ye, Janet. It'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lassies noo!"

He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned toward the door; but the maiden was there first, with her back to the door, and said: "Lord preserve me, what have I done? If my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer, they'll point the finger of scorn at me and say, ahint my back, as lang as I live, 'That woman was deein' for a man;' so ye maun come every day for the next month, and come in daylight, so they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun, and they'll say, 'That woman's no easy courtit, I can tell ye. The puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders, though I'll be your wife, Saunders, I'm determined to hae my dues o' courtship a' the same."

She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable, holy, heavenly glow; his heart broke into a

full storm of love, and, stooping down, he took her yielding hand in his, and said: "Yes, I wull; yes, I wull! I'll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo —Jaanet!"

Before the unhappy man knew where he was, he had kissed the maiden, who was long expecting it. But the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a crime which he thought no woman could forgive, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty long years, while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction, and said to him:

"Eh! Saunders McGlashan, isna that rale refreshin'?"

---

"No, Thank You, Tom."

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

*Stanza*  
THEY met, when they were girl and boy,  
Going to school one day,  
And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"  
Was all that he could say.

She bit her little pinafore,  
Close to his side she came;  
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,  
When ten swift years had flown;  
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,  
But that is yours alone;

And won't you take my heart?" he said,  
And called her by her name;  
She blushed, and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years  
Have brought them care and joy;  
She has the little peg-top still  
He gave her when a boy.  
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,  
"I've never brought you fame;"  
She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,  
You've loved me all the same!"

---

### **Chimmie Fadden Makes Friends.**

E. W. TOWNSEND.

SAY, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's a torrowbred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East Side missionaries. She's

one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids 'coz dey likes it. Dat's right.

Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well, I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads ter me. Dat's wot she done.

Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says: "'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?"

She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles an' says, "Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?"

Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: "If you'll tump de mug"—no, dat wasn't wot she says—"If you'll trash de cur I'll give yer somethin'," an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meant, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?" she says.

"Can I?" I says. "I'll put a new face on 'im."

Den I went fer 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de belly



so suddent he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' over he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See? When she got me outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she give me de fiver an' says, "I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown."

Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not "done 'im brown"; dat's wot dey meant—say, "trashed 'im well." Dat's right. "Trashed 'im well," was her very words. See?

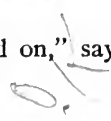
\* \* \* \* \*

Say, I knowed ye'd be paralyzed wen ye seed me in dis harness. It's up in G, ain't it? Dat's right. Say—remember me tellin' ye 'bout de mug I t'umped fer de loidy on de Bowery? de loidy wot give de five and squared me wid der perlice? Dat's right. Well, say, she is a torrowbred, an' dat goes. See? Dat evenin' wot d'ye tink she done? She brought 'is Whiskers ter see me.

Naw, I ain't stringin' ye. 'Is Whiskers is de loidy's fadder. Sure.

'E come ter me room wid der loidy, 'is Whiskers does, an' he says, says 'e, "Is dis Chimmie Fadden?" says 'e.

"Yer dead on," says I.



"Wot t'ell?" 'e says, turning to 'is daughter. "Wot does de young man say?" 'e says.

Den de loidy she kinder smiled—say, yer otter seed 'er smile. Say, it's outter sight. Dat's right. Well, she says, "I tink I understan' Chimmie's langwudge," she says. "'E means 'e is de kid yuse lookin' fer. 'E's der very mug."

Dat's wot she says; somet'in like dat, only a felly can't just remember 'er langwudge.

Den 'is Whiskers gives me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brave young man fer t'umpin' der mug wot insulted 'is daughter, an' 'bout 'is heart bein' all broke dat 'is daughter should be doin' missioner work in der slums.

I says, "Wot t'ell;" but der loidy, she says, "Chimmie," says she, "me fadder needs a footman," she says, "an' I taut you'd be de very mug fer der job," says she. See?

Say, I was all broke up, an' couldn't say nottin', fer 'is Whiskers was so solemn. See?

"Wot's yer lay now?" says 'is Whiskers, or somet'in' like dat.

Say, I could 'ave give 'im a string 'bout me bein' a hard-workin' boy, but I knowed der loidy was dead on ter me, so I only says, says I:

"Wot t'ell?" says I, like dat, "Wot t'ell?" See?

Den 'is Whiskers was kinder paralyzed like, an' 'e turns to 'is daughter an' 'e says, dese is 'is very words, 'e says:

"Really, Fannie," 'e says, "really, Fannie, you must interpret dis young man's langwudge."

Den she laffs an says, says she:

"Chimmie is a good boy if 'e only had a chance," she says.

Den 'is Whiskers 'e says, "I dare say," like dat. See? "I dare say." See? Say, did yer ever 'ear words like dem? Say, I was fer tellin' 'is Whiskers ter git t'ell outter dat, only fer der loidy. See?

Well, den we all give each odder a song an' dance, an' de end was I was took fer a footman. See? Tiger, ye say? Naw, dey don't call me no tiger.

Say, wouldn't de gang on de Bow'ry be parylized if dey seed me in dis harness? Ain't it great? Sure! Wot am I doin'? Well, I'm doin' pretty well. I had ter t'ump a felly dey calls de butler de first night I was dere for callin' me a heathen. See? Say, dere's a kid in der house wot opens der front door wen youse ring de bell, an' I win all 'is boodle de second night I was dere showin' 'im how ter play Crusoe. Say, it's dead easy game, but der loidy she axed me not to bunco de farmers—der's all farmers up in dat house, dead farmers—so I leaves 'em alone. 'Scuse me now, dat's me loidy comin' outer der shop. I opens de door of de carriage an' she says, "Home, Chames." Den I jumps on de box an' strings de driver. Say, 'e's a farmer, too. I'll tell you some more 'bout de game next time. So long.

### The Shaving of Jacob.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

From "Dreams in Homespun." Copyright, 1897, by Lee & Shepard. Reprinted by special permission.

I've loved that man for forty year,  
I've loved my Jacob dearly;  
There ain't no wife in all the worl'  
Loved husband more sincerely;  
I've clung to him through good an' bad,  
Through years of work and rest—  
An' now he's cut his whiskers off,  
An' looks like all-possesst.  
There's nothin' pooty in this worl',  
No really han'some critter,  
For Jacob's cut his whiskers off,  
An' life is dark an' bitter.

Them whiskers, once as red as fire,  
Have long been white as snow  
An' floated like a snowy flag  
In all the winds that blow;  
I'd see them whiskers for a mile,  
An' though I'm growin' blind,  
I'd see 'em in the distance an'  
Knew Jacob was behind.  
He'd come home when the sun went down,  
Come when his work was done,  
His whiskers red with sunset an'  
Far pootier than the sun.

But Jacob when his mind is sot  
Won't budge for prayers or tears,  
An' though I begged him on my knees  
He slashed 'em with the shears.  
The glory has departed now,  
An' it has broke my heart;  
For Jacob's nose an' chin is jest  
'Bout half an inch apart.  
His face looks like our ol' State map  
Of Massachusetts there;  
His chin is jest like ol' Cape Cod  
A-pintin' in the air.

I've loved that man for forty year  
An' journeyed by his side,  
An' allus, everywhere we went,  
His whiskers were my pride.  
An' now he's cut his whiskers off,  
All life is stale an' flat,  
An' no man's left in all the worl'  
That's worth a-lookin' at.  
I'd like to die—but then I won't—  
I want, when I am gone,  
No man a-cryin' roun' my grave  
Without his whiskers on.

### A Scotch Wooing.

JEROME K. JEROME.

From "Three Men on the Bummel."

A STORY is told of a Scotchman who, loving a lassie, desired her for his wife. But he possessed the prudence of his race. He had noticed in his circle many an otherwise promising union result in disappointment and dismay, purely in consequence of the false estimate formed by bride or bridegroom concerning the imagined perfectibility of the other. He determined that in his own case no collapsed ideal should be possible. Therefore it was that his proposal took the following form:

"I'm but a puir lad, Jennie; I hae nae siller to offer ye, and nae land."

"Ah, but ye hae yoursel', Davie!"

"An' I'm wishfu' it wa' onything else, lassie. I'm nae but a puir ill-seasoned loon, Jennie."

"Na, na; there's mony a lad mair ill-looking than yersel', Davie."

"I hae na seen him, lass, and I'm just a-thinkin' I shouldna' care to."

"Better a plain man, Davie, that ye can depend on than ane that would be a-speirin' at the lassies, a-bringin' trouble into the hame wi' his flouting ways."

"Dinna ye reckon on that, Jennie; it's nae the bonniest Bubbly-Jock that maks the most feathers to fly in the kailyard. I was ever a lad to run after

the petticoats, as is weel kent; an' it's a weary hand-fu' I'll be to ye, I'm thinkin'."

"Ah, but ye hae a kind heart, Davie! an' ye love me weel. I'm sure on't."

"I like ye weel enoo', Jennie, though I canna say how long the feeling may bide wi' me; an' I'm kind enoo' when I hae my ain way, an' naethin' happens to put me oot. But I hae the deevil's ain temper, as my mither can tell ye, an', like my puir fayther, I'm a-thinkin', I'll grow nae better as I grow mair auld."

"Ay, but ye're sair hard upon yersel', Davie. Ye're an honest lad. I ken ye better than ye ken yersel', an' ye'll mak a guid hame for me."

"Maybe, Jennie! But I hae my doots. It's a sair thing for wife and bairns when the guid man canna keep awa' frae the glass; an' when the scent of the whusky comes to me it's just as though I hae'd the throat o' a Loch Tay salmon; it just gaes doon an' doon, an' there's nae filling o' me."

"Ay, but ye're a guid man when ye're sober, Davie."

"Maybe I'll be that, Jennie, if I'm nae disturbed."

"An' ye'll bide wi' me, Davie, an' work for me?"

"I see nae reason why I shouldna bide wi' ye, Jennie; but dinna ye clack aboot work to me, for I just canna bear the thocht o't."

"Anyhow, ye'll do your best, Davie? As the minister says, nae man can do mair than that."

"An' it's a puir best that mine'll be, Jennie, and

I'm nae sae sure ye'll hae ower muckle even o' that. We're a' weak, sinfu' creatures, Jennie, an' ye'd hae some deefficulty to fin' a man weaker or mair sinfu' than mysel'."

"Weel, weel, ye hae a truthfu' tongue, Davie. Mony a lad will mak fine promises to a puir lassie, only to break 'em an' her heart wi' 'em. Ye speak me fair, Davie, and I'm thinkin' I'll just tak ye, an' see what comes o't."

Concerning what did come of it the story is silent, but one feels that under no circumstances had the lady any right to complain of her bargain.

---

### The Wife Who Sat Up.

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

IN a chair sat a weary wife dozing,  
Awaiting her husband's return;  
The clock in the hall struck midnight,  
She sighed with the deepest concern—

"The club has the usual attraction,  
And I am too injured to speak;  
But I *will*, yes, I will sit up for him  
If I have to sit up for a week."

The fire on the hearth had burnt lower;  
The room became suddenly chilled;  
Her heart, which was beating and beating,  
With stern indignation was filled.



To wait for her husband's returning,  
And give him a piece of her mind,  
Was the object for which she was yearning,  
Yearning and yawning combined.

The clock in the hall struck *one* first,  
And then it struck *two*—and then *three*—  
And when it struck *four*, she rose proudly,  
And said, "It's an insult to me."

It was, for the husband had quietly  
Sneaked in fifteen minutes before—  
He made not a sound with the latch-key,  
Or in closing his dressing-room door.

She found him in peaceful slumber,  
Not even the ghost of a snore;  
She smothered her deep indignation,  
But *never* sat up any more.

---

### A Poem of Every-Day Life.

ALBERT RIDDLE.

HE tore him from the merry throng  
Within the billiard hall;  
He was gotten up regardlessly  
To pay his party call.  
His thoughts were dire and dark within,  
Discourteous to fate:  
"Ah, me! these social debts incurred  
Are hard to liquidate."

His boots were slender, long and trim;  
His collar tall and swell;  
His hats were made by Dunlap,  
And his coats were cut by Bell;  
A symphony in black and white,  
"Of our set" the pride,  
Yet he lingered on his way—  
He would that he had died.

His feet caressed the lonely way,  
The pave gave forth no sound;  
They seemed in pitying silence clothed,  
West-End-ward he was bound.  
He approached the mansion stealthily,  
The step looked cold and chill;  
He glanced into the vestibule,  
But all was calm and still.

He fingered nervously the bell,  
His card-case in his hand;  
He saw the mirror in the hall—  
Solemn, stately, grand.  
Suddenly his spirits rose;  
The drawing-room looked dim;  
The menial filled his soul with joy  
With "No, there's no one in."

With fiendish glee he stole away;  
His heart was gay and light,  
Happy that he went and paid  
His party call that night.

His steps turned to the billiard hall,  
Blissfully he trod;  
He entered: "What, returned so soon?"  
Replied: "She's out, thank God!"

Sixteen cues were put to rest  
Within their upright beds,  
And sixteen different tiles were placed  
On sixteen level heads;  
Sixteen men upon the street  
In solid phalanx all,  
And sixteen men on duty bent  
To pay their party call.

When the fairest of her sex came home  
At early dawn, I ween,  
She slowly looked the cards all out—  
They numbered seventeen.  
With calm relief she raised her eyes,  
Filled with grateful light,  
"Oh, merciful Fate, look down and see  
What I've escaped this night!"

---

### The Hard-Shell Preacher.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

This extract is from "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Mr. Eggleston vouches for this sermon as one which he heard.

"You see, my respective hearers," he began—but alas! I can never picture to you the rich, red nose, the seesawing gestures, the nasal resonance,

the snuffle, the melancholy minor key, and all that. "My respective hearers-ah, you see-ah as how-ah as my tex'-ah says that the ox-ah knoweth his owner-ah, and-ah the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. A-h-h! Now, my respective hearers-ah, they're a mighty sight of resemblance-ah atwext men-ah and oxen-ah, bekase-ah, you see, men-ah is mighty like oxen-ah, jest as thar is atwext defferent men-ah; fer the ox knoweth-ah his owner-ah, and the ass-ah, his master's crib-ah. Now, my respective hearers-ah" (the preacher's voice here grew mellow, and the succeeding sentences were in the most pathetic and lugubrious voice), "you all know-ah that your humble speaker-ah has got-ah jest the best yoke of steers-ah in this township-ah. They a'n't no sech steers as them air two of mine-ah in this whole kedentry-ah. Them crack oxen over at Clifty-ah ha'n't a patchin' to mine-ah. Fer the ox knoweth his owner-ah, and the ass-ah his master's crib-ah.

"Now, my respective hearers-ah, they's a right smart sight of difference-ah atwext them air two oxen-ah, jest like they is atwext different men-ah. Fer-ah" (here the speaker grew earnest, and sawed the air, from this to the close, in a most frightful way), "fer-ah, you see-ah, when I go out-ah in the mornin'-ah to yoke-ah up-ah them air steers-ah, and I says-ah, 'Wo, Berry-ah! *Wo, Berry-ah!* WO, BERRY-AH!' why, Berry-ah jest stands stock still-ah and don't hardly breathe-ah, while I put on the yoke-ah, and put in the bow-ah, and put in the

key-ah, fer, my brethering-ah and sistering-ah, the ox knoweth his owner-ah, and the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. Hal-le-lu-ger-ah!

"But-ah, my hearers-ah, but-ah when I stand at t'other eend of the yoke-ah, and say, 'Come, Buck-ah! *Come, Buck-ah!* COME, BUCK-AH! COME, BUCK-AH!' why, what do you think-ah? Buck-ah, that onery ole Buck-ah, 'stid of comin' right along-ah and puttin' his neck under-ah, acts jest like some men-ah what is fools-ah. Buck-ah jest kinder sorter stands off-ah, and kinder sorter puts his head down-ah this ere way-ah, and kinder looks mad-ah, and says, 'Boo-oo-oo-OO-ah!' "

---

### The Village Choir.

ANONYMOUS.

HALF a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch  
Choir and precentor hitch,  
Into a mess of pitch,  
They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh, that precentor's look,  
When the sopranos took

Their own time and hook  
From the Old Hundred!

Screeched all the trebles here,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,  
While his mind wandered;  
Theirs not to reason why  
This psalm was pitched too high:  
Theirs but to gasp and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.  
Stormed they with shout and yell,  
Not wise they sang nor well,  
Drowning the sexton's bell,  
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,  
Flashed his pitchfork in air,  
Sounding fresh keys to bear  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached his hat from the rack,  
Then from the screaming pack,  
Himself he surrendered.  
Tenors to right of him,  
Tenors to left of him,

Discords behind him,  
    Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh, the wild howls they wrought!  
Right to the end they fought!  
Some tune they sang, but not,  
    Not the Old Hundred.

---

### Ringling the Changes.

BERTHA MOORE.

SCENE. *A comfortable sitting-room. Table centre, two easy chairs, one each side of stage, facing audience. Window, centre back doors L and R.*

#### CHARACTERS.

MRS. BROWN MELTON (*a young woman*).

MR. BROWN MELTON (*a middle-aged man*).

[*Both discovered reading. Mr. B. M. smoking, "Times" in hand. Mrs. B. M., with copy of lady's paper, looking very bored and uninterested, looks up constantly at her husband and is about to speak, then checks herself. At last he turns sheet of paper, and she speaks:*

*Mrs. B. M. (querulously).* Aren't you ever going to speak again?

*Mr. B. M. (unheedingly).* Eh! what! (*goes on reading*).

*Mrs. B. M.* It's perfectly sickening.

[*Mr. B. M. takes no notice, still reads.*

*Mrs. B. M.* Algernon! (*No answer.*) Algernon! (*No answer.*) Algernon!!! (*very loud*).

*Mr. B. M. (starts, takes off his glasses).* Eh! what! sorry, my dear; did you speak?

*Mrs. B. M. (scornfully).* Speak! I've been yelling, positively yelling. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the police came in to see what was the matter.

*Mr. B. M. (smiling).* Gently, my dear, gently; I may be nearly blind (*fixes on glasses again*), but I'm not deaf. I was very interested in something I found in the paper.

*Mrs. B. M.* Interested! Paper! Yes, that's all very well for *you*, but what about *me*? What have I to be interested in, alone all day, no one to speak a word to, and when you come home you read your paper and never open your mouth except to yawn?

*Mr. B. M.* You see, my dear, I have so much talking to do all day, it's quite a rest not to speak when I get home.

*Mrs. B. M.* Then it's a pity you didn't marry a deaf-and-dumb woman.

*Mr. B. M. (still smiling).* I preferred a pretty woman with a soft voice.

*Mrs. B. M. (jumping up).* It's not a bit of good buttering me up and calling me pretty. I might be ugly as sin, for you never look at anything but your b-b-beastly paper.

*Mr. B. M.* I'm looking at you now, and I feel afraid if you use your handkerchief so vigorously you will soon have a red nose, which would be a pity, for——

*Mrs. B. M. (stamping).* I won't stand it, I give you fair warning, I won't. When I married you



I thought you would be so interesting, would tell me all your cases, I should get behind the scenes of all the "causes célèbres," and be *au fait* with all the facts of the most recent divorce cases, instead of which you never open your mouth——

Mr. B. M. Except to yawn.

Mrs. B. M. ——about any of them. I might as well have married a-a-an undertaker.

Mr. B. M. Well, my dear, we'll discuss this to-morrow. I'm very tired to-night and I want to read about—— (*Takes up paper again.*)

Mrs. B. M. (*strides up to him and tears the paper from his hands, crumples it up and throws it in corner*). There!

Mr. B. M. (*quietly*). Well, I liked it better *here*, myself, but as you wish.

Mrs. B. M. Algernon! my life is unbearable, one deadly monotony from morning to night, from Monday to Sunday, from January to December. I cannot and *will* not stand it.

Mr. B. M. (*offering a chair*). Sit down, my dear, what's to prevent you? No extra charge for chairs.

Mrs. B. M. (*passionately pushing chair over*). I'm serious, and you always joke when I want to talk seriously. I—I—I don't know why you married me.

Mr. B. M. For various reasons, one being that I admired and loved you.

Mrs. B. M. Admired and loved me! Pooh! If you have a lovely bit of china, do you lock it away

out of sight? No, you like to look at it and ask your friends to admire it too.

*Mr. B. M.* True.

*Mrs. B. M.* Then if you admire me, why don't you want your friends to do the same? We sit opposite each other till I believe I could draw your nose blindfold.

*Mr. B. M. (feeling nose).* And even then possibly improve its somewhat wandering beauty.

*Mrs. B. M. (stamping).* Algernon, will you be serious? I tell you if something doesn't happen soon I shall go mad.

*Mr. B. M.* What sort of thing?

*Mrs. B. M.* Oh, anything. Other people are always getting something, being robbed or run over by cabs, or——

*Mr. B. M.* I should hardly envy them that.

*Mrs. B. M.* Or have people fall in love with them or something.

*Mr. B. M. (sharply).* Do you think that would be amusing?

*Mrs. B. M.* Yes, infinitely more amusing than——

*Mr. B. M.* The humdrum affection of an old husband. Well, my dear, I'm afraid I can't promise to send any one to fall in love with you, but since you find me so dull I'll go out to my club and finish my paper there. [Goes out R.]

*Mrs. B. M. (sinks into chair and cries).* It's too bad, it's not fair! I am pretty and pleasant when

I like, and why should I be shut away here, always with Algernon? Of course he's very fond of me and I of him, only it's like eating an egg without salt to be Darby and Joan always. And the worst of it is I can't make him angry whatever I say or do, but yet he won't let me go out or about and have people here, like everyone else does. I believe it's three weeks since I spoke to another man. (*Takes up paper and reads.*) It sickens me to see in the society papers all the good times people have and I buried alive here and wasting my—— Come in! (*Knock at door, L.*)

*Mr. B. M. (enters disguised as a Frenchman).* Pardon! is Mons. Brown Melton within himself?

*Mrs. B. M. (rising).* My husband has just gone to the club; can you leave any message?

*Mr. B. M. (walking in, hat in hand).* Pardon, Madame, I speak not well of your English, vat is dat mess—mess——

*Mrs. B. M.* Message! Message. (*Loudly.*)

*Mr. B. M.* Messagc! Mess-age. Oh! peut-être, Madame, means communication?

*Mrs. B. M.* Yes, that I can tell my husband.

*Mr. B. M.* It is difficile. Madame speaks French?

*Mrs. B. M.* Unfortunately, very little.

*Mr. B. M.* Unfortunately, very little, verra leetle. (*Loudly.*)

*Mr. B. M.* Quel malheur, but Madame would allow that I wait I seat myself?

*Mrs. B. M.* Oh, certainly; I don't expect my husband will be long. Will you take that chair?

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand t'anks, but Madame permits first that I sit on her. (*Offering chair.*)

*Mrs. B. M.* On *me*?

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand pardons, I mean she sits on me.

*Mrs. B. M.* (*horrified*). On you?

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand pardons, I mean that she sits before me.

*Mrs. B. M.* (*relieved, sinks into easy chair*). Oh, certainly.

*Mr. B. M.* The husband of Madame is verra busy. Yes?

*Mrs. B. M.* Oh, very busy, but then he's so clever, you see.

*Mr. B. M.* But not so clever as his wife. No? (*Bowing.*)

*Mrs. B. M.* (*smiling*). Much cleverer. I am not a bit clever.

*Mr. B. M.* But so beautiful!

*Mrs. B. M.* Sir!

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand pardons. I say something wrong, I should say so ugly.

*Mrs. B. M.* Sir!!

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand pardons. I say wrong again, I should say so improper.

*Mrs. B. M.* Really, sir!!!

*Mr. B. M.* (*rises and bows deeply*). Madame, it cut me to the heart that I know not your lan-

guage. I want to say that Madame is belle, jolie like a bug.

Mrs. B. M. A bug!!

Mr. B. M. Him that flies with the wings, like this. (*Pretends to fly.*)

Mrs. B. M. (*laughing*). Oh, a butterfly.

Mr. B. M. (*excitedly*). Oui, oui; oh, but Madame is so fast!

Mrs. B. M. Fast!

Mr. B. M. To understood.

Mrs. B. M. Oh, quick to understand, you mean. Won't you sit down again?

Mr. B. M. A t'ousand t'anks. (*They both sit.*) I love dis chair. (*Beaming.*)

Mrs. B. M. You should say *like* this chair; we only say we love people.

Mr. B. M. But how very kind to help me. I *like* dis chair.

Mrs. B. M. That's beautifully said.

Mr. B. M. (*thoughtfully*). I *like* dis chair, I *like* dis table, I *like* dis house, I *love* Mrs. Brown Melton.

Mrs. B. M. Oh, but you mustn't say that!

Mr. B. M. A t'ousand pardons, but you say—I *love* about people. Yes?

Mrs. B. M. Yes, if you know them *very* well or are related or—or—*really* love them.

Mr. B. M. (*leaning over to her chair*). But if I do really love you, what must I say?

Mrs. B. M. (*agitatedly*). Oh! Nothing! Nothing!

*Mr. B. M. (earnestly, coming nearer and speaking with deep feeling).* Nothing! nothing!

*Mrs. B. M. (laughing hysterically).* No, no. I don't mean that. Oh dear, can't you understand? I am married, and even if you loved me, you mustn't say so to *me*, you must only say it to *yourself*.

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand pardons. (*He walks to the other side of the room and with exaggerated gesture says three times loudly to himself.*) I love you—her. (*Pointing behind him to Mrs. B. M.*) I love you—her—I love you—her. (*Then comes back with a satisfied smile and sits down again.*)

*Mrs. B. M. (watches him aghast and then goes to window).* Oh! when will Algy be back?

*Mr. B. M.* Madame look for something?

*Mrs. B. M.* No, no; only I thought, perhaps, you would call to-morrow. My husband may be late.

*Mr. B. M.* T'ank you, I will wait. Madame is too kind to make time very slow.

*Mrs. B. M. (haughtily).* I am sorry, sir, but I——

*Mr. B. M.* Pardon, Madame, another mistake, I should say, quick.

*Mrs. B. M.* Oh! yes—ah!—will you have a whisky and soda?

*Mr. B. M. (jumping up).* With much complaisance. (*She fills glass and hands it to him; he raises it and says in a loud voice, bowing low.*) I drink to your good illness.

*Mrs. B. M.* My good health, you mean; thank you.

*Mr. B. M.* I am desolated that I make so many mistakes. It is not possible that Madame speak to me in French?

*Mrs. B. M.* I am afraid you wouldn't understand my French, and it wouldn't interest you to know, "à la Ahn," that "I have a penknife," or that "My gardener's daughter is sick," and that is as far as my French will take me.

*Mr. B. M.* But Madame understands if I talk French?

*Mrs. B. M. (doubtfully).* A little, yes.

*Mr. B. M. (rubbing his hands).* Dat is good, vous comprenez, Madame, je desire de vous embrasser.

*Mrs. B. M.* You want to what? I don't think I ever learned that word.

*Mr. B. M.* Ah! is dat possible? But it is so simple. Shall I teach you? You are so kind to teach me, now I will teach you. Madame, say it after me—"Je desire de vous embrasser."

*Mrs. B. M.* Je desire de vous embrasser.

*Mr. B. M.* Oh, Madame, your accent is beautiful—but you t'ink your 'usband not mind?

*Mrs. B. M.* Oh, no, I'm sure he'll think it very kind of you.

*Mr. B. M.* Den, Madame, your desire is quite easy to do; vill you have the goodness to copy me?

*Mrs. B. M.* Yes. (*They stand facing each other.*)

*Mr. B. M.* You put your mouse jus' so. (*He purses his lips. Mrs. B. M. copies him gravely.*)

*Mr. B. M.* Now you come close to me, so. I come close to you and you do as I do. (*He kisses her cheek.*)

*Mrs. B. M. (starts back).* How dare you?

*Mr. B. M. (shrugs his shoulder).* But, Madame, I do what you desire. "Je desire de vous embrasser," you say to me, "I wish to kiss you."

*Mrs. B. M.* It's—it's scandalous. How dare you?

*Mr. B. M.* A t'ousand pardons. I am alvas villing to oblige a lady. If I vas wrong, forgive me.

*Mrs. B. M.* I insist on your leaving this house. (*She goes to the bell.*)

*Mr. B. M. (standing in front of it).* No—I wait for your 'usband.

(*Mrs. B. M. moves to the door. He steps in front of her.*)

*Mr. B. M.* No, Madame cannot leave. I must explain to 'er 'usband. I only do vat she ast, or per'aps, 'e take me to the 'ouses of Parliament and your Prime Minister cut off my head slick, just so. (*Making sign across throat.*)

*Mrs. B. M. (viciously).* I wish your head had been cut off before you came here.

*Mr. B. M.* Ah! dat would be funny. I should not know vere to put my 'at. I should look like dis. (*He takes his hat, which is a large one, and jams it down right over his head, till it rests on his*



*shoulders, then removes it.)* Madame would 'ave been frightened. *(In taking off the hat his wig comes too and he stands revealed.)*

Mrs. B. M. *(bursting out laughing).* Algernon! You horrid—— Oh, how you frightened me!

Mr. B. M. *(smoothing his hair).* Sorry, my dear. *(Taking off mustache and putting on glasses and assuming his legal appearance.)* But I thought I would give you a little change from the monotony of your existence. I'm glad, though, you were angry when I kissed you.

Mrs. B. M. It was too bad of you. But, Algy, what a splendid actor you are!

Mr. B. M. So I've been told; and that reminds me, the Philothespian Club, to which I belonged before I was married, have written asking if you and I will help them at their next performance. What do you say?

Mrs. B. M. I'd love it. There is nothing I like better than acting.

Mr. B. M. Very well, my dear, then we will, and I'll try to be a bit more sociable, but I'll take jolly good care you don't act with a Frenchman, or, who knows, you might "desire de l'embrasser" and——

Mrs. B. M. *(stopping his mouth with her hand).* I don't want to "embrasser" any one but you.

Mr. B. M. Then do as I do. *(As the curtain comes down they stand face to face with pursed-up lips.)*

**"Why Don't the Men Propose?"**

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WHY don't the men propose, mamma?

Why don't the men propose?

Each seems just coming to the point,

And then away he goes!

It is no fault of yours, mamma,

That everybody knows;

You fête the finest men in town,

Yet, oh, they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,

To make a proper match;

For coronets and eldest sons

I'm ever on the watch:

I've hope when some *distingué* beau

A glance upon me throws;

But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,

Alas, he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing,

And dressing like a blue;

I've bought big books, and talk'd of them,

As if I read them through!

With hair cropp'd like a man, I've felt

The heads of all the beaux;

But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,

And oh, they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought  
That ignorance was bliss;  
I felt convinced that men preferr'd  
A simple sort of Miss;  
And so I lisp'd out naught beyond  
Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"  
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;  
Yet, oh, they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,  
I heard Sir Harry Gale  
Exclaim, "Now, I propose again——"  
I started, turning pale;  
I really thought my time was come,  
I blush'd like any rose;  
But, oh! I found 'twas only at  
*Ecarté* he'd propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?  
Oh, what is to be done?  
I really have no time to lose,  
For I am thirty-one.  
At balls, I am too often left  
Where spinsters sit in rows;  
Why won't the men propose, mamma?  
Why won't the men propose?

## French with a Master.

THEODORE TILTON.

TEACH you French? I will, my dear!  
Sit and con your lesson here.  
What did Adam say to Eve?  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Don't pronounce the last word long;  
Make it short to suit the song;  
Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve,  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Sleeve, I said, but what's the harm  
If I really meant your arm?  
Mine shall twine it (by your leave),  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Learning French is full of slips;  
Do as I do with the lips;  
Here's the right way, you perceive,  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

French is always spoken best  
Breathing deeply from the chest;  
Darling, does your bosom heave?  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Now, my dainty little sprite,  
Have I taught your lesson right?  
Then what pay shall I receive?  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Will you think me overbold  
If I linger to be told  
Whether you yourself believe  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre?*

Pretty pupil, when you say  
All this French to me to-day,  
Do you mean it, or deceive?  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Tell me, may I understand,  
When I press your little hand,  
That our hearts together cleave?  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Have you in your tresses room  
For some orange-buds to bloom?  
May I such a garland weave?  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Or if I presume too much,  
Teaching French by sense of touch,  
Grant me pardon and reprieve!  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

Sweetheart, no! you cannot go!  
Let me sit and hold you so;  
Adam did the same to Eve,—  
*Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.*

### Speech of Spartacus.

BILL NYE.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had aroused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. A large number of people from the rural districts had been in town to watch the conflict in the arena, and to listen with awe and veneration to the infirm and decrepit ring jokes.

No sound was heard save the low sob of some retiring wave, as it told its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, or the unrelenting bootjack struck the high board fence in the back yard, just missing the Roman tom-cat in its mad flight, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. Anon the Roman snore would steal in upon the deathly silence, and then die away like the sough of a summer breeze. In the green room of the amphitheatre a little band of gladiators were assembled. The foam of conflict yet lingered on their lips, the scowl of battle yet hung upon their brows, and the large knobs on their classic profiles indicated that it had been a busy day with them.

There was an embarrassing silence of about five minutes, when Spartacus, borrowing a chew of tobacco from *Trifoliatum Aurelius*, stepped forth and thus addressed them:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Ye call

me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met in the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet has never lowered his arm. I do not say this to brag, however, but simply to show that I am the star thumper of the entire outfit.

"If there be one among you who can say that ever in public fight or private brawl my actions did belie my words, let him stand forth and say it, and I will spread him around over the arena till the Coroner will have to gather him up with a blotting-paper. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come, and I will construct upon their physiognomy such cupolas, and royal cornices, and Corinthian capitals, and entablatures, that their own mothers would pass them by in the broad light of high noon, unrecognized.

"My ancestors came from old Sparta, the county-seat of Marcus Aurelius County, and settled among the vine-clad hills and cotton groves of Syrsilla. My early life ran quiet as the clear brook by which I sported. Aside from the gentle patter of the maternal slipper on my overalls, everything moved along with me like the silent oleaginous flow of the ordinary goose-grease. My boyhood was one long, happy summer day. We stole the Roman muskmelon, and put split sticks on the tail of the Roman dog, and life was one continuous hallelujah.

"One evening, after the sheep had been driven

into the corral and we were all seated beneath the persimmon tree that shaded our humble cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra and George Francis Train and Dr. Mary Walker and other great men, and how a little band of Spartans, under Sitting Bull, had withstood the entire regular army. I did not then know what war was, but my cheek burned, I knew not why, and I thought what a glorious thing it would be to leave the reservation and go on the warpath. But my mother kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go soak my head and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coasts. They pillaged the whole country, burned the agency buildings, demolished the ranch, rode off the stock, tore down the smoke-house, and rode their war-horses over the cucumber vines.

"To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps and looked upon him, behold! he was my friend. The same sweet smile was on his face that I had known when in adventurous boyhood we bathed in the glassy lake by our Spartan home and he had tied my shirt into 1,752 dangerous and difficult knots.

"And so must you, fellow gladiators, and so must I, die like dogs.

"To-morrow we are billed to appear at the Coliseum at Rome, and reserved seats are being sold at the corner of Third and Corse streets for our moral



and instructive performance while I am speaking to you.

"Ye stand here like giants as ye are, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis with a sealskin cap will pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood.

"O Rome! Rome! Thou hast been indeed a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that gentle, timid shepherd lad who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron, and a heart like the adamantine lemon pie of the railroad lunch-room. Thou hast taught him to drive his sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the palpitating gizzard of his foe, and to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion even as the smooth-cheeked Roman Senator looks into the laughing eyes of the girls in the treasury department.

"And he shall pay thee back till thy rushing Tiber is red as frothing wine; and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled. You doubtless hear the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

"Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he will have gladiator on toast, and don't you forget it; and he will fling your vertebræ about his cage like the star pitcher of a champion nine.

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are men, arise and follow me. Strike down the warden and

the turnkey, overpower the police, and cut for the tall timber. We will break through the city gate, capture the war-horse of the drunken Roman, flee away to the lava beds, and there do bloody work, as did our sires at old Thermopylæ, scalp the western-bound emigrant, and make the hen-roosts around Capua look sick.

“O comrades! warriors! gladiators! !

“If we be men, let us die like men, beneath the blue sky, and by the still waters, and be buried according to Gunter, instead of having our shin bones polished off by Numidian lions, amid the groans and hisses of a snide Roman populace.”

---

### Fame and Fate.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

From “*Rimes to be Read.*” Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers, Dodge Publishing Co.

“WORK for the world, but art for me!  
I shall win my way with the brush,” said she.  
She studied art; she studied it hard;  
She painted canvases, yard on yard  
(For “Art is long,” I’m sure you’ve heard),  
Two strokes, or three,  
For a blasted tree,  
And a wiggle or two for a flying bird.  
But “art” is sometimes purest gold,  
And sometimes merest gilding—

So she "wins her way with the brush," I'm told,  
By scrubbing a New York building.

"The world may dig in the dark," said he,  
"But the beam of the footlights beckons me."  
So he cried in grief and he cried in joy,  
He screamed the scream  
Of Aram's Dream,  
And he groaned the groan of the Polish boy.  
He likewise remarked, "On the murderer's hands  
Is the blood of his victim! there he stands!"  
And, "Listen, proud maid! You shall be my wife  
Even though it shall cost your husband's life."  
But "Art is long"—very long—so, too,  
Are the miles of ties on the C. B. Q.,  
So he's "on the stage"—in Idaho,  
From Seven Devils to Silver Bow.

"Love for the common, but mine is for fame,"  
She cried, "and the world shall know my name."  
Corrupting English, she called it "verse,"  
While "poetry" graded somewhat, worse.  
"Now flees my love  
As doth the dove  
Which moults to feathery clouds above.  
Its cryptic cry apace doth haste  
And wounds the wind which sweeps the waste."  
Ah, "Art is long" (in sad endurance),  
And Fame coquettes with bald Assurance.  
And now, wherever the English tongue

Is put into print her praise is sung,  
For she was cured of manifold ills  
By Buncombe Bitters and Pigweed Pills.

"Gold cozens the soul of men, but mine,"  
He said, "is filled with the art divine.  
Music may lead me whither she may;  
I toil at the ivories day by day  
Till the world shall gather when I play."  
He practised in every conceivable key—  
Ruplety, tumpety, tunk tank, tee;  
Ripplety, skipplety, lol-la-lee!  
Till his brow with an honest dew was wet  
And neighboring flats were marked "To Let."  
Yes, "Art is long," but the wise retort  
That the artist himself is sometimes short,  
So the world does gather to watch him play  
As he fingers the ivories day by day  
In a billiard hall in Sante Fé.

---

### **Annabel Lee.**

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

'Twas more than a million years ago,  
Or so it seems to me,  
That I used to prance around and beau  
The beautiful Annabel Lee.  
There were other girls in the neighborhood,  
But none was a patch to she.

And this was the reason that long ago  
My love fell out of a tree,  
And busted herself on a cruel rock—  
A solemn sight to see,  
For it spoiled the hat and gown and looks  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

We loved with a love that was lovely love,  
I and my Annabel Lee,  
And we went one day to gather the nuts  
That men call hickoree.  
And I stayed below in the rosy glow,  
While she shinned up the tree,  
But no sooner up than down kerslup  
Came the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And the pallid moon and the hectic noon  
Bring gleams of dreams for me,  
Of the desolate and desperate fate  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And I often think as I sink on the brink  
Of slumber's sea, of the warm pink link  
That bound my soul to Annabel Lee;  
And it wasn't just best for her interest  
To climb that hickory tree,  
For had she stayed below with me,  
We'd had no hickory nuts maybe,  
But I should have had my Annabel Lee.

## The Window Blind.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

From "The Case of Rebellious Susan."

SCENE: *The sitting-room of SIR RICHARD KATO, Q.C., at St. Mildred's Hotel, Westbay, a comfortable room in a good-class seaside hotel. A door right. A large window, left. Discover SIR RICHARD writing at table.*

*Enter WAITER at door.*

*Waiter.* Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson Pybus are here and would like to see you, Sir Richard.

*Sir R.* Show them in. And let me know when Sir Joseph Darby and Mr. Harabin return.

*[Exit WAITER.*

*[SIR RICHARD, left alone for some moments, walks up and down room very perplexed, indicating that he is putting together the links of a chain of evidence, and puzzling them out in his own mind, walks, stops suddenly, slightly scratches his forehead, puts one forefinger on the other, puts head on one side, walks again, puzzles.]*

*Enter WAITER; announces MR. and MRS. PYBUS.*

*Enter ELAINE and PYBUS slowly and a little sulkily, as if on bad terms with each other. Exit WAITER.*

*Sir R. (cordially).* Well? *(Shaking hands with each of them.)* Well? *(Looking from one to the other.)* What's the matter? Nothing serious, I hope?

*Pybus.* We told you, Sir Richard, that we should come to you if any difficulty arose.

*Sir R.* Thank you. (*To him.*) Sit down. (*To her.*) Sit down.

[*They sit down on each side of him.*

*Sir R. (genially).* Now tell me all about it.

[*During the following scene SIR RICHARD is quietly seated between the two. He does not interfere in the least, but merely turns his head from one to the other as each begins to speak.*]

*Elaine.* The whole thing is in a nutshell. Is the mistress of the house to be consulted on a purely domestic arrangement, or is she not? Is she to be treated as a rational creature, or is she not?

*Pybus.* My darling, I have always wished to treat you as something entirely sweet and perfect and gracious; something sainted and apart; but when you insist on getting on a chair and breaking the looking-glass—you do make it a little difficult, my darling, for me to—to—(*descriptive gesture*)—to cherish my ideal of you.

*Elaine.* It was your pushing that broke the looking-glass.

*Pybus.* My darling, I was quite gentle. I merely held the corner of the dressing-table in a firm position while you struggled.

*Elaine.* Just so. You merely asserted your superior brute force. Brute force! Brute force! When will Woman hear any other argument from Man?

*Pybus.* My dear Elaine, I did argue with you for nearly three quarters of an hour. I explained how impossible it is for me to—to concentrate myself, to bring all my manifold powers to bear upon the problems of this age while you are shaking the washing stand, and letting the breakfast get quite cold merely for the sake of indulging your own whims.

*Elaine.* Whims? I have no whims. I have only convictions.

*Pybus.* My dear Elaine, what is it but a whim when you——

*Elaine.* Really, Fergusson, it is impossible——  
(*Rising angrily.*)

*Pybus (also rising angrily).* Really, my darling, I cannot——

*Sir R. (interposing, soothes them down).* Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Sit down. Sit down, both of you. (*Motioning them into their chairs again.*) Sit down. There is to me in all matrimonial disagreements a want of harmony, a want of beauty, so to speak, which I am quite sure, Mr. Pybus, must be as distressing to you as it is to me.

*Pybus.* That is what I am always explaining to Elaine. We made it a rule when we were married to avoid all that is petty and mean and commonplace in life.

*Sir R. (soothingly).* An excellent rule. It ought to be incorporated in the marriage service. (*Throughout the scene he assumes a perfectly calm and judicial bearing.*) Well now. You were mar-



ried on the second of February. After your honeymoon, you took up your residence at——

*Pybus.* At Clapham.

*Sir R.* At Clapham. You made it a rule to avoid all that is mean and petty and commonplace in life, and you took up your residence at Clapham. I forget the exact address?

*Pybus.* "The Nest," Gladstone Road, Clapham.

*Sir R.* "The Nest," Gladstone Road, Clapham.

*Pybus (plaintively).* I cannot say that Clapham appeals to me.

*Elaine.* Clapham is intolerably suburban. The inhabitants of Clapham are entirely conventional persons. They do not live in the realm of ideas at all. And Fergusson will not join me in rousing——

*Pybus (interrupting her).* My angel, I do think it is of more importance that you should—— (*ends with feeble descriptive gesture*).

*Elaine.* And I think that it is of more importance that you should assist me in organizing my society.

*Pybus.* I cannot see, my dear——

*Elaine (stopping him).* No, Fergusson, you cannot see. That is the difficulty with men. They cannot see.

*Pybus.* Really, my darling—— (*rising again angrily*).

*Elaine.* Really——

*Sir R. (soothing them down).* Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! (*Gets them seated again. To ELAINE.*) What is this society you are organizing?

*Elaine.* The Clapham Boadicean Society for the

Inculcation of the New Morality among the Women of Clapham.

*Sir R.* What is the New Morality? Has it anything to do with the Ten Commandments?

*Elaine.* It is not based precisely on those lines. (*Beginning oratorically.*) There is an immense future for Woman——

*Sir R. (hurriedly stopping her).* I'm sure there is! I'm sure there is! But we must not discuss the future of woman just now. Well, now, you agree upon one thing. You both dislike Clapham.

*Elaine.* It is your unwarranted retention of my fortune, Sir Richard, that——

*Sir R. (interrupts, stopping her).* Yes, yes—we must not discuss my conduct just now.

*Elaine.* But it is your conduct that compels us to exist in a jerry-built villa, in a wretched suburb surrounded by suburban persons with entirely suburban ideas——

*Sir R.* My dear Elaine, we must not discuss Clapham just now. (*Taking out watch.*) I want to hear the history of this unfortunate disagreement between you and Mr. Pybus.

*Elaine.* But it all arises from living in Clapham.

*Sir R.* Oh! I thought you said it was a purely domestic affair.

*Elaine.* So it is. We live in Gladstone Road, Clapham.

*Sir R.* But how does that produce disagreements between you and Mr. Pybus?

*Pybus.* I am of an intensely nervous and artistic

temperament, and I cannot shave in the morning unless the blind is fully drawn up so that I can perceive, with the utmost nicety, the exact position of any pimple—otherwise I cut myself.

*Elaine.* But it is very inconvenient that the blind should be drawn up, because of the neighbors in the rooms of the opposite house.

*Pybus.* I am sure Sir Richard will agree that it is highly desirable that the blind should be drawn up.

*Sir R. (judicially).* It is highly desirable, Mr. Pybus, that you should not cut yourself while shaving.

*Pybus (to ELAINE, triumphantly).* There!

*Elaine.* But if the blind is drawn up, the people in the opposite house——

*Sir R.* It is highly desirable that the good folks who live in Clapham should not be shocked.

*Elaine (triumphantly to PYBUS).* There! And every morning Fergusson will insist——

*Pybus.* My dear, it is you who will insist. And really——

*Sir R.* Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch!

*Pybus (plaintively).* It affected my health so much I was obliged to leave Clapham. And I cannot consent to return to "The Nest" unless Elaine——(*descriptive gesture*).

*Elaine.* Nor can I—unless——

*Sir R.* Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! (*In a very calm and judicial tone.*) Is there only one blind to this window, or is there also a small muslin blind?

*Elaine.* There is a small muslin blind. (PYBUS *nods acquiescence.*)

*Sir R.* What is the distance from the top of the muslin blind to the top of the window?

*Elaine.* Four feet.

*Pybus.* Three, my dear.

*Elaine.* Four.

*Pybus.* I'm sure, my darling——

*Elaine.* I measured.

*Pybus.* I'm sure—my dear, if you will contradict——(*pitiously*).

*Sir R.* Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! We'll have it measured again. (*To PYBUS.*) The looking-glass is immediately under the window?

*Pybus* (*pathetically*). The looking-glass is unfortunately broken.

*Sir R.* Kindly replace it at my expense. (*Proceeds judicially.*) If the roller blind were drawn down each morning to exactly half the distance between the top of the window and the top of the muslin blind, it would allow plenty of light for you to shave by, Mr. Pybus?

*Pybus.* Yes—yes, I think so, but really I cannot——

*Sir R.* Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! (*Turning to ELAINE.*) And it would also protect any one inside the room from the observation of the neighbors opposite?

*Elaine.* Yes. Unless any one went near the window.

*Sir R.* Well, now, it seems to me it would be

convenient to every one concerned if during the time Mr. Pybus is shaving in the morning the roller blind is drawn down exactly half the distance. And during that time it would be convenient if you, Elaine, did not go within two yards of the window.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Waiter.* Sir Joseph Darby and Mr. Harabin are outside, Sir Richard.

*Sir R.* Show them in. (*Exit WAITER.*) Now, won't that arrangement enable you to return in perfect agreement like doves to the nest?

*Pybus (doubtful).* Yes, perhaps, but——

*Elaine.* Well, that depends——

*Sir R.* Go and take a pleasant little stroll in the garden (*getting them off at window*), and arrange in future for the blind to be just half-way up—that is to say, neither up nor down.

[*Gets them off at window.*]

---

### The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

ANONYMOUS.

To wed, or not to wed? That is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The pangs and arrows of outrageous love,  
Or to take arms against the powerful flame  
And by oppressing quench it. To wed,—to marry,—  
And by marriage say we end  
The heartache and the thousand painful shocks

Love makes us heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished! To wed,—to marry,—  
Perchance a scold! aye, there's the rub!  
For in that wedded life what ills may come  
When we have shuffled off our single state  
Must give us serious pause. There's the respect  
That makes us Bachelors a numerous race.  
For who would bear the dull unsocial hours  
Spent by unmarried men, cheered by no smile,  
To sit like hermit at a lonely board  
In silence? Who would bear the cruel gibes  
With which the Bachelor is daily teased  
When he himself might end such heartfelt griefs  
By wedding some fair maid? Oh, who would live  
Yawning and staring sadly in the fire  
Till celibacy becomes a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after wedlock  
(That undiscovered state from whose strong chains  
No captive can get free) puzzles the will  
And makes us rather choose those ills we have  
Than fly to others which a wife might bring.  
Thus caution doth make Bachelors of us all,  
And thus our natural taste for matrimony  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.  
And love adventures of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn away  
And lose the name of Wedlock.

## Women.

GEORGE ELIOT. .

"WHAT!" said Bartle, with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd been all like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser; "one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the school-master was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men

are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to th' horse: she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur' o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready—an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'ull think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs.



Poyser and setting a high value on his own compliments, "I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their inside."

---

### Keep on Just the Same.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

From "Dreams in Homespun." Copyright, 1897, by Lee & Shepard. Reprinted by special permission.

YOUNG Peter, when he "spoke his piece"

Before the school committee,

The superintendent, and a crowd

From all parts of the city,

Trembled and shook in every limb,  
His heart beat like a flail,  
His face alternate blazed with fire  
Or turned a deadly pale;  
But Peter was of hero stuff,  
A raw recruit of fame;  
Though he was frightened half to death,  
He kept on just the same.

In after years, when he proposed  
To Miss Ophelia Gleason,  
His trepidation was intense,  
Beyond all rule or reason:  
He choked and stammered, hemmed, and hawed,  
And blushed a rosy red;  
It was so hard to be alive  
He wished that he was dead.  
But like the brave young man he was,  
He made her change her name:  
Though he was frightened half to death,  
He kept on just the same.

Fate loves the fellow who is scared,  
Who trembles in his dread,  
But when his fears cry out, "Don't go!"  
His will cries, "Go ahead!"  
So Peter climbed his fears like stairs,  
And every fear subdued  
But raised him to a higher plane  
And sunnier altitude.

He left his youth's obscurer mists,  
And climbed the crags of fame;  
Though he was frightened half to death,  
He kept on just the same.

There is a slave whose name is Fear,  
A trembling, cringing thing;  
There is a king whose name is Will,  
And every inch a king.  
The king and slave have their abodes,  
And work their joint control,  
Their mingled work of blight and bloom,  
In every mortal's soul.  
But strong is he who heeds the king,  
And laughs the slave to shame;  
Who, although frightened half to death,  
Still keeps on just the same.

Go, fight the battles of the day,  
The spectres of the night,  
And, though you tremble with your fears,  
Still tremble on—and fight.  
What though the man turn pale with fear,  
And quake and tremble long,  
If the proud will within the man  
Be resolute and strong?  
Then throne king Will within the man,  
And laugh slave Fear to shame;  
Though you are frightened half to death,  
Still keep on just the same.

### The Model Wife.

BILL NYE.

I WILL tell how the young man with bright hopes, and thinking only of the great, consuming love he has for his new spouse, is torn away from the hallowed ties of home and the sunny influences of young companions, and buried in the poverty-stricken cottage of a woman who cannot begin to support him in the style in which he has been accustomed.

It is high time that this course of disgraceful misrepresentation on the part of young women should be exposed. I once knew a young man with the most gentle and trustful nature. He had never known care or sorrow. But an adventuress with winsome smile and loving voice crossed his path and allowed him to think that she could maintain a husband like other women, and in his blind adoration for her he bade good-by to his home and its joys and madly walked out with her into the great, untried future. She told him that he should never know the cruel sting of poverty, and other romantic trash, and look at him to-day. He is a broken-hearted man. His wife does not take him into society; does not keep him clothed as other men are clothed, and grudgingly gives him the little pittance from week to week which she earns by washing.

Is it strange that his pillow is wet with tears, and

in his agony he cries out upon the still air of night, "O mother, why did I leave thy kindly protection and overshadowing love and marry a total stranger?"

I have always maintained that a kind word and a caress will do more for the great yearning nature of the husband than harshness and severity. The true wife may reprove her husband when he spills coal all over the Brussels carpet and then steps on it and grinds it in, but how much better even that is than to kick him under the bed and then sit down on him and gouge out his eyes with a pinking iron.

I know that men are too often misunderstood. They may be rough on the exterior, but they can love, oh, so earnestly, so warmly, so truly, so deeply, so intensely, so yearningly, so fondly, and so universally!

Always kiss your husband good-by when you go down town to your work. It may be the last time. I once knew a wife who went down town to price a new dolman, and because she was vexed about something she did not kiss her husband but slammed the door and left him. When she returned he was a corpse!

\* \* \* \* \*

While peeling the potatoes for dinner with the carving-knife, he had stepped on a clothes-pin, which threw him forward over the baby-carriage, the knife entering at the northeast corner of the gizzard and sticking out beneath the shoulder-blade

about two feet into space. What a scene for the now repentant wife! There, in the full vigor of his manhood, lay all that was mortal of her companion—dead as a mackerel!!!

Let us take this home to ourselves, and ask ourselves to-day if we are doing the square thing by the only husband we have. Are we loving him as we should, or are we turning this task over to the hired girl?

Intemperance, too, is a fruitful cause of conubial unhappiness. Young man, beware of a wife who loves the flowing bowl. I once knew a beautiful young lady, talented and with good business ability. The entire circle of her acquaintance admired and respected her, but alas! one evening at a banquet her companion, with a heavenly smile, asked her to drink wine. Gradually the taste grew upon her, and although she married, she could not support her husband, and he gradually pined away and died broken-hearted. He used to sit up nights for her to come home, and he caught the inflammatory rheumatism and swelled up and died. It was a terrible thing. I tell you we cannot be too careful.

**Rubaiyat of Mathieu Lettellier.**

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

From "Ballads of Bourbonnais." Copyright, 1904, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. Reprinted by permission.

DERE'S six *children* in our fam'lee,  
Dey's mos'ly girls an' boys;  
'Toinette an' me wos t'ankful sure  
For all de happy joys;  
Dere's Pierre, an' little Rosalie,  
Antoine, Marie, and Jeanne,  
An' Paul he's com' now soon twelf year,  
Mos' close to be a man.

I's lof' all of *la petite femme*,  
De garçon mak' me proud,  
I haf' gr'ad aspiratione  
For all dat little crowd;  
My Pierre shall be wan doctor mans,  
Rosalie will teach school,  
Antoine an' Jeanne shall rone de farm,  
Marie som' man will rule.

An' Paul shall be a *curé* sure,  
I'll haf' heem educate',  
I work it all out on my head,  
Oh, I am moch elate;  
Dis all of course w'en dey grow op;  
But I t'ink 'bout it now;  
So w'en de tam' was com' for ac',  
I'll know de way an' how.

Long tam' ago, w'en Paul firs' com',  
He mak' a lot of noise ;  
He's keep me trot, bot' day an' night,  
He was wan naughty boys ;  
At wan o'clock, at two o'clock,  
Annee ol' tam' suit heem,  
He's mak' us geeve de gran' parade  
Jus' as he tak' de w'im.

Sooding molass' an' peragork,  
On heem ve pour it down,  
An' soon he let his music op,  
An' don' ac' more lak' clown,  
And den *ma femme* an' me lay down  
To get a little doze,  
For w'en you are wan fam'lee man  
You don' gat moch repose.

But wat's de use to mak' de kick,  
Dees fellows boss de place ;  
I'd radder hear de healt'y lung  
An' see de ruddy face  
Dan run a gr'ad big doctor's bill,  
An' geeve de ol' sextone  
De job, for bury all my kids,  
An' leave me all alone.

An' so our hands is quite ver' full,  
Will be, for som' tam long,  
But ven old age is dreeft our vay  
An' rest is our belong,



It's den ve'll miss de gran' *racquette*,—  
May want again de noise  
Of six more little children  
An' mos'ly girls an' boys.

---

### The New Arrival.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE.

THERE came to port last Sunday night  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on;  
I looked and looked—and laughed!  
It seemed so curious that she  
Should cross the Unknown water,  
And moor herself within my room—  
My daughter! O my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all  
She's welcome fifty times,  
And comes consigned in hope and love—  
And common-metre rhymes.  
She has no manifest but this,  
No flag floats o'er the water;  
She's too new for the British Lloyds—  
My daughter! O my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells—and tame ones too,  
Ring out the lover's moon;  
Ring in the little worsted socks,  
Ring in the bib and spoon.

Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,  
Ring in the milk and water ;  
Away with paper, pen, and ink—  
My daughter ! O my daughter !

---

### A Violent Remedy.

JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

From "Yale Yarns." Copyright, 1895. By special permission of the author.

SUSCEPTIBLE Adolphus Austin, during the long vacation of the previous summer, had met at Bar Harbor, and afterward followed to the mountains, a certain Miss Fanny Gower, who, from all accounts, was not bad.

Adolphus had followed his inamorata down from Mt. Desert to the Profile House, and had danced and flirted with her all through August and September, and just before his return to college, on a coaching party through the mountains, had been gently but distinctly informed that she could only hold to him the position of a devoted sister.

He was a good fellow,—and the girl, of course, had treated him shamefully,—so his chum said ; and he ought to be glad to give up such a cruel-hearted flirt and whistle her down the winds, etc. With the "crowd," any girl who had been at all "repellent" was an arch flirt.

"Yes, she is just a nice tidy little flirt,—that's all," said Aldrich, half provoked, half laughing, "but she's spoiled *him*."

"There's only one way to cure a love-sick fool," said Little Jack Horner. "Get him to fall in love with a new girl. Then, when he's fallen *out* with the new girl, he's cured—see?"

"Oh, Tom," called Little Jack, "come in here!"

At the moment Tom Keith was in his bedroom trying on his make-up for the joint-play (Psi U and D.K.E.), and as he was cast for a fashionable daughter of a tremendously rich banker, his sudden apparition at the door astonished Aldrich to a degree. Keith made the prettiest girl in college by all odds.

"My boy—I mean girl—you are a winner! I'd never know you!" exclaimed Aldrich, in admiration. "If you *were* one, now, I'd have to speak to your father!"

"Say, Tom, what do you say to having a little sport out of Adolphus? He's love-sick, you know, all girled up. It's our duty to get him out of it."

"How?"

"Put on your sacque and go over and pretend to want to see Aldrich, and say you will wait for him to return; Austin is there. Be rather reserved at first,—try it,—and don't let him find out who you are."

"What the deuce shall I talk about?"

"Oh,—say you're a cousin of Laze,—and that you are down from school for a few days—you can work it as you see he bites or not."

"Yes,—and, by the way, you might hint at having a broken heart about you."

"After half an hour or so, Laze will go back, and be so surprised to see his cousin 'Bessie,' and introduce you. Then you'd better make some excuse, Laze, and get out again. And, Tom, you make an appointment to-night, late, after your rehearsal, with Austin, and take a moonlight drive with him."

"I'm willing,—if we can make it go all right," said Keith. "But you must all stand by me."

"Oh, we'll take care of that—we'll set him up a dinner afterward;—a dinner always straightens everything out, you know."

So after a little, Keith, now to be known as Miss Bessie Aldrich, just from school, slipped out of the room, and so over to north entry, Welch, up two flights, and knocked timidly at Austin and Aldrich's door.

"Come," sang out Austin, concluding from the gentle knock that it was his washerwoman.

The door opened, and Bessie entered; Adolphus, who was seated with his back to the door, over a long pipe in a deep-bottomed easy chair, did not turn to look at her.

"Just lay it down anywhere, Mrs. Gimly, and I'll pay you when you call Saturday. Owe you for last week, don't I? By the way, you always seem, most lamentably, to exhaust all your starch, intended for my collars and shirts, in my towels and underclothing. Now, I don't care to have my silk socks star——"

He bounced out of his easy chair, and proceeded to make a dozen apologies at once to the pretty blonde, who appeared to be extremely shocked.

"Is my cousin, Mr. Aldrich, in?" Bessie asked timidly as he finished.

"No,—not at present. He stepped out a moment ago. Won't you be seated and wait for him? He'll be back presently."

"Thanks. I—I came down from school to see Cousin Dick, and—I'm to be in New Haven a few days."

"Oh, that's very good of you, and my chum will be delighted to see you,—I'm sure—I—I didn't know he had a cousin at school."

"I've heard so much about you, Mr. Austin, from Cousin Dick—he has told me how bright you are, —and h—how you despise girls."

"I, despise girls? I may not approve of girls—but I do *not* despise them!" And Adolphus beamed compassionately upon her.

"Er—er—is this your first visit to New Haven?"

"Yes."

"I hope it won't be your last."

"Thank you, sir."

"Suppose I put on my hat, and while we wait for my chum,—suppose I show you around the buildings. The windows in the library are considered quite good——"

"Oh, let us wait for Cousin Dick." She glanced quickly, half coquettishly at him, and he quickly

recognized the fact that she was pretty, and that she demanded from him the admiration due a pretty girl.

Bessie kept putting her handkerchief to her lips in an odd sort of way, and half hiding herself behind the curtain. It was difficult for him to judge of her face,—to decide that she was a blown beauty,—he could only judge so from the furtive side glances she gave him.

Then came a knock at the door, and Bessie gave a little scream, and said: "Oh, I am so frightened! I'll just step in here, if I may,—and close the door."

Then Aldrich entered. Austin told him that his cousin had called, and was waiting for him in the next room. Upon the room being opened, however, Bessie was not to be seen.

"Well!" exclaimed Austin. "Your cousin *was* here,—and she went into your room on hearing Tutor Blinky knock. But where she is *now*,—it's a mystery!"

"Why, Austin, my dear boy, you are dreaming! The only cousin I have is at school, up at Hartford."

"But she was here,—in that chair,—only a few minutes ago. Very pretty girl, too."

"I think you've got all girled up over that Miss Gower,—you have them on the brain! If my cousin (who by the way is quite an heiress, Adolphus) was here, why isn't she here now? She was quite a substantial young lady the last time I saw her."

"She is still,—she's very easy people. By Jove,—she couldn't have got out of my window, of course,—but, where is she?"

"Poor old chap! you have had an hallucination, as they call it. Describe her. If you've been asleep and dreamed of Cousin Bessie, it's a strange thing, but it's happened before to people."

"It is true I was *almost* asleep when she came in,—and first thought she was my washerwoman."

"The whole thing has been a hypnotic suggestion. You never saw my cousin *really*, you saw a *projection* of her, as they call it."

Presently in came a number of fellows, and later on Keith in his ordinary clothes entered. And Austin, in the fulness of his heart, told them about the beautiful apparition, enlarging upon her beauty and style until they could with difficulty keep from laughing.

"It's because you are so hipped on a girl you think you see one behind every bush!" laughed his chum. "I believe you're going crazy."

A few moments later, a messenger boy brought a telegram which read:

RICHARD B. ALDRICH, Yale College.

Will be down on the evening train. Please meet me.

BESSIE.

"That is strange! She has 'projected' herself into your mind, Billy! The telegram is dated Hartford."

After they had all gone, and as they were pre-

paring to go out to afternoon recitation, Austin said:

"It's queer I never had an hallucination about Fanny Gower, or Kate Flemming, or the others."

"That's because they never cared for *you*."

"But Bessie——?"

"She's heard a good deal about you, Adolphus—I've told her a lot. Who knows but the dear girl has been cherishing your image in her secret heart! She saw your photo once at home, I remember,—and she said, 'That's a fine-looking chum of yours.' I dare say she has scribbled your name all over her Fasquelle,—as girls will,—you know it's a way they have!"

"Absurd!"

But it was evident that Adolphus was secretly very well pleased with the idea.

They walked over to the recitation-room in silence, Austin meditating upon the surprising events of the afternoon. Just before they entered, he said: "Forgive me, old man, but when she comes to-night, and you happen to speak of me,—I—I wouldn't say anything about the Gower matter,—eh?"

"No, certainly not!"

"And,—do caution Miss Bessie on going about alone,—er—er—Very odd about her 'counterfeit presentment'—wasn't it? I don't think I could have been asleep."

And Aldrich gave him an understanding glance,



as they entered recitation. "I see," he said, "you think if it was not a dream it was highly improper?"

"Oh, no—but——"

"Well, I will see that she is properly chaperoned——"

Bessie duly arrived that night, was properly introduced to Austin, and for the week following met him by appointment each evening, and took the most entrancing moonlight drives with him and "Cousin Dick," explaining that she was visiting people in New Haven, who were dead opposed to romance and extremely strict, and who, in fact, forbade students the house. The affair had such a strange beginning for Austin, and was kept up under such odd, romantic circumstances, with such mysterious meetings, and Bessie showed so much feeling for him (she had, however, not yet allowed him to kiss her), that his wicked chum was able to report that Fanny Gower's name had not been mentioned since the day of the apparition!

Bessie herself so arranged and ordered it that at last he confessed he loved her, with an audience of four or five delighted Juniors in hiding. Poor Adolphus was fairly caught in the trap!

"But,—Mr. Austin,—I've heard,—a little bird has told me that there is another."

"You allude to Fanny Gower? I assure you, Bessie,—*that* affair is all over."

They stood together beneath a gas-lamp, on Whalley Avenue, where they had just alighted from their open phaeton.

"But I come to *you*,—Adolphus—without a 'first' affair."

"I know,—but really, I find I never cared for Fanny—it was a momentary,—a foolish episode. I repent of it,—deeply."

"You must wait. I can't say that you are altogether repugnant to me. I can't deny, dear, you have an awfully winning way!"

"*Dear Bessie!*"

"But on next Friday night,—I shall be at the joint theatricals. Until then you must wait,—and not see me. I expect to be busy. Tell me that night, if—you—still love me—and write me in the care of Cousin Dick every day."

"And you'll give me a kiss to remember you till then?—that's four days off, Bessie!"

"No, I never kissed a man in my life." And this, of course, was strictly true.

"Oh, Bessie!"

Austin grasped her in his arms and tried to kiss her, but received a powerful slap which sent him reeling. Then Bessie turned and walked rapidly off in the darkness. She was on her dignity.

"Gad!—what a muscle that girl has got!" exclaimed poor Adolphus, ruefully. "These modern athletic girls are—are easily capable of taking care of themselves!"

During the ensuing four days Austin was in despair.

The strict relatives were stricter than ever, and Bessie could not be seen at all.

At last the night of the joint play came around. The fashionable daughter of a tremendously rich banker, as the pretty girl of the piece, made a great hit in the comedy played, and no one in all the audience was hit harder than Austin, who, in evening dress, occupied a seat in the front row of the gallery.

"Why, they've got a real girl—Bessie Aldrich—in the daughter's part!" he said, surprised, as she came on in the first act.

"Yes," said Little Jack Horner, next to him. "We had to call in a little outside talent."

"But it says 'Belinda—T. W. Keith.' That's Tom Keith!"

"Oh, that's a blind!" laughed Aldrich on the other side. "She didn't want to let *every* fool in the audience know she wasn't a student."

"Oh, I see," said Adolphus, thoughtfully.

"Do you?" laughed Little Jack Horner.

"So they got Bessie to act—Well! Isn't she lovely? Why didn't she tell *me*?"

"Kept it as a surprise," said Aldrich.

"Oh—I see!" said Austin, slowly, and then he added: "By—Jehoshaphat! Jinks!"

Adolphus Austin fastened his eyes on the beautiful daughter of the rich banker in apparently utter entrancement. At the first intermission, he hastened out, was gone some time and brought in with him a huge bouquet of flowers. He then fastened his card on the handle, and threw it full at Bessie, when she came on the stage, in the second act.

The bouquet struck her full in the chest and floored her. It was flung as hard as an angry and sorely deceived man could fling it,—and it was largely made up of a heavy cabbage. Bessie sat down rather hard in the middle of the stage and gazed at the crowded and noisy house in amazement, and at Austin in particular, with—

“Oh, Adolphus!—how could you be so rude!” and then there were roars of laughter.

On the card Austin had written hastily the lines from Byron,

I only know we loved in vain,  
I only feel,—Farewell! Farewell!

—ADOLPHUS.

At the dinner they gave Austin, to soothe his wounded vanity, Austin said seriously, “I am cured of ever wanting to speak to another girl as long as I live. Boys, you’ve done the trick. Henceforth I’m a misogynist!”

But the very next summer Adolphus changed his mind.

---

### When a Man's in Love.

NIXON WATERMAN.

From “In Merry Mood.” Copyright, 1902. By special permission of the publishers, Forbes & Co.

LIFE'S a jolly jag of joy  
When a man's in love.  
He's as happy and as coy  
As a turtle-dove.

All the world is fair and nice  
And as sweet as Paradise;  
Everything's worth twice the price  
When a man's in love.

Life's a big bouquet of bliss  
When a man's in love.  
Earth is yearning just to kiss  
With the stars above.  
Then *her* smile is all there is  
In the world, excepting his;  
Say! It's something great, gee whiz!  
When a man's in love.

Life's a mellow mess of mirth  
When a man's in love.  
Heaven comes to dwell with earth,  
Walking hand and glove.  
Then all creatures, low and high,  
Putting other duties by,  
Just lay off to watch the guy  
When a man's in love.

---

### Two Fishers.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE morning when spring was in her teens—  
A morn to a poet's wishing,  
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—  
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

---

I in my rough-and-easy clothes,  
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;  
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,  
And her nose tipped—*vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,  
And a hamper for lunching recesses;  
She with the bait of her comely looks,  
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,  
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,  
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,  
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And dreamily watched and waited,  
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,  
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,  
My bag hung flat as a flounder;  
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—  
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

---

### Christian Science.

MARK TWAIN.

An extract from "Christian Science and the Book of Mrs. Eddy," published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

THIS last summer I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or

another, and by good luck was found by some peasants, and they carried me to the nearest habitation. There was a village a mile away, and a horse-doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry; she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her: that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"But I am hungry, and thirsty, and in desperate pain."

"She said you would have these delusions, but must pay no attention to them. She wants you to particularly remember that there are no such things as hunger and thirst and pain."

"She does, does she?"

"It is what she said."

"Does she seem to be in full and functionable possession of her intellectual plant, such as it is?"

Do they let her run at large, or do they tie her up?"

It was a night of anguish, of course—at least, I supposed it was, for it had all the symptoms of it—but it passed at last, and the Christian Scientist came and I was glad. She was middle-aged, and large and bony, and erect, and had an austere face and a resolute jaw and a Roman beak and was a widow in the third degree, and her name was Fuller. I was eager to get to business and find relief, but she was distressingly deliberate. She unpinned and unhooked and uncoupled her upholsteries one by one, abolished the wrinkles with a flirt of her hand and hung the articles up; peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, got a book out of her hand-bag, then drew a chair to the bedside, descended into it without hurry, and I hung out my tongue. She said, with pity, but without passion:

"Return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with its dumb servants."

I could not offer my pulse, because the connection was broken.

"One does not *feel*," she explained; "there is no such thing as feeling; therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as existent is a contradiction. Matter has no existence; nothing exists but mind; the mind cannot feel pain; it can only imagine it."

"But if it hurts, just the same——"

"It doesn't. A thing which is unreal cannot exercise the functions of reality. Pain is unreal; hence, pain cannot hurt."



In making a sweeping gesture to indicate the act of shooing the illusion of pain out of the mind, she raked her hand on a pin in her dress, said "Ouch!" and went tranquilly on with her talk. "You should never allow yourself to speak of how you feel. Such talk only encourages the mind to continue its empty imaginings." Just at that point that Stubenmädchen trod on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a frenzy of cat profanity. I asked, with caution:

"Is a cat's opinion about pain valuable?"

"A cat has no opinions; opinions proceed from mind only; the lower animals, being eternally perishable, have not been granted mind; without mind, opinion is impossible."

"She merely *imagined* she felt pain—the cat?"

"She cannot imagine a pain, for imagination is an effect of mind; without mind, there is no imagination. A cat has no imagination."

"Then she had a *real* pain?"

"I have already told you there is no such *thing* as real pain."

"It is strange and interesting. I do wonder what was the matter with the cat. Because, there being no such thing as a real pain, and she not being able to imagine an imaginary one, it would seem that God in His pity has compensated the cat with some kind of a mysterious emotion usable when her tail is trodden on which for the moment joins cat and Christian in one common brotherhood of——"

She broke in with an irritated—

"Peace! The cat feels nothing, the Christian feels nothing. Your empty and foolish imaginings are profanation and blasphemy, and can do you an injury. It is wiser and better and holier to recognize and confess that there is no such thing as disease or pain or death."

"I am full of imaginary tortures," I said, "but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter.

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in all. 2. God is good. Good is Mind. 3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said, with some hesitancy:

H "Does—does it explain?"

S "*Doesn't* it? Even if read backward it will do it."

With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward.

"Very well. Disease sin evil death deny Good omnipotent God life matter is nothing all being Spirit God Mind is Good good is God all in All is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It—it—well, it is plainer than it was before; still——"

"Well?"

"Could you try it some more ways?"

"As many as you like; it always means the same. . . . Soul is God, unchangeable and eternal, and man coexists with and reflects Soul, for the All-in-all is the Altogether, and the Altogether embraces the All-one, Soul-Mind, Mind-Soul, Love, Spirit, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without an equal."

She left Mrs. Eddy's book and departed, saying she would give me absent treatment.

Under the powerful influence of the near treatment and the absent treatment together, my bones were gradually retreating inward and disappearing from view. The good work took a brisk start, now, and went on quite swiftly. My body was diligently straining and stretching, this way and that, to accommodate the processes of restoration, and every minute or two I heard a dull click inside and knew that the two ends of a fracture had been successfully joined. This muffled clicking and gritting and grinding and rasping continued during the next three hours, and then stopped—the connections had all been made. All except dislocations; there were

only seven of these: hips, shoulders, knees, neck; so that was soon over; one after another they slipped into their sockets with a sound like pulling a distant cork, and I jumped up as good as new, as to framework, and sent for the horse-doctor.

I was obliged to do this because I had a stomach-ache and a cold in the head, and I was not willing to trust these things any longer in the hands of a woman whom I did not know, and in whose ability to successfully treat mere disease I had lost all confidence.

The horse-doctor came, a pleasant man and full of hope and professional interest in the case. In the matter of smell he was pretty aromatic, in fact, quite horsy, and I tried to arrange with him for absent treatment; but it was not in his line, so out of delicacy I did not press it. He looked at my teeth and examined my hock, and said my age and general condition were favorable to energetic measures; therefore he would give me something to turn the stomach-ache into the botts and the cold in the head into the blind staggers; then he would be on his own beat and would know what to do. He made up a bucket of bran-mash, and said a dipperful of it every two hours, alternated with a drench with turpentine and axle-grease in it, would either knock my ailments out of me in twenty-four hours or so interest me in other ways as to make me forget they were on the premises. He administered my first dose himself, then took his leave, saying I was free to eat and drink anything I pleased and

in any quantity I liked. But I was not hungry any more, and I did not care for food.

The Christian Scientist was not able to cure my stomach-ache and my cold; but the horse-doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have everything its own way.

The horse-doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him; in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but Mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless; all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary check, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

---

### Chibougamou.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

From "The Great Fight." Copyright, 1908. By special permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DID you ever see an air-hole on the ice

Wit' de smoke a-risin' roun' about it dere?

De reever should be happy w'ere it's feelin' warm  
an' nice,

But she t'ink she ought to get a leetle air.

An' she want to be a-lookin' on de sky,  
So of course de cole win' hit her on de nose.  
"I'll come up again," she say, "on de spring-tam,  
bimeby,  
But I'm better now below," and off she goes.

Dar's de way I feel mese'f on de farm a year ago,  
W'ere ev'ryt'ing should be a pleasan' dream;  
Lak de foolish reever dere, I'm not satisfy below,  
So I got to let me off a leetle steam.

Den a man he come along an' he say to me, "Look  
here—

Don't you know that place dey call Chibougamou,  
W'ere de diamon' lie aroun' like mushroom on de  
groun',  
And dey're findin' all de gole and silver, too?

"W'at's de use of stayin' here den? Didn't Johnnie  
Drutusac

Lif' de mor'gage off hees place an' buy a cow?  
Only gone a leetle w'ile—hardly miss heem, till he's  
back;  
He's easy workin' man too, an' look at Johnnie  
now!

"Well enough, ma frien', you know I can never tell  
de lie  
W'en I say de gole is comin' t'ousan' ounces on  
de ton,

An' de solid silver mak' you feel funny on de eye,  
Lak de snow-blin' on de winter w'en it shine de  
morning sun.

"I s'pose you won't believe, but you know dat  
gravel walk

Ma fader got it facin' on hees house at St.  
Bidou—

But w'at's de use of spikin', w'at's de use of talk?  
Dat's de way you see de diamon' on dat place  
Chibougamou.

"Course you got to go an' fin' dem quickly, or de  
stranger man

Come along wit' plaintee barrel—an' you're never  
knowin' w'en

Couple o' Yankee off the State, he was buyin' all  
de lan';

Affer dat an' w'ere's your gole an' silver goin'  
den?

"So, Bateese, get up an' hurry, sell de farm, mon  
cher ami,

Leave de girl an' bring provision, pork an' bean,  
potato too,

Leetle w'isky, an' I'll put heem on de safe place  
under me

W'ile I sit an' steer you off to dat place Chibou-  
gamou."

Oh! de day an' night we're passin', me dat never  
was before

On de bush, except w'en heifer go away an' den  
got los' ;

Oh! de pullin' an' de haulin', till I'm feelin' purty  
sore,

But of all de troub' an' worry, de skeeter, he's  
de boss.

Beeg? lak de leetle two-mont' robin. Sing? lak a  
sawmill on de spring.

Put de blanket roun' your body an' den he bite  
you troo.

Me, I never tak' hees measure, but I t'ink across  
de wing

He's tree inch sure—dem skeeter, on dat place  
Chibougamou.

De man he's goin' wit' me, never paddle, never haul,  
Jus' smoke an' watch an' lissen for dat ole Chi-  
bougamou ;

I s'pose he can't be bodder doin' any work at all,

For de feller tak' you dere mus' have not'ing else  
to do.

T'ousan' mile we mak' travel—t'ousan' mile an'  
mebbe more,

An' I do be foolish prayin' lak' I never pray at  
home,



'Cos I want a chance to get it, only let me see de  
shore

Of Chibougamou a little w'ile before de winter  
come.

No use prayin', no use climbin' on de beeg tree  
ev'ry day,

Lookin' hare to see de diamon', an' de silver, an'  
de gole—

I can't see dem, an' de summer she begin to go away,  
An' de day is gettin' shorter, an' de night is get-  
tin' cole.

So I kick an' raise de row den, an' I tole ma frien'  
lookout—

Purty quick de winter's comin' an' we'll hurry up  
an' go;

Never min' de gole an' silver—diamon' too we'll go  
widout,

Or de on'y wan we're seein', is de diamon' on de  
snow.

Mebbe good place w'en you get dere, w'at you call  
Chibougamou,

But if we never fin' it, w'at's de use dat place to  
me?

Tak' de paddle, for we're goin', an' mese'f I'll steer  
canoe,

For I'm always firse-class pilot on de road to St.  
Elie.

Oh! to see me on de mornin', an' de way I mak'  
heem sweat,

You can see de water droppin' all aroun' hees  
neck an' face;

"Now, Chibougamou," I tall heem, "hurry up, an'  
mebbe yet

You'll have a chance again to try it w'en you  
leave me on ma place."

So we have a beeg procession, w'en we pass on St.  
Elie,

All de parish comin', lookin' for de gole an' silver  
too,

But Louise, she cry so moche dere, jus' becos she's  
seein' me,

She forgot about de diamon' on dat ole Chibou-  
gamou.

Affer all is gone an' finish, an' you mak' a fool  
you'se'f,

An' de worl' is go agen you, w'at's de medicine  
is cure

Lak de love of hones' woman w'en she geev it  
all herse'f?

So Louise an' me is happy, no matter if we're  
poor.

So de diamon' may be plaintee, lak de gravel walk  
you see

W'en you're comin' near de house of ole Tele-  
sphore Beailieu;

But me, I got a diamon' on ma home on St. Elie  
Can beat de pile is lyin' on dat place Chibou-  
gamou.

---

### Burglar Bill.\*

F. ANSTEY.

Style: *The "Sympathetic Artless."*

THE writer would not be acting fairly by the young reciter if, in recommending the following poem as a subject for earnest study, he did not caution him—or her—not to be betrayed by the apparent simplicity of this exercise into the grave error of understanding its real difficulty.

It is true that it is an illustration of pathos of an elementary order (we shall reach the advanced kind at a later stage), but, for all that, this piece bristles with as many points as a porcupine, and consequently requires the most cautious and careful handling.

Upon the whole, it is perhaps better suited to students of the softer sex.

Announce the title with a suggestion of shy innocence—in this way:

BURGLAR (now open both eyes very wide) BILL.  
(Then go on in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.)

\* All the directions given by the author should be repeated to the audience.

Through a window in the attic  
Brawny Burglar Bill has crept,  
Seeking stealthily a chamber  
Where the jewelry is kept.

(Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery," according to taste.)

He is furnished with a "jemmy,"  
Centre-bit, and carpet bag,  
For the latter "comes in handy,"  
So he says, "to stow the swag."

("Jemmy," "centre-bit," "carpet-bag," are important words—put good coloring into them.)

Here, upon the second landing,  
He, secure, may work his will;  
Down below's a dinner-party,  
Up above—the house is still.

(Here start and extend first finger, remembering to make it waggle slightly, as from fear.)

Suddenly—in spellbound horror,  
All his satisfaction ends—  
For a little white-robed figure  
By the banister descends!

(This last line requires care in delivery, or it may be imagined that the little figure is sliding DOWN the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Note the bold but classic use of the singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to a nice ear than the plural.)

Bill has reached for his revolver,  
(Business here with your fan.)  
Yet—he hesitates to fire.

Child is it (in a dread whisper) or—apparition,  
That provokes him to perspire?

Can it be his guardian angel,  
Sent to stay his hand from crime?

(In a tone of awe.)

He could wish she had selected  
Some more seasonable time!

(Touch of peevish discontent here.)

“Go away!” he whispers hoarsely,  
“Burglars hev’ their bread to earn;  
I don’t need no Gordian angel  
Givin’ me sech a *turn!*”

(Shudder here, and retreat, shielding eyes with hand.)

(Now change your manner to a naïve surprise;  
this, in spite of anything we may have said previously,  
is in this particular instance NOT best indicated by a shrill falsetto.)

But the blue eyes open wider,  
Ruby lips reveal their pearl;

(This must not be mistaken to refer to the burglar.)

“I is not a Garden anzel,  
Only—dust a yickle dirl!

(Be particularly artless here and through the next stanza.)

“On the thtairs to thit I’m doin’,  
Till the tarts and dellies tum;  
Partinthon (our butler) alwayth  
Thaves for Baby Bella thome!

"Poor man, 'oo is yookin' 'ungwy—  
Leave 'oo burgling fings up dere;  
Tum vis me and share the sweeties,  
Thittin' on the bottom thtair!"

(In rendering the above the young reciter should strive to be idiomatic without ever becoming idiotic—which is not so easy as might be imagined.)

"Reely, Miss, you must excoose me,"  
Says the burglar with a jerk;

(Indicate embarrassment here by smoothing down the folds of your gown, and swaying awkwardly.)

"Dooty calls, and time is pressing;  
I must set about my work!"

(This with a gruff conscientiousness.)  
(Now assume your wide-eyed innocence again.)

"Is 'oo work-to break in houses?  
Nana *told* me so, I'm sure!  
Will 'oo if 'oo can manage  
To bwreak in my *doll's house* door?"

"I tan *never* det it undone,  
So my dollies tan't det out;  
They don't yike the fwont to open  
*Every* time they'd walk about!

"Twy, and—if 'oo does it nithely—  
When I'm thent uphtairs to thleep,

(Don't overdo the lisp.)

I will bwing 'oo up thome doodies,  
Oo shall have them all—to keep!"

(Pause here; then, with intense feeling and sympathy.)

Off the little "angel" flutters;  
(Delicate stress on "angel.")

But the burglar wipes his brow.  
He is wholly unaccustomed  
To a kindly greeting now!

(Tremble in voice here.)

Never with a smile of welcome  
Has he seen his entrance met!  
Nobody—except the policeman  
(Bitterly.)

Ever wanted *him* as yet!

Many a stately home he's entered,  
But, with unobtrusive tact,  
He has ne'er, in paying visits,  
Called attention to the fact.

Gain, he counts it, on departing,  
Should he have avoided strife.

(In tone of passionate lament.)

Ah, my brothers, but the burglar's  
Is a sad, a lonely life!

All forgotten now the jewels,  
Once the purpose of his "job";  
Down he sinks upon the door-mat,  
With a deep and choking sob.

Then, the infant's plea recalling,  
Seeks the nursery above;  
Looking for the Liliputian  
Crib he is to crack—for *love*!

(It is more usually done for MONEY.)

In the corner stands the doll's house,  
Gaily painted green and red;

(Coloring again here.)

And its door declines to open,  
Even as the child has said!

Forth comes centre-bit and jemmy:

(Briskly.)

All his implements are plied;

(Enthusiastically.)

Never has he burgled better;  
As he feels, with honest pride.

Deftly is the task accomplished,  
For the door will open well;  
When—a childish voice behind him  
Breaks the silence—like a bell.

"Sank 'oo, Misser Burglar, sank 'oo!  
And, because 'oo's been so nice,  
See what I have dot—a tartlet!  
Great big gweedies ate the ice!

(Resentful accent on "ate.")

"Papa says he wants to see 'oo,  
Partinthon is tummin too—  
Tan't 'oo wait?"

(This with guileless surprise—then change to a husky emotion.)

"Well, *not* this evenin',  
So, my little dear (brusquely), adoo!"

(You are now to produce your greatest effect;  
the audience should be made to SEE the poor, hunted  
victim of social prejudice escaping, consoled in the



very act of flight by memories of this last adventure—the one bright and cheering episode, possibly, in his entire professional career.)

Fast he speeds across the housetops!

(Rapid delivery for this.)

(Very gently.)

But his bosom throbs with bliss,

For upon his rough lips linger

Traces of a baby's kiss.

(Most delicate treatment will be necessary in the last couplet—or the audience may understand it in a painfully literal sense.)

\* \* \* \* \*

(You have nothing before you now but the finale. Make the contrast as marked as possible.)

Dreamily on downy pillow

(Soft musical intonation for this.)

Baby Bella murmurs sweet:

(Smile here with sleepy tenderness.)

"Burglar—tum adain, and thee me,

I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"

(That is one side of the medal—now for the other.)

(Harsh but emotional.)

In a garret, worn and weary,

Burglar Bill has sunk to rest,

Clasping tenderly a damson

Tartlet to his burly breast.

(Dwell lovingly upon the word "tartlet"—which you should press home upon every one of your hearers, remembering to fold your hands lightly over your breast as you conclude.)

---

### Two 'Mericana Men.

T. A. DALY.

From "Carmina." Copyright, 1909, by John Lane Company. Reprinted by special permission of the author and of the publishers.

BEEG Irish cop dat walk hees beat  
By dees peanutta stan',  
First two, t'ree week w'en we are meet  
Ees call me "Dagoman."  
An' w'en he see how mad I gat,  
Wheechee eesa pleass heem, too,  
Wan day he say: "W'at's matter dat,  
Ain't 'Dago' name for you?  
Dat's 'Mericana name, you know,  
For man from Eatly;  
Eet ees no harm for call you so,  
Den why be mad weeth me?"  
First time he talka deesa way  
I am too mad for speak,  
But nexta time I justa say:  
"All right, Meester Meeck!"

Oh my, I nevva hear bayfore  
Sooch langwadge like he say;

An' he don't look at me no more

For mebbe two, t'ree day.

But pretta soon agen I see

Dees beeg poleecaman

Dat com' an' growl an' say to me:

"Hallo, Eyetalian!

Now, mebbe so you gon' deny

Dat dat's a name for you."

I smila back an' mak' reply:

"No, Irish, dat'sa true."

"Ha! Joe," he cry, "you theenk dat we  
Should call you 'Merican?"

"Dat's gooda 'nough," I say, "for me,  
Eef dat's w'at you are, Dan."

So now all times we speaka so  
Lika gooda 'Merican:

He say to me, "Good-morna, Joe,"  
I say, "Good-morna, Dan."

---

### Ol' Joshway an' de Sun.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

From the *Home Magazine*. Copyright, 1908, by Sunny South Publishing Company. This was the last rhyme written by Uncle Remus.

Ol' Joshway stood in front er his tent,  
An' sicc'd his soldiers on,

But when he turned fer ter look aroun',  
De day wuz nearly gone.  
He rubbed his beard, he scratched his head,  
An' kicked his heel in de groun';  
Kaze he wanten finish de battle-job  
Befo' de Sun went down.

He look ter de East an' he look ter de West,  
An' he wave his han' on high,  
"King Sun," sezee, "I want you ter see  
Me smite um hip an' thigh!  
Come down ter camp an' rest you'se'f  
A little while wid me,  
I'll git you a fan an' big wide cheer  
An' set it whar you kin see."

Dey wuz lots mo' talk, but de Sun come down  
An' tuck a little ease,  
An' when he got too awful hot,  
He called up ol' Brer Breeze!  
"My time is short," sez de Sun, sezee,  
"An' you better do yo' do,  
Kaze I'm feelin' like I wanten see  
Dis mortual scuffle throo!"

Well, dey fit an' fit an' fowt an' fowt  
Right dar in de light er de Sun,  
But Joshway frailed um out an' soon  
He had um on de run.

King Sun, he say, "I'm over due  
'Cross dar whar de night's still black;  
De folks will wake 'fo' de chickens crow  
An' put der big clocks back."

Ol' Joshway thanked him mighty polite,  
An' ax him fer ter come ag'in;  
King Sun, he say, "I speck dat I  
Will be whar I've allers been."  
Den he mosied off, kaze he ain't got time  
Fer ter set an' talk an' stay;  
He hatter go off whar de night still dark  
An' start ter breakin' day.

Well, time run on an' people 'spute  
'Bout Joshway an' de Sun,  
Some say dis an' some say dat,  
An' 'splain why Joshway won;  
Sometimes when he wuz settin' 'roun'  
Whar he couldn't he'p but hear,  
He'd say, "Go in de settin'-room an' see  
How he scorched my big armcheer!"

---

### Women Gambling.

"MR. DOOLEY."

An extract from an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"WHAT'S this some preacher has been sayin' about women gamblin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Niver mind what he says," replied Mr. Dooley.

"I make it a rule iv me life niver to r-read what a preacher says. If he says what he ought to say it ain't worth rayportin' in a newspaper, an' if it's rayported in th' papers he's said what, bein' a preacher, he hadn't ought to say.

"Now th' preachers that ye r-read about have to talk about something. Their subjects gives out afther a while. What'll he do? Th' pa-papers ar-re waitin' f'r him. A column iv space in th' 'Daily Whoop' yawns f'r his utterances. What'll he give them? It must be something sthrong an' something sad. Good news is no news. What shall it be? What'll he hit? A-ha, woman! There's th' subject always. Whin in doubt wallop the ladies. Whin sad be sad about th' fair sect. It's always a fr-fresh topic. Ivry wan'll r-read it. Th' weakness, th' folly, th' blindness, th' idleness, th' ambition iv woman! How much betther our mothers were than our daughters will be! How much betther th' wurruld was befure we were bor-rn into it! Ah, thim happy days whin th' scipter iv womanhood was a rollin'-pin an' whin she set all day sewin' oilcloth on papah's pants instead iv eatin' car'mels out iv a blue box an' kickin' a pianola till it groaned.

"'Women to-day ain't what they were a hundred years ago,' he says. If ye don't believe it r-read th' tombstones. Thin they were sogacyous, ca'm, prudent, brave, thoughtful, able, sthrong, thruthful, conscientious, but withal, handsome, attrhactive,

graceful, amusin', sprightly, endearin', buxom, spiritchool an' good hands at th' pie tin. They were a combination of Dan' Webster, Lord Bacon, Addy-line Patti, Theodore Rosenfelt an' th' Gool'-Dust Twins.

"In th' matther iv gamblin', things has got so bad that I hardly know what to do about thim except talk. I think all men will agree with me that women shud niver gamble. It's too amusin'. They'se no amusemint that gintlemen can ricom-mind to a lady beyond scrubbin'. In th' nex' place they can't afoord it. Whin a woman gambles she desthroys th' sanctity iv th' home an' inflicts a seeryous blow at th' marredge relation. Manny a man has not been able to get all th' good they was out iv four jacks because his wife had spint th' afthernoont at th' bridge table. It's gettin' to be a gr-reat scandal. Ivrywhere in this broad land, they tell me, if ye penethrate th' homes iv th' rich ye'll find four women glarin' at each other an' ladin' out iv th' wrong hand. At home th' baby falls downstairs, th' hired girl sets fire to th' house, dust accoomylates on th' pianny. Th' mother iv th' fam'ly is undisturbed. A messenger comes in an' cries, 'Ma'am, th' baby has broke its neck.' 'What's thrumps?' says th' hardened gamblin' mother. Downtown th' overwurraked husband is thinkin' that soon he will be home to be greeted be th' wife iv his bosom with a lovin' cry iv, 'F'r pity's sake, what kept ye? Why didn't ye stay away th' r-rest

of th' night?' Alas, it will not be so. Whin he arrives th' fire will be dark in th' hearth an' the dog will howl through a deserted house. As th' hour iv midnight sthrikes he will hear fumblin' at th' latch-key, an' a pale an' haggard woman will stagger into th' room, throw hersilf in a chair an' bury her face in her hands. 'We ar-re rooned,' she groans. 'What has happened?' says he. 'At first,' she says, 'fortune smiled on me,' she says. 'It seemed that I cud not lose,' she says. 'Hand afther hand yielded enormous profits, an' wealth piled up befure me till I had visions iv a palace on Mitchigan Avnoo. But,' she says, 'th' fickle dame on'y smiled to lure me to me roon,' she says. 'Th' turn came an' ill luck pursooed me to th' end. I cud no longer see my neighbor's hand. Ivry time I renigged I was caught at it. Th' fates were again me, but I played on an' on, hopin' that wanst again me luck wud turn. Alas, it was not to be! At half-past iliven I arose fr'm th' cursed table a broken an' unhappy woman,' she says. 'How much is it, Angelibime?' says her husband, bendin' over her. 'Perhaps I can scrape it together an' we will go to some place where we ar-re not known an' there begin life over again,' he says. 'It is no use,' says she. 'Th' loss is too gr-reat.' 'Don't say so,' says he. 'I am still young an' sthrong. How much is it?' 'Thirty-sivin cints,' she cries, an' falls faintin' to th' flure.

"It's a turr'ble evil, an' I don't see what's to come iv it. Perhaps nawthin'. Gamblin' is wan iv three



larned profissions, th' other two bein' pollytics an' safe-blowin'. In order to be a good card-player ye mus' be able to dint th' table with ye're fist whin ye lade thrumps. A lady can't do that, an' it bars her out. But she'll go on playin' as long as there's a sthove handy to throw th' pack in whin her luck is bad."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "gamblin' is a turr'ble curse. I wanst lost two dollars on a wheel iv fortune."

"It's a gr-reat curse," said Mr. Dooley, "an' I hope it ain't increasin' among women. But whin I r-read in a sermon that th' wurruld is goin' to pot, that th' foundations iv governmint is threatened, that th' whole fabric iv civilized s'ciety is in danger, that humanity is on th' down grade, an' morality is blinkin', that men ar-re becomin' dhrunkards an' women gamblers, an' that th' future iv th' race is desthruccion, I can always console mesilf with wan thought."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It isn't so," said Mr. Dooley.

---

### **"This Fever Called Living."**

WALLACE IRWIN.

From "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers." Copy-right, 1906, by the Macmillan Company.

"THIS fever called living," said Poe, in a vein Descriptive of life's ever-hastening pain.

The phrase, though poetic, small knowledge displays  
Of the symptoms that indicate life nowadays—  
So lend me your ears while I tell, if you please,  
The way that our citizens catch the disease.

In old Philadelphia, solid and sleek,  
Where Sabbath prevails seven days in the week,  
Where nothing is heard but the snores of the  
    “copper,”  
And clocks dare not run (because running’s im-  
proper),  
Where citizens yawn while the trolley-cars creep,  
Life isn’t a Fever—it’s more like a Sleep.

In Boston, where only the chosen may speak,  
Where the bartender seasons your cocktail with  
    Greek,  
Where the maid that you woo sits Minerva-like  
    frowning  
And crushes your hopes with quotations from  
    Browning,  
Where the gateway of Heaven is called Beacon Hill,  
Life isn’t a Fever—it’s more like a Chill.

In dizzy New York, money-mad with the dicker  
Of getting-rich-quick and of getting-poor-quicker,  
Where sky-scrappers, stilted high over the town,  
Are built in a day—and the next are torn down,—  
Where crowds meet and struggle like floods through  
    a chasm,  
Life isn’t a Fever—it’s more like a Spasm.

### Artie's Proposal.

GEORGE ADE.

From "Artie." Copyright, 1895. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

THE two bicycles were leaned against the stone uplift, and the lamps threw oblong splotches of light on the gravel. Artie and Mame sat on the lake shore in Lincoln Park, and Artie was intent on the spectacle of water and moonshine.

"The guy that could put all that into a picture'd be a bird, eh, Mame?"

"It's *perfectly* lovely."

"That's what it is, all right. They don't grow many like that."

"I could stay out here all night and just look at the lake."

"Could you? Well, I think about two o'clock in the morning I'd be ready to let go. It is a peach of a night, though. I'll say that."

"Sing something, Artie."

"What do you want me to do—drive the moon in? How did you ever come to think I was a singer? That's two or three times you've sprung that on me. Somebody must 'a' been stringin' you."

"Why, the night we walked home from Turner Hall you sang something awfully pretty. What was it?"

"Well, let it go at that. Any singin' I ever done was a horrible bluff, I'll tell you those."

"Oh, you contrary thing! You can sing if you try to."

"I take no chances, Mame. If I'd ever spring one of them bum notes on you, you'd give me the horse laugh, and then there'd be trouble."

Mamie laughed and said: "What a boy you are! You never do anything I want you to."

"Come off! I'll tell you right now that when I kick on singin' I'm doin' you the greatest favor in the world. You never heard me sing. I guess you're a little mixed in your dates. It must have been somebody else you had on your staff that night."

"Why, Artie Blanchard! You mean thing!"

"Hello! Did I land on you that time?"

"I think it was awfully mean of you to say that. I don't ever ask you if you've been running around with some other girl."

"Why don't you? I'd tell you there's three or four others that kind o' like my style."

"They must be hard up."

"Is that so? Maybe I ain't so many, but I'm a purty good thing, at that. I'm fresh every hour. No family ought to be without me. When you lose me you lose a puddin', and don't you overlook it."

In answer, Mamie picked up some of the small pebbles and threw them at him. He held his cap over his face and laughingly begged her to stop.

"Gee, you know you've got me right, don't you? And I guess you have, too. That ain't no lie. Say, Mame, what do you think? Miller was roastin' me the other day. He said I was slow."

"Slow—how?"

"About doin' the nervy thing—comin' out and sayin' to you, 'Here, let's fix it up.'"

"Fix what up?"

"Oh, you don't know, do you? You ain't got no notion at all of what I'm gettin' at, have you? That's too bad about you."

Mamie began to laugh, and then she checked herself when she saw Artie was frowning.

"Of course; I suppose you mean—that we——"

"All I mean is, what's the matter o' gettin' it settled that it's goin' to be a case o' marry?"

Mamie was smiling quietly and turning her hat over and over.

"I guess that didn't scare you so much after all," said Artie, who felt at that moment as if his whole existence had stepped out from under a burden.

"No," as she continued to fuss with the hat. "Scare me?"

"How about it bein' up to you?"

"Oh, it's all right, I guess." (An attempt to be careless.)

"This is one of them cases where all guessin's barred."

"Well, you might know it's all right."

"It's a go, then. I'll tell you, Mame, it seemed to me we ought to have it through with. I didn't want you to keep guessin' whether I wanted to stick. Don't you think it was the wise move—huh?"

"It's all right—yes."

"I was goin' to spring it on you sooner, but I ain't never got the nerve to talk much about things like

that. It ain't like askin' a girl to go to a show, is it?"

"Not exactly"—both laughed in a relieved way.

"Don't you think you'd better put your mother on to it?"

"I don't know, would you?"

"Sure. I guess she won't make no holler."

Mamie laughed. "That's a good one on you."

"What is?"

"She wanted to know the other day if you'd asked me yet."

"Who? The old girl? Well, what do you think of that? Everybody's on to us, Mame."

"I don't care."

"Care! They can bill the town with it if they want to."

---

### All's Well That Ends Well.

T. A. DALY.

From "Carmina." Copyright, 1909, by John Lane Company. Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers.

I AM so glad as I can be;

I seeng, I dance, Signor!

Ah! sooch a lucky man like me

You nevva see bayfore!

Eet ees so like w'en sky ees gray,

Den—queeck!—da sun bust through

An' drivin' all da cloud away—

I tall eet all to you.

My wife an' me we no can gat

To mak' our minds da same,

W'en leetla boy ees com', for w'at  
We gona call hees name.  
My Rosa, dat's my wife, she say  
She gotta besta right  
For call da keed her owna way,  
An' so, my frand, we fight.  
She say she want her fadder's name,  
"Giovanni," but, you see,  
I want "Giacobbe" jus' da same,  
Wheech ees da name for me.  
Wal, den dees theeng excite us so  
An' mak' so bigga fuss,  
Ees com' my reecha Oncla Joe  
For feexin' theengs for us.  
But w'en we find how hard eet seem  
For feex, he tall us: "Wal,  
I theenk ees best you calla heem  
'Guiseppe' for mysal'!"  
Dees mak' da case so bothersom',  
My brain ees eena whirl;  
I almost weesh w'en keed ees com'  
He gona be a girl.  
Eh? No, he was no borna w'en  
We fighta deesa way,  
No baby eesa leevin' den,  
But see! ees com' to-day,  
Not only wan of heem, but three!  
Eh? "Treeplets?" Yes, Signor.  
Ah! sooch a lucky man like me  
You nevva see bayfore!

## Match-making.

CAPTAIN R. MARSHALL.

From "His Excellency the Governor."

*Ethel* (who has come down, and is examining photograph which she has taken from a table). How like him! And that's his signature, I suppose—"Charles Carew." Perhaps some girl loves him. I wonder! I never felt so interested in any one before. Strange! for it's not as if he were a brother.

*Enter CAREW. He now wears the evening dress of a Governor's Staff. As he enters, ETHEL conceals photograph.*

*Carew.* Alone, Miss Carlton?

*Ethel.* Yes. (*Drops photograph. Both stoop for it hurriedly, and CAREW secures it.*)

*Carew.* Why, it's myself.

*Ethel.* Is it, really? So it is! (*Changing the subject.*) Where—where are the others?

*Carew.* Playing billiards. Do you care for the game?

*Ethel.* Oh yes. I like all games.

[*A piano being played is heard in the distance.*

*Carew.* So do I. Who's that?

*Ethel.* Probably the Comtesse. Shall we join her?

*Carew.* No, no! We should only be disturbing her; and besides, there's a game—er—rather a good one—I used to know, called "Match-making." Do you know it?



*Ethel.* Match-making? No, I've never played at that. But perhaps you can teach me.

*Carew.* I'll try, with pleasure. You see, we each take paper and pencil, and sit opposite each other. There. Now we're supposed to be writing a scene between two lovers in a novel. I write for him, and you for her. (*As he speaks they sit at a table opposite each other, and CAREW produces pencils and paper.*)

*Ethel.* I see.

*Carew.* Well, now, I'm in love with you—with her.

*Ethel.* And—and am I in love with you—with him?

*Carew.* Yes, I think so. Oh yes, certainly!

*Ethel.* I suppose I ought to be.

*Carew.* And we toss for who begins. (*Tosses coin.*) Head or tail?

*Ethel.* Head.

*Carew.* It's a tail, so I begin. You're quite ready?

*Ethel.* Yes.

*Carew.* Very well. I write. "My own Ethel——"

*Ethel (rising).* Captain Carew!

*Carew (rises).* That's her name in the novel, you know.

*Ethel (laughing, and sitting again).* Oh! I beg your pardon. You see, it's mine too.

*Carew.* It's a nice name. I always liked it. How-

ever, I'd better go on. "My own Ethel, ever since you landed on these Islands——"

*Ethel.* Am I on the Islands?—I mean, is she?

*Carew.* Yes, for I can choose the scene if I win the toss. That's a rule of the game.

*Ethel.* I see. I didn't know.

*Carew.* "I have loved you passionately." Now it's your turn. You reply for her.

*Ethel.* Yes. It's rather difficult.

*Carew.* Remember, you love him.

*Ethel.* I remember. I think she had better reply, "What is your income?"

*Carew.* Ah! you can't say that. It's against the rules.

*Ethel.* Is it? Well, she says, "Why do you love me?"

*Carew.* I say, "Because you are beautiful and good."

*Ethel.* No. *He* says that.

*Carew.* Yes, but I'm him.

*Ethel.* It's rather a confusing game.

*Carew.* Only at first.

*Ethel.* What did he say last?

*Carew.* "You are good and beautiful."

*Ethel.* Oh yes. And she answers, "I am sorry I cannot truthfully say the same of you." Now it's your turn.

*Carew.* He, undaunted, remarks, "Do you think you could ever care for me?"

*Ethel.* And she, being good-natured, says, "I might try."

*Carew.* Ah! that's better. You're getting into the game.

*Ethel.* Indeed I'm not. She only said that to gain time.

*Carew.* Anyhow, he comes to her—(*rises*)—clasps her hand, and that brings us to the first illustration.

*Ethel.* You never told me it was an illustrated novel.

*Carew.* Oh yes! That's one of the rules. We don't draw. We do it by a sort of *tableau vivant*.

*Ethel.* It's a very embarrassing game. There are so many rules.

*Carew.* Now, before the illustration, we toss again. If it's heads, he embraces her; if it's tails, she embraces him.

*Ethel.* Then what's the good of tossing?

*Carew.* It's a rule, that's all. Shall I toss?

*Ethel.* One moment! (*Retires behind sofa.*)  
Now you may.

*Carew.* Right. (*Tosses.*) It's a tail.

*Ethel* (*indignantly*). Well, I'm not going to. There! It's a preposterous game, and I don't see where it's to end. I believe you invented it.

*Carew.* To be honest, Miss Carlton, I did. I wanted neither of us to lose, and love's the only game I know of where both players can win. I meant every word I said.

*Ethel.* Captain Carew!

*Carew.* It's true, Ethel, I——"

*Ethel.* Hush! There's some one coming. I—I——

*Carew (eagerly).* Yes?

*Ethel.* I—I—I may have meant it too.

*Carew.* Ah!

*Ethel.* I'm not sure. If, when you see me next,  
I wear a white rose—— Hush!

---

### A Way Out of It.

SAMUEL LOVER.

“Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,  
Sweet Mary,” says I;

“Oh, don't talk to my mother,” says Mary,  
Beginning to cry;

“For my mother says men are deceivers,  
And never, I know, will consent;  
She says girls in a hurry who marry  
At leisure repent.”

“Then suppose I should talk to your father,  
Sweet Mary,” says I;

“Oh, don't talk to my father,” says Mary,  
Beginning to cry;

“For my father, he loves me so dearly,  
He'll never consent I should go—  
If you talk to my father,” says Mary,  
“He'll surely say—no.”

“Then how shall I get you, my jewel?  
Sweet Mary,” says I;

“If your father and mother's so cruel  
Most surely I'll die!”

"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,  
"A way now to save you I see;  
Since my parents are both so contrary,  
You'd better ask—*me*."

---

### The Golden Arm.

MARK TWAIN.

In a magazine article Mark Twain once set forth his ideas on how to tell a story, and closed with the following story, which he made most effective on the Lyceum platform.

ONCE 'pon a time dey wuz a monsus mean man, en he live 'way out in de prairie all 'lone by hisself, 'cep'n he had a wife. En bimeby she died, en he tuck en toted her 'way out dah in de prairie en buried her. Well, she had a golden arm—all solid gold, fum de shoulder down. He wuz pow'ful mean—pow'ful; en dat night he couldn't sleep, caze he want dat golden arm so bad.

When it come midnight he couldn't stan' it no mo'; so he git up, he did, en tuck his lantern en shoved out thoo de storm en dug her up en got de golden arm; en he bent his head down 'gin de win', en plowed en plowed en plowed thoo de snow. Den all on a sudden he stop (make a considerable pause here, and look startled, and take a listening attitude) en say: "My *lan'*, what's dat?"

En he listen—en listen—en de win' say (set your teeth together and imitate the wailing and wheezing singsong of the wind), "Bzzz-z-zzz"—en den, way

back yonder whah de grave is, he hear a *voice!*—he hear a voice all mix' up in de win'—can't hardly tell 'em 'part—"Bzzz-zzz—W-h-o—g-o-t—m-y—g-o-l-d-e-n arm?—zzz—zzz—W-h-o g-o-t m-y g-o-l-d-e-n arm?" (You must begin to shiver violently now.)

En he begin to shiver en shake, en say, "Oh, my! Oh, my lan'!" en de win' blow de lantern out, en de snow en sleet blow in his face en mos' choke him, en he start a-plowin' knee-deep toward home mos' dead, he so sk'yerd—en pooty soon he hear de voice agin, en (pause) it 'us comin' *after* him! "Bzzz—zzz—zzz—W-h-o—g-o-t—m-y—g-o-l-d-e-n—arm?"

When he git to de pasture he hear it agin—closter now, en a-comin'!—a-comin' back dah in de dark en de storm—(repeat the wind and the voice). When he git to de house he rush upstairs en jump in de bed en kiver up, head and years, en lay dah shiverin' en shakin'—en den 'way out dah he hear it agin!—en a-comin'! En bimeby he hear (pause—awed, listening attitude)—pat—pat—pat—*hit's a-comin' upstairs!* Den he hear de latch, en he *know* it's in de room!

Den pooty soon he know it's a-standin' *by de bed!* (Pause.) Den—he know it's a-bendin' *down over him*—en he cain't skasely git his breath! Den—den—he seem to feel someth'n *c-o-l-d*, right down 'most agin his head! (Pause.)

Den de voice say, *right at his year*—"W-h-o—

g-o-t--m-y--g-o-l-d-e-n arm?" (You must wail it out very plaintively and accusingly; then you stare steadily and impressively into the face of the farthest-gone auditor,—a girl, preferably,—and let that awe-inspiring pause begin to build itself in the deep hush. When it has reached exactly the right length, jump suddenly at that girl and yell, "*You've got it!*")

If you've got the *pause* right, she'll fetch a dear little yelp and spring right out of her shoes. But you *must* get the pause right; and you will find it the most troublesome and aggravating and uncertain thing you ever undertook.

---

### The Disagreeable Man.

W. S. GILBERT.

If you give me your attention I will tell you what I am:

I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.

Each little fault of temper and each social defect  
In my erring fellow creatures, I endeavor to correct.

To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes,  
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;  
I love my fellow creatures—I do all the good I can—

Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!  
And I can't think why!

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply;  
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;  
A charitable action I can skilfully dissect;  
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect.  
I know everybody's income and what everybody  
    earns,  
And I carefully compare it with the income-tax  
    returns;  
But to benefit humanity however much I plan,  
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!  
    And I can't think why!

I'm sure I'm no ascetic: I'm as pleasant as can be;  
You'll always find me ready with a crushing  
    repartee;  
I've an irritating chuckle; I've a celebrated sneer;  
I've an entertaining snigger; I've a fascinating leer;  
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;  
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I  
    do—  
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as  
    I can,  
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!  
    And I can't think why!



## In Pursuit of Priscilla.

EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD.

Copyright by Henry Altemus Company. Reprinted by special permission.

### I.

"It isn't so sudden as you think," I said. "I've been considering it for weeks."

"As if I didn't know that," she replied.

"Your surprise was admirably feigned," I complimented icily.

"Don't be a goose, Billy! I'm dying to know what finally decided you to propose."

"Is it psychology?" I asked suspiciously.

"Just plain curiosity," she declared.

"Well, then, I'm simply crazy about you, Priscilla."

"But you've been that for years!"

"And there was Carey Hamilton," I admitted weakly.

"That's better," she said. "What about Carey?"

"As if you didn't know!"

"You mean, of course, that Carey has been rather devoted lately."

"Not rather, Priscilla—markedly, confoundedly, er—devilishly devoted!"

"What of it?" she asked innocently.

"Look here, Priscilla," I protested, "that doesn't go down with me; we've known each other ever since we were kids. I remember how you used to

catch flies and pull their legs off. What a horrid little girl you were! And now it's me that's the fly, and it's my wings and legs that you're despoiling!"

"You're a beast, Billy! Besides, you should say it's I that's the fly."

"You haven't changed a bit," I sighed.

"I wish I could say as much for you," said Priscilla. "Honestly, Billy, you were a nice child, and so generous. Yes, you were generous then," she admitted.

"Why then?" I demanded. "Am I not generous now?"

She was silent. I repeated the question.

"We'll compromise," she said sweetly, "and say you are generous now and then."

"Do you know how much American Beauties cost a dozen?" I asked pointedly, with my eyes fixed on a rose jar near the window.

"Anybody can be generous with money," said Priscilla.

"Now and then," I retorted.

"Carey Hamilton has been most considerate."

"I never liked him."

"Why?" asked Priscilla.

"I refuse to answer."

"You choose to insinuate," she sneered.

"I choose to do nothing of the sort, Priscilla Crookshanks!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Priscilla Crookshanks, Billy; I don't like it."

"I don't blame you. It has a deformed sound, hasn't it?"

"What has?"

"Crookshanks, of course. Why don't you change it, Priscilla?"

"Don't be tiresome, Billy."

"I won't, if you'll marry me."

"If I thought you wouldn't, I'd be almost tempted to do it."

"Would you, really?"

"Almost. Do you know, Billy, I've often thought you had the making of a man in you?"

"That observation does you great credit," I said. "Thanks awfully."

"What you really need," she continued, "is a wife."

"The very point I've been trying to make."

## II.

"Did you ever do something, and then regret it ten minutes afterward?" Priscilla asked, as I sauntered into her drawing-room next afternoon.

"Perhaps," I answered guardedly.

"At any rate, I haven't a ring to return," she added triumphantly.

"That's soon remedied," I said, fishing into my waistcoat pocket.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Priscilla. "When did you get it?"

"I was at Tiffany's this morning before the doors were open. I'm glad you like it."

"I *do* like it," she replied; "and I'll tell everybody that Dad gave it to me for a birthday present."

"But your birthday isn't till next month! And besides, I gave it to you."

"Would you have me go around saying: 'See the ring Billy Cartwright gave me'?"

"Why not? We're engaged."

"I haven't really decided yet whether I'll be engaged or not. But I'll always keep the ring, Billy."

"No reason why you shouldn't."

"I'm so glad you're sensible about it; some men would expect me to return it."

"Much good it would do them. But honestly, Priscilla, I think you're treating me like a dog."

"I adore dogs. Still, perhaps I haven't been very nice about the ring. There! Do you feel better?"

"Give me another, and I'll produce a dog-collar of pearls," I promised rashly.

"I might contract the habit," said Priscilla; "and kissing has gone out; it's considered dowdy nowadays."

"Yours are not dowdy," I said; "they're—— I can't think of the right word."

"Heavenly?"

"Exactly. Thank you."

"Don't thank me; it's Carey Hamilton you're indebted to."

"You didn't kiss Carey!"

"Of course not; I kissed his Boston terrier. It's

the sweetest thing! Will you buy me one when we're married, Billy?"

"I'll buy you a hundred if you like. That reminds me: I suppose I ought to speak to your father."

"I don't see why."

"Isn't it customary?"

"Oh yes, everybody asks Dad; he's very democratic, you know."

"But really, Priscilla, I *should* speak to your father—it's only right."

"Well, you can't now, because Carey Hamilton is speaking to him," said Priscilla.

"What?" I cried. "This is outrageous, Priscilla!"

"I don't see why. It's time for you to run now, Billy."

"I'm not going till Carey Hamilton shows up," I said.

"Please go, Billy."

"No, Ducky."

"Perhaps you will if I tell you something."

"Perhaps. But if you are preparing to tell me that Carey Hamilton isn't in the house, you needn't bother, for I've known it all along."

### III.

"Your father is a brick, Priscilla," I said, as soon as James was out of earshot.

"What welcome news!" said Priscilla. "I suppose you came to see me this afternoon on purpose to tell me."

"Partly that; but I've even better news than that:

your father thinks I'll do for a son-in-law. I waylaid him last night at the club, and he literally fell on my neck when I told him. If it had been anybody else I should have thought he looked relieved."

"How perfectly horrid of you, Billy!"

"Not a bit. Why shouldn't he look relieved?"

"Why should he?"

"You might have wanted to marry some one he didn't approve of."

"But he likes Carey Hamilton," said Priscilla. "As for you, he was nice to you for my sake."

"Did you ask him to be?"

"I never ask Dad to do anything; I just tell him to do it. He's a regular lamb."

"I'm not," I warned.

"Of course not," she agreed; "they don't christen lambs, Billy. But I haven't thanked you for that darling puppy you sent me. What shall I call him?"

"You might call him Tatters," I said; "for, if he's affectionate, he'll tear your clothes to shreds, and if he isn't he'll tear them anyway."

"That's encouraging," said Priscilla. "I can't say I like the name of Tatters, though. I think I'll call him after one of Chevalier's songs. I adore Chevalier."

"Which one will you name him after?"

"The Little Nipper. It sounds something like Little Dipper, and that's more in keeping with Saturn and the Dog Star Kennels. I know I'll just love Nipper, Billy."

"I'm sure you will. The lucky brute!"

IV.

"How did you manage it, Billy?" asked Priscilla, as we sank into our chairs before Mrs. Plantagenet Brown's festive board that evening.

"Mrs. Planty is a dear," I explained.

"I hope you didn't tell her we were engaged, Billy."

"Perhaps I didn't," I returned.

"Because we're not, you know," she continued.

"That's a beautiful ruby you're wearing, Miss Crookshanks."

"Dad gave it to me on my birthday," said Priscilla.

"Which is next month. Let me see, you'll be——"

"Twenty-two."

"I thought it was twenty-four."

"It *was* twenty-four, Billy, but it *is* twenty-two."

"There's a vast difference between *is* and *was*."

"Only two years. But that reminds me—I've got something awfully important to tell you."

"Why didn't you tell me this afternoon?"

"I couldn't very well," said Priscilla, glancing across the table at Carey Hamilton, who was doing his best to be nice to Miss Morton. "The fact is, Billy, I received a letter this morning from Lord Grimwood's sister, Lady Maud."

"Very interesting," I admitted, "but hardly important."

"Just wait till I'm through," warned Priscilla. "Lady Maud is on her way home from Japan, and will arrive here to-morrow."

"We must give her a good time while she's in town," I said.

"She's sailing the next day," continued Priscilla, "and Sally has cabled that she and Lord Grimwood expect me on the same boat."

"Are you going?" I demanded grimly.

"Of course I'm going. There, didn't I tell you it was important?"

"This is a nice time and place to tell me, Priscilla."

"Just what I thought. I hate a scene."

"Perhaps your father won't consent."

"He has already consented—at least, I've told him I'm going. Dad's only objection, all along, has been my not having a proper companion for the trip. That's where Lady Maud steps in, you see."

"It's preposterous, and it's unkind."

"It is a little sudden. I'm sorry for you, Billy."

"I'm sorry for myself. But there's still time for us to be married before you go, Priscilla."

"Time enough! Why, man, there's only two days."

"It only takes ten minutes."

"It takes clothes," said Priscilla—"heaps of clothes."

"I'll buy you all you want in Paris."

"But I'm going to England; besides, it is not to



be thought of. I'll be back in the fall, though, Billy; so cheer up."

"You'll bring back a Lord, or Earl, or something."

"A Duke or nothing, Billy; a Duke is none too good for me."

"None of them are good enough. You're not really going to leave me behind, Priscilla?"

"I'm afraid I am, Billy."

"You don't care."

"Yes, I do. I'm awfully fond of you, Billy."

"Does Carey Hamilton know you're going?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that's some comfort."

"And I'm going to leave Nipper with you, Billy; he'll remind you of me."

"May I drop in to-morrow afternoon?"

"I'll be too busy to see you, Billy. Besides, I want you to call on Lady Maud. You might take her for a ride in your automobile, and then you could dine somewhere, you know. I'm going to run in to see her for a minute in the morning, but I sha'n't have time for more than that."

"Hang Maud! She's at the bottom of all my trouble."

"But you'll take her for a ride, Billy?"

"I'm blest if I will!"

"She's Lord Grimwood's sister."

"I wouldn't take her if she were his grandmother!"

"But she's expecting you."

"She can't be, unless—— You didn't tell her I would, Priscilla?"

"I didn't tell her anything," answered Priscilla; "I wrote her you would, though. She'll expect you, Billy, and if you'll be good, just this once, you may come to see me to-morrow evening at ten o'clock—— only for a minute, mind."

"I'll do it. You always have your way, Priscilla."

"You're a dear, but you haven't eaten a thing. Everybody is noticing it."

"Nonsense! Nobody eats when they're dining out—it's bad form. Where did you say Maudie was stopping?"

"At the Holland House, Billy."

"And when does your boat sail?"

"Friday, at eleven o'clock. An unlucky day, isn't it?"

"An unlucky day for me. Hamburg-American, Hoboken and Plymouth, I suppose?"

"The *Deutschland*."

"All right, I'll call on Lady Maud, take her for a ride, buy her the best dinner to be had in New York and make myself useful generally. Will that do?"

"If I hadn't called you a dear a moment ago I'd call you one now, Billy. You ought to send her some roses, though."

"I'll send her a dozen. Just the same, I think it's awfully shabby of you to go to England without me."

"Not another word. Talk to the girl on your

right now, or Mrs. Brown will never ask you to dine again."

## V.

"There, that's a reward of merit," said Priscilla. "It's just ten o'clock and you're a good boy."

"'Twas worth a thousand-mile journey," I beamed.

"And the Holland House isn't a mile away," replied Priscilla.

"According to that, I owe you nine hundred and ninety-nine kisses," I said. "I'm ready to pay, Priscilla."

"For a mile at a time?" she asked.

"For a mile at a time."

"I'll accept payment for two miles if you'll promise not to be gloomy, and go home when I tell you, Billy. This is our last time together and I want it to be a pleasant one."

"I will promise on one condition."

"A reasonable one, I hope."

"Nothing could be more reasonable. All I ask is that I may call for you in the morning with my new Limousine automobile, and see you safely to the dock at Hoboken."

"You haven't bought a new car, Billy!"

"Haven't I, though! It's a beauty; I'll need a beauty to console me while you're gone, Priscilla."

"So you chose a gasoline one."

"Not gasoline—steam. I'm bound to play with fire, you see."

"You and Nipper will have glorious rides together, Billy."

"Of course I shall never take any one but Nipper."

"You'd better not; I'll haunt you if you do."

"You'll haunt me, anyway. But you haven't consented to my plan, Priscilla."

"I think it would be lovely, Billy—I'm dying to see your new car. The trunks went this afternoon, and Agnes can take care of herself."

"I'll send Jenkins over to look out for Agnes, and we'll take Nipper with us."

"Poor, dear Nipper—I can't bear to part with him!" wailed Priscilla. "But do tell me about Lady Maud. How did you get on together?"

"Maudie is a trump. I took her for a ride, and she loved it; I treated her to a dinner at Sherry's, and she loved it; she loved you, she loved the roses I sent her, she loved me and she loved New York. She loved Nipper, when I described him; she almost fell on my neck when I told her you and I were engaged, and——"

"You didn't tell her that, Billy!"

"You don't mind, really?"

"Oh, but I do! Lady Maud will tell everybody I'm engaged, and a nice time I'll have in England! What's the use of going if I'm to be placarded: 'Hands Off—Engaged'?"

"It's not so bad as that. Maudie promised not to tell."

"It seems to me, for a first call, you made surprising headway, Billy."

"I can't help being engaging. Besides, Maudie liked it."

"Of course she did; all women like to be confided in—I like it myself. Truly considerate. Let's talk about something else, Billy—something more cheerful."

"Could you stand another proposal?"

"I could from you, Billy. But we're already engaged, you know."

"And Dad didn't give you that ruby?"

"You gave it to me, Billy."

"And you're wearing it?"

"Because I—I'm fond of you, Billy."

"Because you love me, Priscilla."

"Well, then, because I love you. I hope you're satisfied, Billy Cartwright."

"I never was more satisfied in my life."

"I'm glad of that, because I've got to send you home now. Trot along, Billy Boy, while you're happy."

"All right, I'll go. By the way, Priscilla, the sailing time is ten o'clock instead of eleven, so I'll have to come an hour earlier."

"Heavens, Billy! Are you sure?"

"The Steamship Office telephoned to Lady Maud late this afternoon. It's the tide, you know. Nine o'clock is an unholy hour, but it can't be helped, Priscilla."

"I'll be ready, Billy. I'll have breakfast at eight,

and say good-by to Dad here at the house. Now run along, dear."

## VI.

"I've just said good-by to Dad, so I can't see very well, Billy," said Priscilla.

"Nobody can see well at nine o'clock in the morning," I replied, pretending not to notice the tears in her eyes.

"But it looks perfectly grand," she continued. "It's a regular whale. I do love a big automobile!"

"Lloyd Osbourne calls them Bubbles," I said. "I wonder why!"

"Because they burst so easily, I suppose. Goodness, Billy, there's room in this tonneau for a dozen people! Where's Nipper?"

"Here he is. There won't be any too much room, Priscilla; we're going to pick up Lady Maud, you know."

"Poor Dad!" said Priscilla. "I hate to leave him and Nipper."

"And me?"

"And you, Billy."

"Never mind. We'll not think about that now. All right, Charles."

"The car is perfect, Billy. It runs just like a sewing-machine."

"I'm glad you like it, Priscilla."

"I adore it! I feel better already."

"It will do its little fifty miles an hour without turning a hair. And I bought it for you, Priscilla; I'm going to ship it over on the next boat."

"Billy, you're too sweet for anything! I feel like a little pig, leaving you. I do love you, Billy."

"And I'll send Charles along in case your new Bubble bursts."

"It will cost a heap of money."

"Anybody can be generous with money."

"Billy Cartwright is the soul of generosity. But do look where we are! This isn't Fifth Avenue."

"Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, Priscilla."

"The Holland House is on Fifth Avenue, Billy."

"We'll turn at the next corner," I replied. "There, what did I tell you?"

"But we're crossing Fifth Avenue," Priscilla protested, "and—why, he's stopping, Billy!"

"Yes, he's stopping," I admitted.

"In front of a church!" gasped Priscilla.

"The Little Church Around the Corner," I explained; "Lady Maud's inside."

"Inside? Inside what, Billy?"

"Inside the church, of course," I replied. "She's to be one of the witnesses."

"One of the witnesses! Have you gone out of your mind, Billy?"

"I never was more sane in my life. We're to be married."

"We're not!"

"I've got the marriage-license in my pocket," I said. "Come on, dear, we haven't much time to spare; the boat leaves at eleven."

"At ten," corrected Priscilla.

"At eleven," I repeated. "Come, dear, Maudie is waiting for us."

"I can't be married without Dad!" wailed Priscilla.

"He'll be here in a minute," I replied.

"Billy, this is outrageous! I won't be married—so there!"

"You might as well," I said.

"But I haven't any clothes."

"I've oceans of money, Priscilla."

"And my passage is bought and paid for; I've got one of the nicest suites on the boat."

"The very nicest has been reserved for W. P. Cartwright and wife," I returned. "Hurry, dear."

"I won't budge—not a step!"

"Here comes Dad," I said. "Don't disappoint Dad, Priscilla."

"I'll make Dad pay for this!" she declared grimly. "I'm ready now. I'll marry you, Billy Cartwright, but it's only part of my revenge, mind. And I'll never forgive you—never!"

"Of course you won't," I said encouragingly. "Of course you won't."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm sorry I made such a fuss, Billy," said Priscilla, as she nestled up to me on our way to Hoboken and the boat. "It was awfully nice of Dad to take Lady Maud with him, wasn't it?"

"Only you and me and Nipper," I answered dreamily. "It's too good to be true, Priscilla."



"I do love you, Billy."

"I know you do, Priscilla."

"And, Billy——"

"Yes, dear?"

"—I hope you didn't think I was going to England without you."

"Not for a minute," I replied. "Not for a minute, Priscilla Cartwright."

---

### **If You Want a Kiss, Why, Take It.**

ANONYMOUS.

THERE'S a jolly Saxon proverb

That is pretty much like this—

That a man is half in heaven

If he has a woman's kiss.

There is danger in delaying,

For the sweetness may forsake it;

So I tell you, bashful lover,

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow

Steal a march on you in this;

Never let a laughing maiden

See you spoiling for a kiss.

There's a royal way to kissing,

And the jolly ones who make it

Have a motto that is winning,—

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,  
Anybody wear a crown,  
But a man must win a woman  
If he'd have her for his own.  
Would you have the golden apple,  
You must find the tree and shake it;  
If the thing is worth the having,  
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert  
With a forest smiling by?  
Who would change his sunny summer  
For a bleak and wintry sky?  
Oh, I tell you there is magic,  
And you cannot, cannot break it;  
For the sweetest part of loving  
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

---

### On Cats and Dogs.

JEROME K. JEROME.

From "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."

I LIKE cats and dogs very much indeed. How jolly they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. They never observe to Miss Brown across

a dinner-table, that they always understood she was very sweet on Mr. Jones (who has just married Miss Robinson). They never mistake your wife's cousin for her husband, and fancy that you are the father-in-law. And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a couple of burlesques in his desk, why he doesn't write a play.)

They never say unkind things. They never tell us of our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not, at inconvenient moments, mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. They do not say, "Oh yes, a lot of use *you* are, if you are ever really wanted"—sarcastic like. They never inform us, like our *innamoratas* sometimes do, that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them.

And when we bury our face in our hands, and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up very straight, and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us. But they come up softly; and shove their heads against us. If it is a cat, she stands on your shoulder, rumples your hair, and says, "Lor', I am sorry for you, old man," as plain as words can speak; and if it is a dog, he looks up at you with his big true eyes, and says with them, "Well, you've always got me, you know. We'll go through the world together, and always stand by each other, won't we?"

\* \* \* \* \*

What I've suffered from them this morning no tongue can tell. It began with Gustavus Adolphus. Gustavus Adolphus (they call him "Gusty" downstairs for short) is a very good sort of dog, when he is in the middle of a large field or on a fairly extensive common, but I won't have him indoors. He means well, but this house is not his size. He stretches himself, and over go two chairs and a whatnot. He wags his tail, and the room looks as if a devastating army had marched through it. He breathes, and it puts the fire out.

At dinner-time he creeps in under the table, lies there for a while, and then gets up suddenly; the first intimation we have of his movements being given by the table, which appears animated by a desire to turn somersaults. We all clutch at it frantically, and endeavor to maintain it in a horizontal position; whereupon his struggles, he being under the impression that some wicked conspiracy is being hatched against him, become fearful, and the final picture presented is generally that of an overturned table and a smashed-up dinner, sandwiched between two sprawling layers of infuriated men and women.

He came in this morning in his usual style, which he appears to have founded on that of an American cyclone, and the first thing he did was to sweep my coffee-cup off the table with his tail, sending the contents full into the middle of my waistcoat.

I rose from my chair, hurriedly, and remarking, "———," approached him at a rapid rate. He preceded me in the direction of the door. At the door he met Eliza coming in with eggs. Eliza observed "Ugh!" and sat down on the floor, the eggs took up different positions about the carpet, where they spread themselves out, and Gustavus Adolphus left the room. I called after him, strongly advising him to go straight downstairs, and not let me see him again for the next hour or so; and he, seeming to agree with me, dodged the coal-scoop, and went; while I returned, dried myself, and finished breakfast. I made sure that he had gone into the yard, but when I looked into the passage ten minutes later, he was sitting at the top of the stairs. I ordered him down at once, but he only barked and jumped about, so I went to see what was the matter.

It was Tittums. She was sitting on the top stair but one, and wouldn't let him pass.

Tittums is our kitten. She is about the size of a penny roll. Her back was up and she was swearing most dreadfully.

I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, brought up in our family as she was, too. I don't so much mind hearing an old cat swear, but I can't bear to see a mere kitten give way to it. It seems sad in one so young.

I put Tittums in my pocket, and returned to my desk. I forgot her for the moment, and when I looked I found that she had squirmed out of my

pocket on to the table, and was trying to swallow the pen; then she put her leg into the inkpot, and upset it; then she licked her leg; then she swore again—at *me* this time.

I put her down on the floor, and there Tim began rowing with her. I do wish Tim would mind his own business. It was no concern of his what she had been doing. Besides, he is not a saint himself. He is only a two-year-old fox terrier, and he interferes with everything, and gives himself the airs of a gray-headed Scotch collie.

Tittums' mother has come in, and Tim has got his nose scratched, for which I am remarkably glad. I have put them all three out in the passage, where they are fighting at the present moment. I'm in a mess with the ink, and in a thundering bad temper; and if anything more in the cat or dog line comes fooling about me this morning, it had better bring its own funeral contractor with it.

---

### Da Strit Pianna.

WALLACE IRWIN.

From "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers." Copyright, 1906, by the Macmillan Company.

It dis-a way in dis-a worl', w're everat'ing don' fit,  
Some fellas mak-a da music, an' da oders pay for it,  
An' da's-a w'y me an' Bianca, evera place we go,  
We play-a tunes da pipple lak, from 'Harlem to  
Park Row;

An' if our music somatime sad, an' somatime gay—  
Well, da's da kine o' music w'at da strit pianna  
play!

Ting-a-ting, ting! Hear 'ow it sing—

Come, dropa some money in!

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,

You shak-a da tambourin'.

You t'ink because da strit pianna work by crank an'  
wheel

It has-a not da 'eart an' soul, it don't know 'ow to  
feel?

Den tell-a me w'y, w'en winter come, an' snow is in  
da sky,

It play-a "Good Ol' Summa Time" an' mak' you  
want to cry;

An' w'en da spring-a-time 'as come an' everat'ing  
ees gay,

You laugh-a ha-ha!—so 'appy—w'en da strit pianna  
play?

Bang-a-bang bing! Mos' anyt'ing—

Drop-a yo' neekel in!

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,

You whack-a da tambourin'.

Las' weenter w'en da win' ees col' an' snow all over  
lie,

Our li'l' gal Maria she ees sick an' al-a-mos' die;

Den poor Bianca stay at 'ome an' I go out alone,

An' in-a evera tune I grind I 'ear my baby moan,

Till "Fare-a-well, My Violet" grow loud an' float  
away—

Virgin of Sorrow, *You* know w'at dat strit pianna  
play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! da trouble he come,  
Da sorrow he enter in.

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,  
You shak-a da tambourin'.

But w'en da day ees nice-a warm, jus' lak-a day  
Italee,

An' chil'ren play-a 'roun' da Square, as 'appy as  
can be,

Me an' Bianc' we work-a so 'ard to mak' dat strit  
pianna

Play "I-a Got One Feel for You" and maybe "Rus-  
ticana"—

Da chil'ren dance, we mak-a da mon, an' everat'ing  
ees gay;

Da's w'en I vera glad to 'ear da strit pianna play!

Tum-a-to, to! bulla for you!

Mak-a da plenty tin!

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,  
You shak-a da tambourin'.

By gran' 'otel, by cheap-a saloon, all same, we do  
our part,

An' w'en we do not mak-a da mon, we live jus' for  
our Art;

But w'en we catch-a plenty coin we verra glad,  
for we



T'ink o' dat vineyard w'at we buy in sunny Lom-  
bardee,

An' 'ow Bianc' an' li'l' Maria goin' 'ome some day,  
Live 'appy from da music w'at dat strit pianna play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! ever-r-r-a-one come,

Drop-a da neekel in!

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,

You pass-a da tambourin'.

---

### What May Said to December.

MARK AMBIENT.

OLD December in his dotage

Tottered down the hill one day,

Stopped at Widow Worldly's cottage—

Stopped to talk to little May.

May was busy in the dairy,

Old December said, "Good-day,"

Thought she looked just like a fairy,

Told her not to run away.

"Prithee, dear, do you remember

What I said last Christmas Day?"

But May laughed at old December,

Said she'd taken it in play:

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Said she'd taken it in play,

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Laughed the merry little May.

"Nay, I meant each word I uttered  
That day 'neath the mistletoe."

"Do you like your parsnips buttered?"

Little May asked, laughing low.

"Child, I wish that for one moment

You would try to serious be,

For I've spoken to your mother

And she tells me you are free,

But, my dear, you have *one* lover—"

(Here he dropped on gouty knee,

Nearly knocked the milk-pail over!)

"Do not laugh, dear—I am he!"

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

"Do not laugh, dear—I am he."

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

"Are you really—He! *He!* *He!*"

"Of my wealth you'll be partaker,

I can't spend it all myself,

Gold have I, and many an acre——"

"Please sir, put this on the shelf."

"Child, my wishes are your mother's,

She has told me so herself,

She prefers me to all others,

Think of *her*, you thoughtless elf."

"That I will," said May, "for really

I don't care for lands or pelf,

And as mother loves you dearly

She may marry you herself."

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

"She may marry you herself,"  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Laughed the merry little elf.

---

### Cordial Relations.

ANTHONY HOPE.

From "The Dolly Dialogues."

THE other day I paid a call on Miss Dolly Foster for the purposing of presenting to her my small offering on the occasion of her marriage to Lord Mickleham. It was a pretty little bit of jewelry—a pearl heart, broken (rubies played the part of blood), and held together by a gold pin set with diamonds, the whole surmounted by an earl's coronet. I had taken some trouble about it, and I was grateful when Miss Dolly asked me to explain the symbolism.

"It is my heart," I observed. "The fracture is of your making: the pin——"

Here Miss Dolly interrupted; to tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I was fairly gravelled for the meaning of the pin.

"What nonsense, Mr. Carter!" said she; "but it's awfully pretty. Thanks, so very, very much. Aren't relations funny people?"

"If you wish to change the subject, pray do," said I. "I'll change anything except my affections."

"Look here," she pursued, holding out a bundle of letters. "Here are the congratulatory epistles from relations. Shall I read you a few?"

"It will be a most agreeable mode of passing the time," said I.

"This is from Aunt Georgiana—she's a widow—lives at Cheltenham. 'My dearest Dorothea——' "

"Who?"

"Dorothea's my name, Mr. Carter. It means the gift of Heaven, you know."

"Precisely. Pray proceed, Miss Dolly. I did not at first recognize you."

"'My dearest Dorothea, I have heard the news of your engagement to Lord Mickleham with deep thankfulness. To obtain the love of an honest man is a great prize. I hope you will prove worthy of it. Marriage is a trial and an opportunity——' "

"Hear, hear!" said I. "A trial for the husband and——"

"Be quiet, Mr. Carter. 'A trial and an opportunity. It searches the heart and it affords a sphere of usefulness which——' So she goes on, you know. I don't see why I need be lectured just because I'm going to be married, do you, Mr. Carter?"

"Let's try another," said I. "Who's that on pink paper?"

"Oh, that's Georgy Vane. She's awful fun. 'Dear old Dolly,—So you've brought it off. Hearty congrats. I thought you were going to be silly and throw away——' There's nothing else there, Mr. Carter. Look here. Listen to this. It's from Uncle William. He's a clergyman, you know. 'My dear Niece.—I have heard with great gratifica-

tion of your engagement. Your aunt and I unite in all good wishes. I recollect Lord Mickleham's father when I held a curacy near Worcester. He was a regular attendant at church and a supporter of all good works in the diocese. If only his son takes after him' (fancy Archie!) 'you have secured a prize. I hope you have a proper sense of the responsibilities you are undertaking. Marriage affords no small opportunities; it also entails certain trials——' ”

“Why, you're reading Aunt Georgiana again.”

“Am I? No, it's Uncle William.”

“Then let's try a fresh cast—unless you'll finish Georgy Vane's.”

“Well, here's Cousin Susan's. She's an old maid, you know. It's very long. Here's a bit: ‘Woman has it in her power to exercise a sacred influence. I have not the pleasure of knowing Lord Mickleham, but I hope, my dear, that you will use your power over him for good. It is useless for me to deny that when you stayed with me, I thought you were addicted to frivolity. Doubtless marriage will sober you. Try to make a good use of its lessons. I am sending you a biscuit tin’—and so on.”

“A very proper letter,” said I.

Miss Dolly indulged in a slight grimace, and took up another letter.

“This,” she said, “is from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Algernon Foster.”

“A daughter of Lord Doldrums, wasn't she?”

"Yes. 'My dear Dorothea,—I have heard your news.' I do hope it will turn out happily. I believe that any woman who *conscientiously* does her duty can find happiness in married life. Her husband and children occupy all her time and all her thoughts, and if she can look for a few of the *lighter* pleasures of life, she has at least the knowledge that she is of *use* in the world. Please accept the accompanying volumes' (it's *Browning*) 'as a small——' I say, Mr. Carter, do you think it's really like that?"

"There is still time to draw back," I observed.

"Oh, don't be silly. Here, this is my brother Tom's. 'Dear Dol,—I thought Mickleham rather an ass when I met him, but I dare say you know best. What's his place like? Does he take a moor? I thought I read that he kept a yacht. Does he? Give him my love and a kiss. Good luck, old girl.—Tom. P.S.—I'm glad it's not me, you know.' "

"A disgusting letter," I observed.

"Not at all," said Miss Dolly, dimpling. "It's just like dear old Tom. Listen to grandpapa's. 'My dear granddaughter,—The alliance' (I rather like its being called an alliance, Mr. Carter. It sounds like the Royal Family, doesn't it?) 'you are about to contract is in all respects a suitable one. I send you my blessing, and a small check to help toward your trousseau. Yours affectionately, Jno. Wm. Foster.' "

"That," said I, "is the best up to now."

"Yes, it's 500," said she, smiling. "Here's old Lady M.'s."

"*Whose?*" I exclaimed.

"Archie's mother, you know. 'My dear Dorothea (as I suppose I must call you now)—Archibald has informed us of his engagement, and I and the girls' (there are five girls, Mr. Carter) 'hasten to welcome his bride. I am sure Archie will make his wife very happy. He is rather particular (like his dear father), but he has a good heart, and is not fidgety about his meals. Of course we shall be *delighted* to move out of The Towers at once. I hope we shall see a great deal of you soon. Archie is full of your praises, and we thoroughly trust his taste. Archie——' It's all about Archie, you see."

"Naturally," said I.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I count a little, too. Oh, look here. Here's Cousin Fred's—but he's always so silly. I shan't read you his."

"Oh, just a bit of it," I pleaded.

"Well, here's one bit. 'I suppose I can't murder him, so I must wish him joy. All I can say is, Dolly, that he's the luckiest' (something I can't read—either fellow or—devil) 'I ever heard of. I wonder if you've forgotten that evening——'"

"Well, go on." For she stopped.

"Oh, there's nothing else."

"In fact, you have forgotten the evening?"

"Entirely," said Miss Dolly, tossing her head.

"But he sends me a love of a bracelet. He can't possibly pay for it, poor boy."

"Young knave!" said I severely. (I had paid for my pearl heart.)

"Then come a lot from girls. Oh, there's one from Maud Tottenham—she's second cousin, you know—it's rather amusing. 'I used to know your *fiancé* slightly. He seemed very nice, but it's a long while ago, and I never saw much of him. I hope he is really fond of you, and that it is not a mere *fancy*. Since you love him so much, it would be a pity if he did not deeply care for you.'"

"Interpret, Miss Dolly," said I.

"She tried to catch him herself," said Miss Dolly.

"Ah, I see. Is that all?"

"The others aren't very interesting."

"Then let's finish Georgy Vane's."

"Really?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes. Really."

"Oh, if you don't mind, I don't," said she, laughing, and she hunted out the pink note and spread it before her. "Let me see. Where was I? Oh, here. 'I thought you were going to be silly and throw away your chances on some of the men who used to flirt with you. Archie Mickleham may not be a genius, but he's a good fellow and a swell and rich; he's not a pauper, like Phil Meadows, or a snob, like Charlie Dawson, or——' Shall I go on, Mr. Carter? No, I won't. I didn't see what it was."

"Yes, you shall go on."



"Oh, no, I can't," and she folded up the letter.

"Then I will," and I'm ashamed to say I snatched the letter. Miss Dolly jumped to her feet. I fled behind the table. She ran round. I dodged.

"'Or——'" I began to read.

"Stop!" cried she.

"'Or a young spendthrift like that man—I forget his name—whom you used to go on with at such a pace at Monte Carlo last winter.'"

"Stop!" she cried, stamping her foot. I read on—

"'No doubt he was charming, my dear, and no doubt anybody would have thought you meant it; but I never doubted you. Still, weren't you just a little——'"

"Stop!" she cried. "You must stop, Mr. Carter."

So then I stopped. I folded the letter and handed it back to her. Her cheeks flushed red as she took it.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said she, biting her lip.

"I was at Monte Carlo last winter myself," said I.

"Lord Mickleham," said the butler, throwing open the door.

---

### A Certain Young Lady.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE'S a certain young lady

Who's just in her heyday

And full of all mischief, I ween,

So teasing! so pleasing!  
Capricious! delicious!  
And you know very well whom I mean.

With an eye dark as night,  
Yet than noonday more bright,  
Was ever a black eye so keen?  
It can thrill with a glance,  
With a beam can entrance,  
And you know very well whom I mean.

With a stately step—such as  
You'd expect in a duchess—  
And a brow might distinguish a queen,  
With a mighty proud air,  
That says, "Touch me who dare,"  
And you know very well whom I mean.

With a toss of her head  
That strikes one quite dead,  
But a smile to revive one again;  
That toss so appalling!  
That smile so enthralling!  
And you know very well whom I mean.

Confound her! devil take her!—  
A cruel heart-breaker—  
But hold! see that smile so serene.  
God love her! God bless her!  
May nothing distress her!  
You know very well whom I mean.

Heaven help the adorer  
Who happens to bore her,  
The lover who wakens her spleen ;  
But too blest for a sinner  
Is he who shall win her,  
And you know very well whom I mean.

---

### The Ape and the Lady.

W. S. GILBERT.

A LADY fair, of lineage high,  
Was loved by an Ape, in the days gone by.  
The Maid was radiant as the sun,  
The Ape was a most unsightly one—  
So it would not do,  
His scheme fell through ;  
For the Maid, when his love took formal shape,  
Expressed such terror  
At his monstrous error  
That he stammered an apology and made his 'scape,  
The picture of a disconcerted Ape.  
With a view to rise in the social scale,  
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,  
He grew mustachios, and he took his tub,  
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club.  
But it would not do,  
The scheme fell through ;  
For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,  
With golden tresses,  
Like a real princess's,

While the Ape, despite his razor keen,  
Was the apiest Ape that ever was seen!

He bought white ties and he bought dress suits,  
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots,  
And to start his life on a brand-new plan,  
He christened himself Darwinian Man!

But it would not do,  
The scheme fell through—  
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,  
Was a radiant Being,  
With a brain far-seeing—  
While a Man, however well-behaved,  
At best is only a monkey shaved!

---

### Rip Van Winkle.

From Act I. of the play as produced by Joseph Jefferson following the story by Washington Irving.

Characters: RIP VAN WINKLE, DERRICK VON BEEKMAN and NICK VEDDER, the village inn-keeper. DERRICK and NICK are present when RIP enters, shaking off the children.

*Rip (to the children).* Say! hullo dere, d Yacob Stein! du kleine spitzboob. Let dat do Schneider alone, will you? Dere, I tole you dat a de time, if you don'd let him alone he's goin' t bide you! Why, hullo, Derrick! how you was Ach my! Did you hear dem liddle fellers jus now? Dey most plague me crazy. Ha, ha, ha! I like to laugh my outsides in every time I t'ink about

it. Just now, as we was comin' along togedder, Schneider and me—I don'd know if you know Schneider myself? Well, he's my dog. Well, dem liddle fellers, dey took Schneider, und—ha, ha, ha!—dey—ha, ha!—dey *tied a tin kettle mit his tail!* Ha, ha, ha! My gracious! of you had seen dat dog run! My, how scared he was! Vell, he was a-runnin' an' de kettle was a-bangin' an'—ha, ha, ha! you believe it, dat dog, he run right *betwixt me an' my legs!* Ha, ha, ha! He spill me und all dem liddle fellers down in de mud togedder. Ha, ha, ha!

*Von B.* Ah, yes, that's all right, Rip, very funny, very funny; but what do you say to a glass of liquor, Rip?

*Rip.* Well, now, Derrick, what do I generally say to a glass? I generally say it's a good t'ing, don'd I? Und I generally say a good deal more to what is *in* it, dan to de glass.

*Von B.* Certainly, certainly! Say, hallo, there! Nick Vedder, bring out a bottle of your best!

*Rip.* Dat's right—fill 'em up. You wouldn't believe it, Derrick, but dat is de first one I have had to-day. I guess maybe de reason is, I couldn't got it before. Ah, Derrick, my score is too big! Well, here is your good health und your family's—may they all live long und prosper. (*They drink.*) Ach! you may well smack your lips, und go ah, ah! over *dat* liquor. You don'd give me such liquor like dat every day, Nick Vedder. Well, come on, fill 'em up again. Git out mit dat water, Nick Vedder,

I don'd want no water in my liquor. Good liquor and water, Derrick, is just like man und wife, *dey don'd agree well togedder*—dat's me und my wife, any way. Well, come on again. Here is your good health und your family's, und may dey all live long und prosper!

*Nick Vcdder.* That's right, Rip; drink away, and "drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl."

*Rip.* Drown my sorrows? Ya, dat's all very well, but *she don'd drown*. My wife is my sorrow und you can't drown her; she tried it once, but she couldn't do it. What, didn't you hear about dat, de day what Gretchen she like to got drowned? Ach, my! dat's de funniest t'ing in de world. I'll tell you all about it. It was de same day what we got married. I bet I don'd forgot *dat* day so long what I live. You know dat Hudson River what dey git dem boats over—well, dat's de same place. Well, you know dat boat what Gretchen she was a-goin' to come over in, dat got *upsetted*—ya, just went righd by der boddom. *But she wasn't in de boat*. Oh, no; if she had been in de boat, well, den, maybe she might have got drowned. You can't tell anyt'ing at all about a t'ing like dat!

*Von B.* Ah, no; but I'm sure, Rip, if Gretchen were to fall into the water now, you would risk your life to save her.

*Rip.* *Would I?* Well, I am not so sure about dat myself. When we was first got married? Oh, ya; I know I would have done it den, but I don'd know

how it would be now. But it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. Don'd you know, Derrick, when a man gits married a long time—mit his wife—he gits a good deal attached mit her, und it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was 'den. But I don'd know, Derrick. I am afraid if Gretchen should fall in de water now und should say, "Rip, Rip! help me oud"—I should say, "Mrs. Van Winkle, I will just go home und t'ink about it." Oh, no, Derrick; if Gretchen fall in de water now she's got to swim, I told you dat—ha, ha, ha, ha! Hullo! dat's her a-comin' now; I guess it's bedder I go oud!

---

### Before Playing Tinkertown.

(A Distinguished Citizen Advises the Advance Agent.)

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

From "Rimes to be Read." Copyright, 1897, by Edmund V. Cooke. Reprinted by permission.

So you're goan' to give a show?  
Well, I s'pose you likely know  
Yer own bus'ness, but I'm glad  
—Ez fer me—I never had  
Money in the show biz here,  
Fer our folks is mighty queer.  
An' you see when they first built  
Our new Op'ry House, they kilt  
The hull business, 'cause they give  
More shows than could run—an' live.

Give two in one week one time.  
One was minstrels. They was prime!  
But what kilt us was the other;  
Some blame lecturer or-ruther  
Talked about a Chiny wall  
An' a Pyramids an' all  
That there sort o' rot. An' so,  
Bein' as folks had paid, you know,  
Fifteen cents to see a *show*,  
Lots of 'em felt ruther sore  
An' don't go to shows no more.

Course your show is good? No doubt.  
But you see the town's showed out;  
Less'n three weeks back we had  
Hamlet. Had it purty bad.  
Actors—they was purty fair,  
Speshly one with yeller hair.  
He had talunt! He could shout  
An' jes' drown the others out!  
But the play itself was sad.  
'Sides, it was a draggy, bad  
Sort of sadness. Didn't begin  
To come up to ol' East Lynne!

Jabez Tubbs, he sez, sez he,  
"I'll take ol' East Lynne fer me;  
Mebbe these new plays is fine,  
But I'll take the ol' fer mine."  
'Scuse me fer goan' on this way,  
But I'm feared yer show won't pay.



It's a bad week fer a show,  
'Cause most folks that gits to go  
Is a-restin' up jest now  
Fer the Social. An' that's how  
Things most always is 'round here.  
P'r'aps there's nothin' fer a year,  
Then, first thing a feller knows,  
We're just overrun with shows.  
P'r'aps a little later might  
Find a better week, an' night.  
Still, I dunno, fer ye see  
P'tracted meetin' soon'll be,  
An' of course you know that's free,  
An' that nachelly kills a show  
Where you got to pay to git to go.

---

### The Late John Wiggins.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

From *Everybody's Magazine*. Copyright, 1909, by the  
Ridgway Company.

I FIRST met John Wiggins on the second day of May, one year ago. I was living in a small house in the village of Westcote, on Long Island, when I learned that the old Gibbs Mansion on Fremont Street was vacant. I leased the place, and on the first of May moved in.

Toward evening we had things installed in a rough, temporary way, and next morning we all set to work hanging pictures and so on, and I was hard

at it in the room I had chosen for my study, on the second floor, when Agnes called up to me.

"Edgar," she said, "can you come down for a minute? A man wants to see you."

I went down just as I was, collarless and bare-armed, and as I descended Agnes vanished toward the kitchen, merely saying, as she went: "In the parlor."

In the parlor, sitting on one of the chairs, was a rather stout man with a red face. He looked like a hearty and well-tanned market gardener dressed in his Sunday clothes.

"Well," he said, with a sheepish grin, before I could speak, "I've come back." Immediately, as if he felt he had made a mistake, he said it again, differently.

"Well," he said, gruffly, "I've come back." There was something threatening in his tone, which I resented, and he tried again. He said cheerfully, "Well, I've *came* back."

"Back?" I said, puzzled.

"That's it," he said, triumphantly. "I was afraid I couldn't do it, but I done it! I'm back."

I tried to remember him, but I could not.

"I'm John Wiggins," he said, as if that settled it, "and you needn't bother riggin' up a room for me in the house. I'll sleep in the barn. Don't you go to no trouble for me at all. I'll eat in the kitchen."

I was about to explain that he must have mistaken the house, when he went on. "Come to think of it," he said, grinning, "I don't eat."

"Come to think of it," he said with a greater grin, "I don't sleep."

He bent over and rubbed his left knee and calf, ending by giving the ankle a few brisk rubs.

"I might say," he said, "that wages ain't no object. Ain't that fair? All I want is work, and no feed and no sleep. Ain't that fair? And no wages. Ain't that fair? And come to think of it, it don't make no difference, anyway. I've come back, and you can't help it. Where d'you keep the scythe?"

"Now, see here!" I said suddenly, for, although I am a good-tempered man, I felt that this fellow was going too far. "I don't know what you want, but I know I don't want you. Good morning."

John Wiggins rubbed his left leg, but he did not get up. "I just thought it would be sort of polite to let you know I was coming," he said, "and if you ain't got a scythe I can use a sickle, but if you ain't got a sickle you'll have to get one."

"See here," I exclaimed, "I have no time to fool away. If you have a sensible request to make, make it, and I'll give you a civil answer. Who are you, anyway?"

"Well, now," said the man, rubbing his leg gently, "I'll *tell* you. I'll tell *you*, but I wouldn't tell everybody, by no means. I'm a ghost."

He grinned, and continued rubbing his left leg. I could see nothing ghostly about him. To my normal eye he was a hearty man-of-all-work, with, perhaps, a touch of rheumatism in one leg; and to my normal nose he offered the unspiritual odor of a stale

tobacco pipe; my normal ear could hear him breathe. I never saw a man with fewer ghostly qualities.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"Well, now," said John Wiggins, frankly, "I admit I didn't bring no written testimonials with me. Truth is, I couldn't git them to give me any. I asked for some, but they refused. You see, I've got a bad leg."

He stuck his left leg straight out and looked at it sadly. "That's the feller," he said reproachfully. "That's my bum leg. I can't git no testimonial until that leg's cured. That leg has got a bad case of inetherealization, it has, and that's why I've got to git a job here. I've got to stay here and work until that there left leg etherealizes proper. That's the prescription I got.

"Old Mrs. Gibbs I used to work for—she was a good old lady and done her duty, and she etherealized complete and proper when her time come, but I didn't. I had somethin' on my conscience, and it settled in my left leg and that leg ain't never etherealized to this day. So I begun to look up what was the matter, and I took advice on it. 'Well,' says Doc, 'you must have done some crime.' But I hadn't, and I told him so. Come to find out, it was the way I treated poor old Mrs. Gibbs the last year she was alive. I soldiered on her. I skimped my work.

"So Doc examined my left leg and he says there's only two things to do. One was to have the **leg**

amputated and go around all the rest of forever as a one-legged ghost, and the other was to go back to the place I'd loafed and put in the time I'd loafed, and do the things I'd not done, and that would cure my left leg. Doc said I'd only have to put in, each day, the time I'd loafed the similar day, and do up the odd jobs I'd left undone. So here I am."

"Mr. Wiggins," I said firmly, when he had finished, "I will not have you around this place! I do not care a whit whether your left leg etherealizes or not. But this I do know: my wife is deathly afraid of ghosts, and for that reason I do not want you around if you *are* a ghost; and my father is going to attend to the yard and would resent your presence, so I do not want you around if you are *not* a ghost. I do not believe in ghosts, but you may, if you choose. That is your right. But if I find you around here I shall treat you as a common and obnoxious human being, and see that you are placed where you will do no harm, and that is in jail, for trespass."

I expected this to frighten John Wiggins away, but he only grinned.

"It's time for me to be gitting along," he said, "but I'll start in to-morrow, so if I was you I wouldn't worry about it."

I thought best to humor his delusion. I could arrange to have a policeman at the house the next day, and that would settle the matter.

"Very well," I said; "but let me ask you two

favours. My wife is afraid of ghosts—do not let her see you; and my father is jealous of his yard—do not let him see you.”

John Wiggins thought for a moment. “All right,” he said at last, “that’s fair enough, and I’ll make a bargain. I’ll keep out of their way if you’ll store this here left leg of mine when I ain’t working, and——”

Suddenly John Wiggins turned white and half rose from his chair. He stared at the door behind me, and I turned, but I could see nothing. I heard Mary McGuffy’s voice calling some words out of the kitchen window to my father.

“All roight, sor,” I heard her say, “Oi’ll ask Mither Edgar.”

John Wiggins gasped and licked his dry lips. “Gin—gin—ginger!” he managed to mutter. “It’s Mary—Mary McGuffy—it’s my old sweetheart! And she always was afraid of ghosts! I’m going to——”

I heard Mary’s heavy tread in the hall, and, as I looked at him, John Wiggins rapidly turned into thin white air and vanished. There was a thud on one of my Turkish rugs, and I had just time, before Mary appeared, to drop on my knees and wrap John Wiggins’s unetherealized left leg in the rug.

Few men, I imagine, have ever had occasion to wrap a leg in a rug, and those who have probably chose some other rug than a stiff Daghestan. Had I been choosing I should have chosen some other

rug myself, but I was hurried. I had to act instantly. No man wants his servant to enter a room and see him standing idly before an unattached leg. It would be hard to account for such a piece of property in any event, and I foresaw that it would be most unpleasant for me to have to explain to a superstitious creature like Mary that what she saw was the leg of her recent sweetheart. I could not stand there and, with apparent indifference, say, "Mary, there is John Wiggins's leg. Take it away." So I sat down and rolled the leg in the rug. It made an awkward, bulky parcel, and, as it had a tendency to unroll, I took it in my arms and hugged it.

I think Mary was surprised to see me sitting on the parlor floor hugging a large rolled-up rug as if it were a doll, one end of the roll on my lap, and the other reclining on my shoulder; but I tried to appear as if this were necessary work in fixing up the house. Luckily, moving time is the one time when a dignified man can sit on a bare floor with legs extended and hug a rug without being considered insane, and I was puzzled that Mary showed any surprise at all, until I discovered that John Wiggins's boot was protruding from the end of the roll that lay against my cheek. I admit that Mary was right to be surprised. Logically, she could not understand why, when there was so much work to be done, I should wrap a boot in an Oriental rug and sit down on the parlor floor and nurse it.

When Mary went, I jumped up nimbly and started upstairs with the rug.

I wrapped John Wiggins's leg in manila wrapping paper and tied the parcel with stout twine. On the paper I wrote, in ink, "Curtain Rods and Fixtures," and stood the package boldly in the corner of my room. It was safe there. Agnes looked at the package once during the day, but when she read the words I had written she turned away.

The next morning I was awakened by a knock on my bedroom door, and when I opened it I found my father, in his bathrobe, looking displeased.

"Edgar," he said, "there is a man in the back yard cutting the grass. Of course, if you want a man to cut the grass, I have nothing to say; but I thought it was understood that the grounds were to be *my* work. And if it is, as I suppose, some one stealing the grass for his horse, he shouldn't be allowed to do it."

I threw on my bathrobe and went into his room, where a window commanded the back yard. Instantly I knew John Wiggins had come back. Even at that distance I could recognize the wrapper I had put around his left leg, and I thought I could make out the words "Curtain Rods and Fixtures."

"Father," I said with pretended anger, "I will soon see what that man is about! I never heard of such impudence!" I hurried out to where John Wiggins was strenuously swinging a scythe.

"Hello," he said pleasantly, when he saw me.



"You see I have come back, like I said I would. Much obliged for keeping my leg, but it ain't really necessary to take so much trouble with it. You don't need to mind to wrap it up; it won't hurt none to git a little dusty. I'd of took the wrappers off, but I ain't got much time to make up to-day, and I didn't want to waste none. You see they've got my schedule all laid out, day for day, all the days I loafed any, and all I have to make up in any one day is what time I loafed on the correspondin' day when—when I was here before."

I glanced up and saw my father looking at us from his window, and I began to speak to John Wiggins in a violent manner.

"I see you didn't git no sickle, like I told you to," he said reproachfully. "I had to go over next door and sort of borry this scythe without sayin' nothin' to nobody about it. I guess you'd better git——"

At that instant John Wiggins faded gently away and left me standing before his fallen scythe and his left leg. He had made up his time for that day. I looked guiltily toward the window; my father was gone. I gathered up the leg and hurried into the house with it, and managed to hide it in the low closet in the butler's pantry before my father came down.

"I settled *that* pretty quick!" I said. "I sent *him* about his business. If you see him about here again, let me know. And I wish, after breakfast, you would take that scythe home. The fellow

took it, without permission, from the house next door. Explain it." I thought I had better let my father do the explaining, because I was afraid I might explain a little too much if I tried it myself. My nerves were upset.

Early the next morning I was up and dressed, ready to go down the moment John Wiggins appeared. But he did not appear! All that day his leg lay dormant in my closet. When, the next morning, he still did not come back, I could hardly contain myself. I shut myself in my study and paced the floor, and I was near a nervous breakdown when my closet door opened and John Wiggins stepped out. It was ten minutes to twelve.

He stood before me and smiled. "Well, how're you feelin' to-day?" he asked. "I've got a little job to do in this room, an' if you'll tell me where I can find a hammer and a big nail I won't trouble you to git them. I've got to put a nail into the wall right up there where that picture is."

"You will *not*!" I declared. "I have just had this room papered, and I will not have any nails——"

"Sorry," he said, "but I've got to put a nail in. Old Mrs. Gibbs she told me to one day, and I didn't do it, and now I've got to."

I got the nails and the hammer for him, and he stood on a chair and removed the picture. He handed it to me, and I stood holding it as he drove the big nail just where I did not want any nail to

be. I saw the plaster crack as the nail went in, and I knew it would make a bad hole when I pulled the nail out again. I asked if I had the right to remove it when he'd finished.

"Why, cert," he said good-naturedly. "All I've got to do is what I left undone when——"

At the last blow of the hammer John Wiggins vanished and his left leg toppled off the chair. I caught it just in time to receive the falling hammer on the back of my head. A couple of nails John Wiggins had been holding clattered to the floor, but I did not hear them, for the hammer had stunned me. When I regained consciousness I was lying on my bed, and Agnes was bending over me.

"Edgar," she exclaimed, "what *were* you trying to do? Why did you drive that nail into the new wall-paper? What were you doing with that bundle of curtain rods?"

"The curtain rods!" I cried wildly. "What did you do with the curtain rods?"


"Now lie down," she urged, pushing me back. "Don't worry about those old curtain rods. I had Mary put them in the closet of her room, out of the way until next fall."

That instant a wild scream came from the floor above, followed by the thud of a heavy body bouncing from step to step, and a crash as the door at the foot of the servants' stairs burst open. From my bed I could see Mary on the floor at the bottom of the stairs, rubbing the back of her head. Her

face was white, and her eyes were staring, and she was breathing hard. Instinct told me that John Wiggins had come back to do some little odd job in the garret, and had met Mary; and I had no heart to scold her for coming downstairs so carelessly. Any girl would be surprised if, on opening a closet door, her late deceased lover should step out, with one leg done up in manila paper.

Agnes had rushed to Mary, but when Mary was able to speak she shut her lips tightly. I saw there was no danger of her saying anything about John Wiggins. She was superstitious, but she had a natural dread of ridicule. As soon as Agnes was sure Mary had broken no bones, she went downstairs, and I heard Mary go up to her room. In a few moments I saw her come down again with the bundle labelled "Curtain Rods and Fixtures." I was not surprised to see her carry it into the bathroom and throw it out of the window into the middle of a large lilac bush. Ordinarily I should have spoken to Mary in no mild tone about treating a bundle of curtain rods and fixtures in that way, but I said nothing.

I dressed hurriedly and hastened downstairs, but I was too late. My father had already rescued the package from the depths of the lilac bush, and as I peered cautiously from the back-parlor window I saw him carrying it toward the barn. He had it tucked under his arm, and he was half-way across the yard when John Wiggins appeared suddenly, on



the end of his left leg. He was in an awkward and uncomfortable position, and as he stood facing my father he had to hop up and down on his right leg to maintain his balance. He might have had a bad fall had my father not instantly released his hold on John Wiggins's left leg. But he did release it instantly. No one could have released anything more quickly in any circumstances.

John Wiggins immediately began talking to my father in his usual good-natured way, but I could see that my father had no desire for conversation. He seemed distraught, and, after standing a few minutes in absolute silence, he walked to the house, went to his room, and locked his door. For months my father remained in a dazed condition. He never said anything to me or to Agnes about it, but I could see that he was worried. He used to linger near John Wiggins, and when he disappeared my father would sigh and pick up the left leg and carry it meekly to the barn. If John Wiggins had been a child, and his left leg had been his toys, and my father had been a nursemaid, my father could not have gathered up after John Wiggins more faithfully and patiently than he did. He never uttered a word of reproach, although John Wiggins was most disorderly in the way in which he would go off and leave his leg here and there. And Mary would watch my father gather up the leg and carry it away without a word. She pretended that she did not see it; and sometimes, when John Wiggins

etherealized in the kitchen, Mary would carry the left leg to my father and give it to him, but she never admitted that it *was* John Wiggins's left leg—she always said, "Here's them currtin rods."

What worried me most was the fear that Agnes might see John Wiggins and understand what he was. I dreaded the effect on her tender nerves should she see John Wiggins suddenly appear on the end of the bundle of curtain rods, or should she see him as suddenly melt into thin air. I could not understand how she could see a man cutting our grass, with one leg done up in manila paper, and not think it odd.

So things went on from bad to worse. I had to buy the old Gibbs horse, the old Gibbs buggy, and many more things for John Wiggins to work on. One day my wife came into my room. "Edgar," she said severely, "I have a confession to make. For over a year this house has been haunted, and I knew it all the while! And I knew that you knew it. Oh," she said quickly, as I opened my mouth to speak, "I know I've done wrong, but I did not know it at the time. I saw that you were laboring with the trouble, and I did not like to worry you additionally by letting you know I was worried, too. But the last month you have been growing more and more depressed, and I felt it my duty to do what a woman could do."

"Agnes," I cried, "what could you do?"

"I watched," she said. "I felt that the future of us all depended on me, and that made me brave.

I saw how your poor father was gathering up John Wiggins's leg day after day so meekly and uncomplainingly; how Mary was doing her work in spite of the care she had on her mind, and how your bank account was dwindling to nothing to supply John Wiggins——”

“You know his name?” I exclaimed.

“Indeed, yes,” she said. “You talk in your sleep, Edgar. But I know more than that. I know that John Wiggins *never* worked for Mrs. Gibbs.”

“He was a lazy fellow,” I admitted.

“He never worked for her at all,” said Agnes, and while I stared at her she continued, “Do you know where his left leg is?”

I thought I did. I said my father kept it on a shelf in the barn. Agnes, in two words, ordered me to get it. I hurried to the barn and brought back the manila package to her. With a few quick snips of the scissors she opened the package. There was nothing in it but an old shoe and some rolls of rags.

“There!” she exclaimed. “And the same was in the package at Mr. Gray's and at Mr. Overman's and at Mr. Gerster's. At Mr. Long's there is the same. John Wiggins has been at Mr. Long's only a week. Mr. Gerster has just bought a horse of Ike Wiggins. Mr. Overman has just bought a buggy. Mr. Gray has just bought a flag pole from Ike Wiggins. *All* of them live in houses where recent occupants have died.”

“Agnes!” I exclaimed.

"All of them," she repeated. "And to all of them John Wiggins has told the same story. He is the most disreputable, mean, dishonest ghost I ever heard of. He has robbed all of us, and if I hadn't disliked the look of his eye he would still be robbing us."

When she had said this she paused, and for some time I thought deeply. "Agnes," I said at length, "I have never had much faith in ghosts——"

"And I shall never believe in one again," she said.

"That is right," I said; "they do not deserve to be believed in. But now that we know the true character of John Wiggins's ghost, how are we to get rid of him? You are sure you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Not now. I did once, Edgar, but since I have met John Wiggins's ghost I do not. He is beyond belief."

"He is," I said. "If I let myself be fooled into believing in him, it was only because he had such good proof. He left a leg with me. But now I have no leg of a ghost, I do not believe in ghosts. Ghosts exist for their believers only. And I am sure my father has seen too much of John Wiggins to believe in him. The only doubtful person is Mary."

"If Mary believes in ghosts she must go!" said Agnes firmly. "We cannot have a ghost hanging around the house just because a servant believes in one."



I went down to interview Mary, and, though I would have been loath to lose such a good maid, I was fully decided to discharge her at once if she believed in John Wiggins. But I found she did not. She admitted that she had at first, but lately she had fallen in love with the fishman, and she assured me that since then she had entirely disbelieved in John Wiggins. This made my task easier, and I prepared to receive John Wiggins as he deserved to be received.

He came next morning about eleven o'clock—yesterday morning—and I met him in the yard. He was as self-possessed as ever, and as smiling, and he wore the manila paper wrapper just as he had always worn it, for I had been careful to put it in its usual place in the barn.

“Well,” he said heartily, “I guess you’ll have to git an automobile, I guess you will. I never tended to Mrs. Gibbs’s automobile the way I ought to have, and brother Ike has it. I guess you can buy it from——”

“Stop!” I said imperiously. “This has gone too far. You can fool me a while, but not forever. I no longer believe in ghosts. You have long ago worked your leg out of inetherealization. Get out of here!”

For answer he only grinned, and rubbed his manila package where it was marked “Curtain Rods and Fixtures.” Had I entertained any doubts—had I imagined there was a real leg in the package,

I must even then have suffered defeat, but I myself had filled the package with gunpowder. I threw myself at the left leg with such skill and agility as I had left from my old football tackle days, and wrenched the leg from John Wiggins. As I had expected, another leg stood in its place, but even as John Wiggins grappled with me I made a backward pass of the package and tossed it to my father, who struck a match and touched it to the paper. Instantly there was a flash, and all the proof we had that there was such a ghost as John Wiggins disappeared in a cloud of blue smoke and faded away; but not before Agnes had caught a snap shot of it, showing that both legs were now etherealized.

---

### Grampy Sings a Song.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

ROW-DIDDY, dow de, my little sis,  
Hush up your teasin' and listen to this:  
'Tain't much of a jingle, 'tain't much of a tune,  
But it's spang-fired truth about Chester Cahoon.  
The thund'rinest fireman Lord ever made  
Was Chester Cahoon of the Tuttsville Brigade.  
He was boss of the tub and the foreman of hose;  
When the 'larm rung he'd start, sis, a-sheddin' his  
clothes,—  
Slung coat and slung wes'coat and kicked off his  
shoes,

A-running' like fun, for he'd no time to lose.  
And he'd howl down the ro'd in a big cloud of dust,  
For he made it his brag he was allus there fust.  
Allus there fust, with a whoop and a shout,  
And he never shut up till the fire was out.  
And he'd knock out the winders and save all the  
doors,  
And tear off the clapboards, and rip up the floors,  
For he allus allowed 'twas a tarnation sin  
To 'low 'em to burn, for you'd want 'em agin.  
He gen'rally stirred up the most of his touse  
In hustling to save the outside of the house.  
And after he'd wrassled and hollered and pried,  
He'd let up and tackle the stuff 'twas inside.  
To see him you'd think he was daft as a loon,  
But that was just habit with Chester Cahoon.  
Row diddy-iddy, my little sis,  
Now see what ye think of a doin' like this:  
The time of the fire at Jenkins' old place—  
It got a big start—was a desprit case;  
The fambly they didn't know which way to turn,  
And by gracious it looked like it was all to burn.  
But Chester Cahoon—oh, that Chester Cahoon,  
He sailed to the roof like a reg'lar balloon;  
Donno how he done it, but done it he did,—  
Went down through the scuttle and shet down the  
lid.  
And five minutes later that critter he came  
To the second-floor winder surrounded by flame.  
He lugged in his arms, sis, a stove and a bed,

And balanced a bureau right square on his head.  
His hands they was loaded with crockery stuff,  
China and glass; as if that warn't enough,  
He'd rolls of big quilts round his neck like a  
wreath,  
And carried Mis' Jenkins' old aunt with his teeth.  
You're right—gospel right, little sis—didn't seem  
The critter'd git down, but he called for the stream,  
And when it come, strong and big round as my  
wrist,  
He stuck out his legs, sis, and give 'em a twist;  
And he hooked round the water jes' if 'twas a rope,  
And down he come, easin' himself on the slope,—  
So almighty spry that he made that 'ere stream  
As fit for his pupp'us as if 'twas a beam.  
Oh, the thund'rinest fireman Lord ever made  
Was Chester Cahoon of the Tuttsville Brigade.

---

### The Great Pancake Record.

OWEN JOHNSON.

A cutting from "The Eternal Boy," a book of Lawrenceville School stories. Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Reprinted by permission.

LITTLE Smeed, his hat askew, his collar rolled up, his bag at his feet, stood in the road, alone in the world, miserable and thoroughly frightened. One path led to the silent, hostile group on the steps,

another went in safety to the master's entrance. He picked up his bag hastily.

"Hello, you—over there!"

Smeed understood it was a command. He turned submissively and approached with embarrassed steps. Face to face with these superior beings, tanned and muscular, stretched in Olympian attitudes, he realized all at once the hopelessness of his ever daring to associate with such demi-gods. Still he stood, shifting from foot to foot, eyeing the steps, waiting for the solemn ordeal of examination and classification to be over.

"Well, Hungry—what's your name?"

Smeed comprehended that the future was decided, and that to the grave he would go down as "Hungry" Smeed. With a sigh of relief he answered:

"Smeed—John Smeed."

"Sir!"

"Sir."

"How old?"

"Fifteen."

"Sir!"

"Sir."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and six—sir!"

A grim silence succeeded this depressing information. Then some one in the back, as a mere matter of form, asked:

"Never played football?"

"No, sir."

"Baseball?"

"No, sir."

"Anything on track?"

"No, sir."

"Sing?"

"No, sir," said Smeed, humbly.

"Do anything at all?"

Little Smeed glanced at the eaves where the swallows were swaying and then down at the soft couch of green at his feet and answered faintly:

"No, sir—I'm afraid not."

Another silence came, then some one said, in a voice of deepest conviction:

"A dead loss!"

Smeed went sadly into the house.

At the door he lingered long enough to hear the chorus burst out:

"A fine football team we'll have!"

"It's a put-up job!"

"They don't want us to win the championship again—that's it!"

"I say, we ought to kick."

Then, after a little, the same deep voice:

"A dead loss!"

With each succeeding week Hungry Smeed comprehended more fully the enormity of his offence in doing nothing and weighing one hundred and six pounds. He saw the new boys arrive, pass through the fire of christening, give respectable weights and go forth to the gridiron to be whipped into shape

by Turkey and the Butcher, who played on the school eleven. Smeed humbly and thankfully went down each afternoon to the practice, carrying the sweaters and shin-guards, like the grateful little beast of burden that he was. He watched his juniors, Spider and Red Dog, rolling in the mud or flung gloriously under an avalanche of bodies; but then, they weighed over a hundred and thirty, while he was still at one hundred and six—a dead loss! The fever of house loyalty invaded him; he even came to look with resentment on the Faculty and to repeat secretly to himself that they never would have unloaded him on the Dickinson if they hadn't been willing to stoop to any methods to prevent the House again securing the championship.

The fact that the Dickinson, in an extraordinary manner, finally won by the closest of margins, consoled Smeed but a little while. There were no more sweaters to carry, or pails of barley water to fetch, or guard to be mounted on the old rail-fence, to make certain that the spies from the Davis and Kennedy did not surprise the secret plays which Hickey and Slugger Jones had craftily evolved.

With the long winter months he felt more keenly his obscurity and the hopelessness of ever leaving a mark on the great desert of school life that would bring honor to the Dickinson. He resented even the lack of the mild hazing the other boys received—he was too insignificant to be so honored. He was only a “dead loss,” good for nothing but to squeeze

through his recitations, to sleep enormously, and to eat like a glutton with a hunger that could never be satisfied, little suspecting the future that lay in this famine of his stomach.

For it was written in the inscrutable fates that Hungry Smeed should leave a name that would go down imperishably to decades of schoolboys, when Dibble's touchdown against Princeton and Kafe's home run should be only tinkling sounds. So it happened, and the agent of this divine destiny was Hickey.

Conover's was not in the catalogue that anxious parents study, but then catalogues are like epitaphs in a cemetery. Next to the jigger-shop, Conover's was quite the most important institution in the school. In a little white Colonial cottage, Conover, veteran of the late war, and Mrs. Conover, still in active service, supplied pancakes and maple syrup on a cash basis, two dollars credit to second-year boys in good repute. Conover's had its traditions. Twenty-six pancakes, large and thick, in one continuous sitting, was the record, five years old, standing to the credit of Guzzler Wilkins, which succeeding classes had attacked in vain. Wily Conover, to stimulate such profitable tests, had solemnly pledged himself to the delivery of free pancakes to all comers during that day on which any boy, at a continuous sitting, unaided, should succeed in swallowing the awful number of thirty-two. Conover was not considered a prodigal.

It was Wednesday, and the following Saturday



was decided upon for the supreme test at Conover's. Smeed at once was subjected to a graduated system of starvation. Thursday he was hungry, but Friday he was so ravenous that a watch was instituted on all his movements.

The next morning the Dickinson House, let into the secret, accompanied Smeed to Conover's. If there was even a possibility of free pancakes, the House intended to be satisfied before the deluge broke.

Great was the astonishment at Conover's at the arrival of the procession.

"Mr. Conover," said Hickey, in the quality of manager, "we're going after that pancake record."

"Mr. Wilkins' record?" said Conover, seeking vainly the champion in the crowd.

"No—after that record of *yours*," answered Hickey. "Thirty-two pancakes—we're here to get free pancakes to-day—that's what we're here for."

"So, boys, so," said Conover, smiling pleasantly; "and you want to begin right now?"

"Right off the bat."

"Well, where is he?"

Little Smeed, famished to the point of tears, was thrust forward. Conover, who was expecting something on the lines of a buffalo, smiled confidently.

"So, boys, so," he said, leading the way with alacrity. "I guess we're ready, too."

"Thirty-two pancakes, Conover—and we get 'em free!"

"That's right," answered Conover, secure in his

knowledge of boyish capacity. "If that little boy there can eat thirty-two I'll make 'em all day free to the school. That's what I said, and what I say goes—and that's what I say now."

Hickey and Doc Macnooder whispered the last instructions in Smeed's ear.

"Cut out the syrup."

"Loosen your belt."

"Eat slowly."

"I'll keep count," said Hickey. "Macnooder and Turkey, watch the pancakes."

"Regulation size, Conover; no doubling now. All fair and above-board."

"All right, Hickey, all right," said Conover, leering wickedly from the door. "If that little grasshopper can do it, you get the cakes."

"Now, Hungry," said Turkey, clapping Smeed on the shoulder, "here is where you get your chance. Remember, Kid, old sport, it's for the Dickinson."

Smeed heard in ecstasy; it was just the way Turkey talked to the eleven on the eve of a match. He nodded his head with a grim little shake and smiled nervously at the thirty-odd Dickinsonians who formed around him a pit of expectant and hungry boyhood from the floor to the ceiling.

"All ready!" sang out Turkey, from the doorway.

"Six pancakes!"

"Six it is," replied Hickey, chalking up a monster 6 on the slate that swung from the rafters. The pancakes placed before the ravenous Smeed vanished like snow-flakes on a July lawn.

A cheer went up mingled with cries of caution.

"Not so fast."

"Take your time."

"Don't let them be too hot."

"Not too hot, Hickey!"

Macnooder was instructed to watch carefully over the temperature as well as the dimensions.

"Ready again," came the cry.

"Ready—how many?"

"Six more."

"Six it is," said Hickey, adding a second figure to the score. "Six and six is twelve."

The second batch went the way of the first.

"Why, that boy is starving," said Conover, opening his eyes.

"Sure he is," said Hickey. "He's eating 'way back in last week—he hasn't had a thing for ten days."

"Six more," cried Macnooder.

"Six it is," answered Hickey. "Six and twelve is eighteen."

"Eat them one at a time, Hungry."

"No, let him alone."

"He knows best."

"Not too fast, Hungry, not too fast."

"Eighteen for Hungry, eighteen. Hurrah!"

"Thirty-two is a long ways to go," said Conover, gazing apprehensively at the little David who had come so impudently into his domain; "fourteen pancakes is an awful lot."

"Shut up, Conover."

"No trying to influence him there."

"Don't listen to him, Hungry."

"He's only trying to get you nervous."

"Fourteen more, Hungry—fourteen more."

"Ready again," sang out Macnooder.

"Ready here."

"Three pancakes."

"Three it is," responded Hickey. "Eighteen and three is twenty-one."

But a storm of protest arose.

"Here, that's not fair!"

"I say, Hickey, don't let them do that."

"I say, Hickey, it's twice as hard that way."

"Oh, go on."

"Sure it is."

"Six at a time!"

"Coming again!"

"All ready here."

"Six pancakes!"

"Six," said Hickey; "twenty-one and six is twenty-seven."

"That'll beat Guzzler Wilkins."

"So it will."

"Five more makes thirty-two."

"Easy, Hungry, easy."

"Hungry's done it, he's done it!"

"Twenty-seven and the record!"

"Hurrah!"

At this point Smeed looked about anxiously.

"It's pretty dry," he said, speaking for the first time.

Instantly there was a panic. Smeed was reaching his limit—a groan went up.

"Oh, Hungry!"

"Only five more."

"Give him some water."

"Water, you loon; do you want to end him?"

"Why?"

"Water'll swell up the pancakes, crazy."

"No water, no water."

Hickey approached his man with some anxiety.

"What is it, Hungry? Anything wrong?" he said tenderly.

"No, only it's a little dry," said Smeed, unmoved. "I'm all right, but I'd like just a drop of syrup now."

The syrup was discussed, approved, and voted.

"You're sure you're all right?" said Hickey.

"Oh, yes."

Conover, in the last ditch, said carefully:

"I don't want no fits around here."

A cry of protest greeted him.

"Well, son, that boy can't stand much more. That's just like the Guzzler. He was taken short and we had to work over him for an hour."

"Conover, shut up!"

"Conover, you're beaten."

"Conover, that's an old game!"

"Get out!"

"Shut up!"

"Fair play!"

"Fair play! Fair play!"

A new interruption came from the kitchen. Macnooder claimed that Mrs. Conover was doubling the size of the cakes. The dish was brought. There was no doubt of it. The cakes were swollen. Pandemonium broke loose. Conover capitulated, the cakes were rejected.

"Don't be feazed by that," said Hickey warningly to Smeed.

"I'm not," said Smeed.

"All ready," came Macnooder's cry.

"Ready here."

"Six pancakes!"

"Regulation size?"

"Regulation."

"Six it is," said Hickey, at the slate. "Six and twenty-seven is thirty-three."

"Wait a moment," sang out the Butcher. "He has only to eat thirty-two."

"That's so—take one off."

"Give him five, Hickey—five only."

"If Hungry says he can eat six," said Hickey, firmly, glancing at his protégé, "he can. We're out for big things. Can you do it, Hungry?"

And Smeed, fired with the heroism of the moment, answered in disdainful simplicity:

"Sure!"

A cheer that brought two Davis House boys run-

ning in greeted the disappearance of the thirty-third. Then everything was forgotten in the amazement of the deed.

"Please, I'd like to go on," said Smeed.

"Oh, Hungry, can you do it?"

"Really?"

"You're goin' on?"

"Holy cats!"

"How'll you take them?" asked Hickey anxiously.

"I'll try another six," said Smeed, thoughtfully, "and then we'll see."

Conover, vanquished and convinced, no longer sought to intimidate him with horrid suggestions.

"Mr. Smeed," he said, giving him his hand in great admiration, "you go ahead; you make a great record."

"Six more," cried Macnooder.

"Six it is," said Hickey, in an awed voice; "six and thirty-three makes thirty-nine!"

Mrs. Conover and Macnooder, no longer antagonists, came in from the kitchen to watch the great spectacle. Little Smeed alone, calm and unconscious, with the light of a great ambition on his forehead, ate steadily, without vacillation.

"Gee, what a stride!"

"By Jiminy, where does he put it?" said Conover, staring helplessly.

"Holy cats!"

"Thirty-nine—thirty-nine pancakes—gee!!!"

"Hungry," said Hickey, entreatingly, "do you

think you could eat another—make it an even forty?”

“Three more,” said Smeed, pounding the table with a new authority. This time no voice rose in remonstrance. The clouds had rolled away. They were in the presence of a master.

“Pancakes coming.”

“Bring them in!”

“Three more.”

“Three it is,” said Hickey, faintly. “Thirty-nine and three makes forty-two—forty-two. Gee!”

In profound silence the three pancakes passed regularly from the plate down the throat of little Smeed. Forty-two pancakes!

“Three more,” said Smeed.

Doc Macnooder rushed in hysterically.

“Hungry, go the limit—the limit! If anything happens I’ll bleed you.”

“Shut up, Doc!”

“Get out, you wild man.”

Macnooder was sent ignominiously back into the kitchen, with the curses of the Dickinson, and Smeed assured of their unfaltering protection.

“Three more,” came the cry from the chastened Macnooder.

“Three it is,” said Hickey. “Forty-two and three makes—forty-five.”

“Holy cats!”

Still little Smeed, without appreciable abatement of hunger, continued to eat. A sense of impending



calamity and alarm began to spread. Forty-five pancakes and still eating! It might turn into a tragedy.

"Say, bub—say, now," said Hickey, gazing anxiously down into the pointed face, "you've done enough—don't get rash."

"I'll stop when it's time," said Smeed; "bring 'em on now, one at a time."

"Forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine!"

Suddenly, at the moment when they expected him to go on forever, little Smeed stopped, gazed at his plate, then at the fiftieth pancake, and said:

"That's all."

Forty-nine pancakes! Then, and only then, did they return to a realization of what had happened. They cheered Smeed, they sang his praises, they cheered again, and then, pounding the table, they cried, in a mighty chorus:

"We want pancakes!"

"Bring us pancakes!"

"Pancakes, pancakes, we want pancakes!"

Twenty minutes later, Red Dog and the Egghead, fed to bursting, rolled out of Conover's spreading the uproarious news.

"Free pancakes! Free pancakes!"

The nearest houses, the Davis and the Rouse, heard and came with a rush.

Red Dog and the Egghead staggered down into the village and over to the circle of houses, throwing out their arms like returning bacchanalians.

"Free pancakes!"

"Hungry Smeed's broken the record!"

"Pancakes at Conover's—free pancakes!"

The word jumped from house to house, the campus was emptied in a trice. The road became choked with the hungry stream that struggled, fought, laughed, and shouted as it stormed to Conover's.

"Free pancakes! Free pancakes!"

"Hurrah for Smeed!"

"Hurrah for Hungry Smeed!"

---

### The Man in the Moon.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Rhymes of Childhood." Copyright, 1900. By special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SAID the Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon,  
My!

Sakes!

What a lot o' mistakes  
Some little folks makes on The Man in the Moon!  
But people that's been up to *see* him, like *me*,  
And calls on him frequent and intimutly,  
Might drop a few facts that would interest you  
Clean!

Through!

If you wanted 'em to—  
Some *actual* facts that might interest you!

O The Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;  
Whee!

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;  
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run  
If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—  
So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—  
My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise—

To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—  
Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—  
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin—  
He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in—  
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!

Whang!

Ho!

Why, certainly so!—

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—  
Gee!

Whiz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels  
ought to be;

So whenever he wants to go North he goes *South*,  
And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his  
mouth,

And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan.

Whing!

Whann!

What a marvellous man!

What a remarkably marvellous man!

And The Man in the Moon, sighed the Raggedy  
Man,

Gits!

So!

Sullonesome, you know,—

Up there by hisse'f sence creation began!—

That when I call on him and then come away,

He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—

Till—*Well!* if it wasn't fer *Jimmy-cum-jim*,

Dadd!

Limb!

I'd go pardners with him—

Jes' jump my job here and be pardners with *him!*

## The Nap Interrupted.

ARTHUR W. PINERO.

From "Trelawny of the 'Wells.'" A part of Act II.  
Reprinted by permission of the author.

SIR WILLIAM GOWER is seated, near a table, asleep, with a newspaper over his head, concealing his face. Miss TRAFALGAR GOWER is sitting at the farther end of a couch, also asleep, and with a newspaper over her head. On the other side of the room, near a table, ROSE is seated, wearing the look of a boredom which has reached the stony stage. On another couch ARTHUR sits, gazing at his boots, his hands in his pockets. After a moment or two ARTHUR rises and tiptoes down to ROSE. ROSE, of the "Wells" Theatre, is engaged to marry ARTHUR GOWER. She is now spending the time at the house of Arthur's grandfather, SIR WILLIAM GOWER. Both are hoping to gain the approval of the grandfather and his sister.

*Arthur (on ROSE's left—in a whisper).* Quiet, isn't it?

*Rose (to him in a whisper).* Quiet! Arthur! (*Clutching his arm.*) Oh, this dreadful half-hour after dinner, every, every evening!

*Arthur (creeping across to the right of the table and sitting there).* Grandfather and Aunt Trafalgar must wake up soon. They're longer than usual to-night.

*Rose (to him across the table).* Your sister Clara and Captain de Foenix—when they were courting, did they have to go through this?

*Arthur.* Yes.

Rose. And now they are married, they still endure it!

Arthur. Yes.

Rose. And we, when *we* are married, Arthur, shall we?

Arthur. Yes, I suppose so.

Rose (*passing her hand across her brow*). Phe-ew! (*Despairingly.*) Oh-h-h!

(*There is a brief pause, and then the sound of a street-organ, playing in the distance, is heard. The air is "Ever of Thee."*)

Rose. Hark! (*Excitedly.*) Hark!

Arthur. Hush!

Rose (*heedlessly*). The song I sang in *The Pedlar—The Pedlar of Marseilles!* The song that used to make you cry, Arthur! (*He attempts vainly to hush her down, but she continues dramatically in hoarse whispers.*) And then Raphael enters—comes on to the bridge. The music continues softly. "Raphael, why have you kept me waiting? Man, do you wish to break my heart—(*thumping her breast*) a woman's hear-r-rt, Raphael?"

(*SIR WILLIAM and MISS GOWER suddenly whip off their newspapers and sit erect. They stare at each other for a moment silently.*)

Sir William. What a hideous riot, Trafalgar!

Miss Gower. Rose, dear, I hope I have been mistaken—but through my sleep I fancied I could hear you shrieking at the top of your voice.

(*SIR WILLIAM gets on to his feet; all rise, except ROSE, who remains seated sullenly.*)

*Sir William.* Trafalgar, it is becoming impossible for you and me to obtain repose. (*Turning his head sharply.*) Ha! is not that a street-organ? (*To MISS GOWER.*) An organ?

*Miss Gower.* Undoubtedly. An organ in the Square, at this hour of the evening—singularly out of place!

*Sir William (looking around).* Well, well, well, does no one stir?

*Rose (under her breath).* Oh, don't stop it!

(*With a great show of activity ARTHUR hurries across the room, and, when there, does nothing.*)

*Sir William (coming upon Rose and peering down at her.)* What are ye upon the floor for, my dear? Have we no cheers? (*To MISS GOWER—producing his snuff-box.*) Do we lack cheers here, Trafalgar?

*Miss Gower (going to Rose).* My dear Rose! (*Raising her.*) Come, come, come, this is quite out of place! Young ladies do not crouch and huddle upon the ground—do they, William?

*Sir William (taking snuff).* A moment ago I should have hazarded the opinion that they do not. (*Chuckling unpleasantly.*) He, he, he! (*Raising his hands.*) In mercy's name, Trafalgar, what is befalling my household?

*Miss Gower (bursting into tears).* Oh, William——!

(*MISS GOWER totters to SIR WILLIAM and drops her head upon his breast.*)

*Sir William.* Tut, tut, tut, tut!

*Miss Gower* (*between her sobs*). I—I—I—I know what is in your mind.

*Sir William* (*drawing a long breath*). Ah-h-h-h!

*Miss Gower.* Oh, my dear brother, be patient!

*Sir William.* Patient!

*Miss Gower.* Forgive me; I should have said hopeful. Be hopeful that I shall yet succeed in ameliorating the disturbing conditions which are affecting us so cruelly.

*Sir William.* Ye never will, Trafalgar; *I've* tried.

*Miss Gower.* Oh, do not despond already! I feel sure there are good ingredients in Rose's character. (*Clinging to him.*) In time, William, we shall shape her to be a fitting wife for our rash and unfortunate Arthur. (*He shakes his head.*) In time, William, in time!

*Sir William* (*soothing her*). Well, well, well! there, there, there! At least, my dear sister, I am perfectly aware that I possess in you the woman above all others whose example should compel such a transformation.

*Miss Gower* (*throwing her arms about his neck*). Oh, brother, what a compliment!

*Sir William.* Tut, tut, tut! And now, before Charles sets the card-table, don't you think we had better—eh, Trafalgar?

*Miss Gower.* Yes, yes—our disagreeable duty; let us discharge it. (*SIR WILLIAM takes snuff.*)



Rose, dear, be seated. (*To everybody.*) The Vice-Chancellor has something to say to us. Let us all be seated.

*Sir William* (*peering about him*). Are ye seated? What I desire to say is this. When Miss Trelawny took up her residence here, it was thought proper, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, that you, Arthur (*pointing a finger at ARTHUR*), you——

*Arthur*. Yes, sir.

*Sir William*. That you should remove yourself to the establishment of your sister Clara and her husband in Holles Street, round the corner——

*Arthur*. Yes, sir.

*Sir William*. Taking your food in this house and spending other certain hours here, under the surveillance of your great-aunt Trafalgar.

*Miss Gower*. Yes, William!

*Sir William*. This was considered to be a decorous, and, toward Miss Trelawny, a highly respectful, course to pursue.

*Arthur*. Yes, sir.

*Miss Gower*. Any other course would have been out of place.

*Sir William*. And yet (*again extending a finger at ARTHUR*), what is this that is reported to me?

*Arthur*. I don't know, sir.

*Sir William*. I hear that ye have on several occasions, at night, after having quitted this house with Captain and Mrs. De Foenix, been seen on the other side of the way, your back against the railings,

gazing up at Miss Trelawny's window; and that you have remained in that position for a considerable space of time. Is it true, sir?

*Rose (boldly).* Yes, Sir William.

*Sir William.* I venture to put a question to my grandson, Miss Trelawny.

*Arthur.* Yes, sir, it is quite true.

*Sir William.* Then, sir, let me acquaint you that these are not the manners, not the practices of a gentleman.

*Arthur.* No, sir?

*Sir William.* No, sir, they are the manners, and the practices, of a troubadour.

*Miss Gower.* A troubadour in Cavendish Square! Quite out of place!

*Arthur.* I—I'm very sorry, sir; I—I never looked at it in that light.

*Sir William (snuffing).* Ah-h-h! ho! Pi-i-i-sh!

*Arthur.* But at the same time, sir, I dare say—of course I don't speak from precise knowledge—but I dare say there were a good many—a good many——

*Sir William.* Good many—what, sir?

*Arthur.* A good many respectable troubadours, sir——

*Rose (starting to her feet heroically and defiantly).* And what I wish to say, Sir William, is this. I wish to avow, to declare before the world, that Arthur and I have had many lengthy interviews while he has been stationed against those railings

over there; I murmuring to him softly from my bedroom window, he responding in tremulous whispers——

*Sir William (starting to his feet).* You—you tell me such things! (*All rise.*)

*Miss Gower.* The Square in which we have resided for years! Our neighbors——!

*Sir William (shaking a trembling hand at ARTHUR).* The—the character of my house——!

*Arthur.* Again I am extremely sorry, sir—but these are the only confidential conversations Rose and I now enjoy.

*Charles (entering).* The card-table, Sir William?

*Miss Gower (agitatedly).* Yes, yes, by all means, Charles; the card-table, as usual. (*To SIR WILLIAM.*) A rubber will comfort you, soothe you——

*Rose.* Infamous! Infamous!

*Arthur.* Be calm, Rose, dear, be calm!

*Rose.* Tyrannical! diabolical! I cannot endure it. (*She throws herself into a chair in the far corner of the room. He stands behind her, apprehensively, endeavoring to calm her.*)

*Arthur (over her shoulder).* They mean well, dearest——

*Rose (hysterically).* Well! ha, ha, ha!

*Arthur.* But they are old-fashioned people——

*Rose.* Old-fashioned! They belong to the time when men and women were put to the torture. I am being tortured—mentally tortured——

*Arthur.* They have not many more years in this world——

*Rose.* Nor I, at this rate, many more months. They are killing me—like Agnes in *The Spectre of St. Ives*. She expires, in the fourth act, as I shall die in Cavendish Square, painfully, of no recognized disorder——

*Arthur.* And anything we can do to make them happy——

*Rose.* To make the Vice-Chancellor happy! I won't try! I will not! He's a fiend, a vampire——!

*Arthur.* Oh, hush!

*Rose* (*snatching up* SIR WILLIAM'S *snuff-box, which he has left upon the table*). His snuff-box! I wish I could poison his snuff, as Lucrecia Borgia would have done. *She* would have removed him within two hours of my arrival—I mean, her arrival. (*Opening the snuff-box and mimicking* SIR WILLIAM.) And here he sits and lectures me, and dictates to me! to Miss Trelawny! “I venture to put a question to my grandson, Miss Trelawny!” Ha, ha! (*Taking pinch of snuff thoughtlessly but vigorously.*) “Yah-h-h-h! Pish! Have we no cheers? Do we lack cheers here, Trafalgar?” (*Suddenly.*) Oh——!

*Arthur.* What have you done?

*Rose* (*in suspense, replacing the snuff-box*). The snuff!

*Arthur.* Rose, dear!

*Rose* (*putting her handkerchief to her nose, and rising*). Ah——!

(CHARLES, *having prepared the card-table, and arranged the candlesticks upon it, has withdrawn.* MISS GOWER and SIR WILLIAM *now rise.*)

Miss Gower. The table is prepared, William. Arthur, I assume you would prefer to sit and contemplate Rose——?

Arthur. Thank you, aunt.

(ROSE *sneezes violently.*)

Miss Gower (to ROSE). Oh, my dear child! (Looking around.)

Arthur. Are you in pain, dearest? Rose!

Rose. Agony!

Arthur. Pinch your upper lip. (*She sneezes twice, loudly, and sinks back upon the couch.*)

Sir William (testily). Sssh! sssh! sssh! this is to be whist, I hope.

Miss Gower. Rose, Rose! young ladies do not sneeze quite so continuously.

Rose (weakly). I—I think I had better—what d'ye call it?—withdraw for a few moments.

Sir William (sitting again). Do so. (ROSE *disappears.*)

**Neighbor Jones's Notion.**

NIXON WATERMAN.

From "In Merry Mood." Copyright, 1902. By special permission of the publishers, Forbes & Co.

AN' so she slept, while the neighbors came  
To the darkened house that day;  
With weepin' hearts they breathed her name  
In the kindest sort o' way.  
An' never a one but through her tears  
Spoke some sweet, lovin' word  
She had carefully kept unsaid fer years;  
But the corpse—it never heard.

An' they brought her flowers rich an' rare,  
Jest full o' sweet perfume,  
An' wreaths o' roses everywhere  
Made glad the darkened room.  
I thought of her life in sorrow hid,  
An' the world o' joy if she  
Could 'a' owned them wreaths on her coffin-lid;  
But the corpse—it couldn't see.

An' here's a word fer neighbors dear,  
Who would praise me gone, no doubt:  
If you have joys to see an' hear,  
Why don't you fetch 'em out?  
All these post-mortem carryin's on  
Are proper-like an' nice,  
But with the one that's dead an' gone  
They don't cut any ice.

**The Puzzled Census-Taker.**

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said  
To a lady from over the Rhine;  
And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"\*

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"What's that you say?" the Marshall said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,  
And always answering '*Nine*'?"

"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said  
The lady from over the Rhine.

\* *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the German for *no*.

## The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

OVER our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

The men, full fed, turned to tobacco and song—their officers with them.

I drifted across to the men's fires in search of Mulvaney, whom I found strategically greasing his feet by the blaze. There is nothing particularly lovely in the sight of a private thus engaged after a long day's march, but when you reflect on the exact proportion of the "might, majesty, dominion, and power" of the British Empire that stands on those feet, you take an interest in the proceedings.

"Did you iver have onendin' developmint an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?"



"Never without having to pay," I said.

"That's thrue. 'Tis mane, whin you considher on ut; but ut's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a bellyache if you eat too much, an' a heartache to kape all down. Faith the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man.

"For all we take we must pay; but the price is cruel high," murmured Mulvaney.

"What's the trouble?" I said, gently, for I knew that he was a man of an inextinguishable sorrow.

"Hear now," said he. "Ye know what I am now. I know what I mint to be at the beginnin' av my service. I've tould you time an' again, an' what I have not, Dinah Shadd has. An' what am I? Oh, Mary Mother av Hiven! an ould dhrunken, untrustable baste av a privit that has seen the regiment change out from colonel to drummer-boy, not wanst or twicet, but scores av times! Ay, scores! An' me not so near gettin' promotion as in the furst. Good cause the reg'ment has to know me for the best soldier in ut. Better cause have I to know mesilf for the worst man."

And after an interval the low, even voice of Mulvaney began:

"Did I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?"

I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had, of her own good love and free-will, washed a shirt for

me, moving in a barren land where washing was not.

"Begin at the beginning," I insisted. "Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks."

"An' the same is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney, piously. "She spoke thrue, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye iver fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued:

"Thin I will assume that ye have not. I did. In the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut. For the first five years av my service, whin I was what I wud give my sowl to be now, I tuk whatever was widin my reach an' digested ut, an' that's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av hiven, I could play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anything about the other three, and smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. An' so I lived an' so I was happy, till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to take.

"Afther that I sickened awhile, an' tuk thought

to my reg'mental work, conceiting meself I wud study an' be a sargint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top o' my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av meself cud not fill ut. Sez I to meself: 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez meself to me, 'What for?' Sez I to meself, 'For the glory av ut.' Sez meself to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to meself. 'Go to the married lines,' sez meself to me. ' 'Tis the same thing,' sez I to meself. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' sez meself to me. An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted he would go on. The clamor from the bivouac fires beat up to the stars as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way, an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I went into the married lines, more for the sake av spakin' to our ould color-sargint Shadd than for any thruck wid wimmen-folk. I was a corp'ril then—rejuiced aftherwards; but a corp'ril then. I've got a photograff av meself to prove ut. 'You'll take a cup av tay wid us?' sez he. 'I will that,' I sez; 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.' ' 'Twud be better for you if ut were,' sez ould Mother Shadd. An' she had ought to know, for

Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrank bung-full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-clay in thim so that they stud alone—an' pulled up my chair, lookin' round at the china ornamentals an' bits av things in the Shadds' quarters. They were things that belong to a woman, an' no camp kit, here to-day an' dishipated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sargint,' sez I. "'Tis the wife that did ut, boy,' sez he, pointin' the stem av his pipe to ould Mother Shadd, an' she smacked the top av his bald head upon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread of her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly-room when ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me mustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot heels."

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you," said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing, and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I'm layin' down the gin'ral theory of the attack,"

said Mulvaney, driving his foot into the dying fire. "If you read the 'Soldier's Pocket-Book,' which never any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. When Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as though the sunlight had gone too), 'Mother av Hiven, sargint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin'. 'But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.' ' 'Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I. 'Bekase you've been thraipsin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother Shadd. 'I'll thraipse no more,' sez I. 'D'you mane that?' sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me sideways, like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Thry me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at gen'ral p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'l-ryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarters or near by on the

chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her! Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' and 'Good-day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekaze av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will understand—an', 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av Satan?' 'Of the Bobtailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the

civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been ch'ated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lyrman not fit to trust on a mule thrunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son of a she-mule he was, wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, 'e shovel-futtet clod-breakin' infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I could gyard he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Grays orf'cer. 'Content?' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jackut, and onglove. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!'

"He stud all he knew, but he niver peeled his jackut, an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on **me** cheek. What hope had he forninst me?

'Stand up!' sez I, time an' again, when he was beginnin' to quarter the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't riding-school,' sez I. 'Oh, man, stand up, an' let me get at ye!' until the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest.' An' I wud ha' done ut, too, so ragin' mad I was.

" 'Me collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back.

"Next day the news was in both barricks; an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg'mintal tailors' samples, there was no 'Good-mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd,' says I, very bould, plantin' mesilf forninst her, 'that ye should not pass the time of day?'

" 'Ye've half killed rough-rider Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

" 'May be,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fortnight?'

" 'Yes,' sez she, very bould; but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An'—an' what's that to you?'

" 'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, pretendin' to go away.

" 'Did you fight for me then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

" 'Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

" 'I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.



“‘That’s for me to say,’ sez I. ‘Shall I say ut?’

“‘Yes,’ sez she, in a saint’s whisper; an’ at that I explained mesilf; an’ she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an’ many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

“‘But what made ye cry at startin’, Dinah darlin’?’ sez I.

“‘Your—your bloody cheek,’ says she, duckin’ her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an’ whimperin’ like a sorrowful angel.

“Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an’ my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an’ undher the eye, an’ a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd like two little childher, an’ she said it was no bad thing; an’ ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an’ Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin’ clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha’ picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was. Eyah! that day! that day!”

**Modern Medicine.**

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

From "Including Finnigan." Copyright, 1908, by Strickland W. Gillilan. Reprinted by special permission.

I WENT to a modern doctor to learn what it was  
was wrong.

I'd lately been off my fodder, and life was no more  
a song.

He felt of my pulse as they all do, he gazed at my  
outstretched tongue;

He took off my coat and weskit and harked at each  
wheezing lung.

He fed me a small glass penstalk with figures upon  
the side,

And this was his final verdict when all of my marks  
he'd spied:

"Do you eat fried 'eggs? Then quit it.

You don't? Then hurry and eat 'em,

Along with some hay that was cut in May—

There are no other foods to beat 'em.

Do you walk? Then stop instanter—

For exercise will not do

For people with whom it doesn't agree—

And this is the rule for you:

Just quit whatever you do do

And begin whatever you don't;

For what you don't do may agree with you

As whatever you do do don't."

Yea, thus saith the modern doctor, "Tradition be  
double durned!

What the oldsters knew was nothing compared to  
the things we've learned.

There's nothing in this or that thing that's certain  
in every case,

Any more than a single bonnet's becoming to every  
face.

It's all in the diagnosis that tells us the patient's  
fix—

The modern who knows his business is up to a host  
of tricks.

"Do you eat roast pork? Then stop it.

You don't? Then get after it quickly.

For the long-eared ass gives the laugh to grass

And delights in the weed that's prickly.

Do you sleep with the windows open?

Then batten them good and tight

And swallow the same old fetid air

Through all of the snoozesome night.

Just quit whatever you do do

And do whatever you don't;

For what you don't do may agree with you

As whatever you do do don't."

### A Seven-Dollar Bill.

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER.

Arranged from a story in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Copyright, 1906, by the Curtis Publishing Company. By special permission of the publishers and of the author.

"PLEASED—meet you, Miss Edwards," mumbled Dudley.

He bowed unusually low in order to gain time. And so this was Miss *Abigail* Edwards! Just at that moment a club waiter sidled up to him with: "Beg your pardon, Mr. Hargrave, there is a telephone message for you."

He was very glad to excuse himself and hurry into the telephone booth. And so this was Miss Abigail Edwards! Abigail! Why, the name itself had suggested to him the vision of a grim-visaged spinster of at least forty-five—and this lithe, splendidly poised young woman was a dream, an absolute dream.

He closed himself in the telephone booth and picked up the receiver.

"This is Dudley Hargrave," he mechanically announced.

One second later he had slammed the receiver on the hook and was banging the door of the booth behind him. All the message that he had got consisted of just the two words:

*"Seven dollars!"*

"It's an outrage!" he snapped as he strode back out.

Miss Edwards was standing by the porch-rail, drinking in the beauty of woods and meadow and dancing brook that lay before her. She turned as Mr. Hargrave approached her.

"I am very glad to have met you to-day, Miss Edwards," Hargrave said energetically. "Inexcusable as it may seem to bring up such matters here, I must insist that if you are back of this persecution——"

She paused long enough to look at him, then—merely one sweeping glance, and he instantly congealed. He did not even get a chance to stammer; he simply froze up.

Why hadn't he known that Miss Abigail Edwards, whom her father had doomed in his will to take active part in a big business for one hour each working-day, would prove to be the peerless creature of his dreams, the exact ideal for which he had sought ever since his coming of age? She was precisely the type of girl that he had woven out of his own fancies, and had loved, actually loved, all his life. He was young, remember.

Seven dollars! What was seven dollars, to stand between a man and his possible lifelong happiness? Of course the seven dollars didn't matter much; it was the principle of the thing. But what were even principles when it came to a long-sought and perfected ideal?

Seven dollars! He felt abased at the idea of having quibbled over any such sum. He was still in this frame of mind when he reached his club in

the city, and until he opened a collect telegram that he found awaiting him.

"Seven dollars!"

That was all there was in it; just those two words. On his dresser he found a letter conspicuously placed. It was a square envelope, tinted and faintly scented, and bore his name in a very neat hand. He opened it, and all that he found inside was a leaf torn from a daily calendar, bearing the big, black figure seven!

Mr. Hargrave went to his writing-desk presently and took out a business envelope bearing the return address of Edwards & Co. He reread the inclosure, which was an ordinary typewritten affair:

DEAR SIR: Miss Abigail Edwards, to whom I have referred your rather brusque refusal to pay the enclosed bill, "as a matter of principle," directs that it *must* be collected—also as a matter of principle.

Your claim that the spark-attachment for your automobile was not received in good condition is absolutely untenable in view of the fact that you neglected to report the same to us until four months had elapsed.

Kindly remit at once and save us the trouble of taking drastic measures.

Dudley shuddered as he recalled his reply. Being young and impetuous, he had immediately indited the following:

Get as drastic as you like. I'm not going to pay for imperfect goods, even at the command of Miss Abigail, Miss Beatrice, Miss Cecilia, Miss Dorothea, Miss Evangeline, Miss Florodora, and any feminine members of the

Edwards family, clear through the alphabet to the more probable Xantippe.

In the meantime I don't mind receiving your occasional duns. In fact, I shall be pleased to have you keep me reminded of this seven-dollar bill.

When Miss Abigail was shown this missive her chin went up and her brows went down.

"Keep him reminded, Mr. Bank,—daily," she grimly directed. Whereat her manager smiled and shook his gray head.

"You've the spunk of your father," commented Mr. Banks, rising. "I'll put the matter into the hands of Miss Duce."

He did so. He turned over the letter to that bright young lady, whose latent capacity for hilarious mischief was as yet unsuspected, with the mere direction to follow Mr. Hargrave's own suggestion and "keep him reminded rather constantly." The big, black figure that now stared Mr. Dudley Hargrave in the face was one of the reminders.

Seven dollars! Why, that girl was the masterpiece of all created beings! Mechanically he took his check-book from his writing-desk and opened it, but, as his pen hovered over the printed form, a messenger-boy came to his door with a long, legal-looking letter. He knew what it was before he opened it. "Seven dollars!" For a moment the image of Miss Edwards was blurred, and naturally so, Dudley being mere flesh and blood—mostly warm blood. It struck him that to pay this bill now

would be a more or less ridiculous surrender, and he shut the check-book with a snap. In place of the remittance he wrote a brief, sarcastic note to Edwards & Co., in which he thanked them for following his instructions so scrupulously and directed them to keep it up.

This note reached the office of Edwards & Co. next morning while the manager was with Miss Edwards in her dainty little private office, holding his daily conference with her and experiencing his daily inward revolt against the heavy rug, the pretty white and gold desk, the pictures, the flowers, the mirrored dressing-table, the tapestries, and the velours curtains. He was about to escape to his actual business when she said:

"By the way, Mr. Banks, I believe you have a small account against a Mr. Dudley Hargrave."

Mr. Banks drew a long breath and looked puzzled.

"We have," he admitted.

"I learn that you are using extremely childish methods, amounting even to petty persecution, in trying to collect it." She was very stern by this time.

Mr. Banks gasped. Great Scott! She herself had been the one to—— But what was the use?

"We have," he patiently confessed.

"What are the latest developments in the account?" she asked.

"None," said Mr. Banks wearily, "except that



Miss Duce has been mailing him a daily statement, I presume—according to your own orders, you know.” He would have been more or less than human had he omitted to say that. “I’ll see if there is a remittance in this last mail.”

She had it upon her tongue to tell him to drop the affair if the remittance had not come, but he went into his own office before she could say so. She had been giving the matter some thought herself. It did seem a most undignified thing to do. She felt heartily ashamed of her share in the transaction. She could not help seeing that look of confused appeal in the young man’s eyes when he had been introduced to her. Remarkably good eyes they had been, too. He was such a nice-looking chap altogether, and she was sorry that she had dismissed him so summarily. Really, she would like to meet the young man again. Not that she cared particularly, of course, but she had been so ungracious. Manly-looking fellow, he was. Almost, if not quite, ideal. Mr. Banks came in with the letter bearing the Stadium Club seal.

“I just got this,” he said, laying down Mr. Hargrave’s sarcastic note of the previous evening. “He seems to rather like the methods that Miss Duce is pursuing.”

“Exactly,” said Miss Edwards, glancing over Mr. Hargrave’s second mistake with a snap of the jaw. “I was just about to say, Mr. Banks, that you may tell Miss Duce to go ahead.”

Again Mr. Banks gasped—and told Miss Duce to go ahead, however.

Miss Duce did—with great enthusiasm. The figure seven became the bane of Hargrave's life. Every time there came a telephone-call for him during that first couple of days he received the same cabalistic message, "Seven dollars." That and no more. Telegrams poured in for him containing but the two words, with no signature whatever. Letters of all sorts, plain letters, official-looking letters, letters square and oblong, letters with monograms and letters with seals, cheap manila envelopes and expensive bond envelopes, letters yellow, blue, pink, and white, by special delivery and otherwise, came dumping in upon him under various disguises, and each and every one of them bore within but the two words, "Seven dollars." His own friends brought him some of them with such remarks as: "Chap outside asked me to bring this in to you. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?" Life was becoming a misery.

For a time he refused to answer telephone-calls at all, but he soon found that this would not do, for he missed two or three important engagements by it. Every time he went to his room, he found a card upon the floor with "Seven dollars" written upon it. He reported the matter to the steward and started an investigation afoot with little results. A boy was discharged, but the cards still appeared, and one morning he awoke to find even his window-

panes decorated with huge red sevens. The steward himself almost lost his place for that. Possibly Miss Duce had a very devoted friend among the club attachés. You never can tell.

The figure seemed to bob up by accident, too, at every turn. He never had imagined that there could be so many sevens in the world. If he called a cab or mounted a street car, or waited for an elevated or a subway train, the number seven was sure to stare him in the face. If he sent a boy for theatre tickets they almost invariably included a seat seven or row seven or box seven. There was no escaping from it.

For instance, he walked into his hatter's and asked to see a new style in headgear that had just caught the fancy of Dudley's set.

"Certainly, Mr. Hargrave," said the obsequious dealer. "Seven, I believe."

"Sir?" said Hargrave.

"Size seven, I believe you wear."

"Well, yes," admitted Hargrave with a frown, and sought escape from his own unreasonable impatience by trying on the hat.

"The shape is very becoming to you, sir," observed the hatter. "Very popular, too. I've sold seven of them to-day."

Hargrave winced, but he fought down his impulse to run, and asked the price.

"Seven dollars," said the dealer.

That was the last straw.

"I don't want it!" jerked Hargrave, and walked out of the shop, leaving the man in a stupor of amazement.

That evening he gave a most severe reprimand to his waiter. He had a couple of friends to a modest dinner with him, and the check the waiter brought him to sign was for an even seven dollars. Moreover, there had been seven blue-points on each plate at the very beginning, and—he stopped to look. Yes, by George, the waiter's number was seven.

He was going seven-mad. He dreamed sevens, ate sevens, drank sevens, breathed sevens!

It was nearly a week before he again met Miss Edwards. This time it was at Mrs. Peyson's lawn party. He tried to avoid her, but, to his surprise, in place of serving him frappé she mulled him with a dazzling smile.

"I have been wanting to meet you again, Mr. Hargrave," she said most cordially. "Just now I am going with Captain Small for an ice, but I want to be sure to have a minute's chat with you before the evening is over."

She sailed away to rejoin Captain Small, and Dudley looked after her through coruscating mental pinwheels. His head was a merry-go-round. He had thought that she was beautiful at the Meadowbrook Club, but never that she could be so radiant as this. He had not conceived it possible that any human being should appear so unutterably lovely.

He was just about to light a cigar and seek such

solace as he might when she suddenly appeared from nowhere and slipped in to sit down beside him.

"I'm so glad to have this chance meeting," she began in a delightfully frank tone. "I want to apologize for my rudeness of the other day. Moreover, I find, since returning here, that we know a great many of the same people, and that we shall be constantly meeting. It would be perfectly silly to be at outs, like children; so let's draw a strict line between my social life and my—my enforced business self."

Would he? He took the hand that this remarkably direct young woman offered him, and gripped it with entirely unnecessary warmth and eagerness. *Would he!*

"Bully!" said he, and she cast up at him a bright little glance that made the pinwheels and the merry-go-round start whirling again at a tremendous rate. *Would he!*

"It's perfectly splendid," she commented, gazing out at the stars which strove to vie with Mrs. Peyson's myriad of tiny electric bulbs. It is to be hoped that the reader is bearing in mind the youth of Miss Edwards. "It's just as if we were each of us two separate people. Here we may be just as jolly good friends as may happen, while, in the mean time, any little business matter that we might have between us can take its normal course without any bearing whatever upon our social relations."

There was just the slightest perceptible tilt to the Goddess of Liberty chin as she said that, and Dudley immediately interpreted it to mean that he would have to pay the seven dollars. As immediately he made up his mind that he would not. The annoyance, had it been but an ordinary bit of odd spite-work, would have been not only inconceivable but unendurable. Now, however, there was a zest to it.

"Very well," he acquiesced. "I see that your mind is made up, and mine is equally so. Beautiful grounds Mrs. Peyson has."

"Lovely," she agreed. "Shall we walk?"

They walked. Fairyland was a slum district as compared to this. Dudley walked on a lawn that had grown so velvety because Miss Edwards was to tread upon it; he walked under a sky that borrowed its sparkle from the eyes of Miss Edwards; he walked amid a throng of mere phantoms that were happy and gay and gorgeously gowned because Miss Edwards was among them.

That night he had a troubled vision. He dreamed that he was leading Miss Abigail Edwards to the altar, but that there were seven of her and each one had a dollar-mark painted large upon the back of her gown.

He awoke with a serious purpose in life. He meant to marry Miss Edwards. But there was no thought of ever paying that money. It could not be paid. It had been lifted into the plane where to pay it would be to let go of that superiority which

is man's heritage. It would never do to be beaten by a woman. He must marry her in spite of the seven dollars. The suddenness of his determination did not strike him as being at all strange or inconsistent, in spite of his often-asserted disbelief in love at first sight. It was not a case of love at first sight, he argued, because she was exactly the girl he had always loved.

He met Miss Edwards frequently after that, but, strangely enough, though he often angled for it, she never intimated that he would be welcome at the Edwards' home until long after his athletic trainer had warned him that he was losing weight.

"I had begun to think that I was blacklisted," he protested in accepting the invitation to her informal party.

"I don't see what could have given you that idea," she demurely replied. "You see, I've a lot of absurd little rigid rules about most things, and this is exactly the seventh time that we have met."

"Oh," said he, beginning to "toad up" a little over the implied compliment, "I see. Also, by the way, I thought that we were never to mention business."

"Pray explain," she warned him. "Where is the connection?"

"Oh, none," he forlornly admitted.

Seven dollars! He would never pay it, not if he lived to be seven thousand years old! However, he was glad of the chance to call at the Edwards'

home, where dusky Aunt Tillie, fortunately for him, approved of him; and Aunt Tillie's approval meant something. Aunt Tillie had come up with the Edwards' fortunes. She had been maid to Miss Abigail's mother when the latter was in her teens. She had nursed Miss Abigail when Miss Abigail was an infant, and had spanked Miss Abigail when Miss Abigail had been naughty. She had stern rights in the household, and her scrutiny of young men callers was one that went far, far beneath the cuticle. Miss Abigail waited with more anxiety for Aunt Tillie's verdict than for that of the own-blood auntie with whom she lived, and was much relieved to find it favorable.

Miss Edwards herself was increasingly glad to see him. There was no let-up, however, in the pressure that was put upon Mr. Hargrave by Edwards & Co. to remind him of that little bill. The flood of letters, telegrams, telephone messages and delivery-boys had suddenly ceased, but the annoyance only took a new form. This time it was that of personal collection. He could not go anywhere but that some one tapped him on the arm and thrust into his hand a statement from Edwards & Co. with the amount, "Seven dollars," and the words, "Past due. Please remit," stamped upon it in beg red letters. In theatre-lobbies, on street corners, at the polo meet, everywhere, in fact, that he appeared in public, this happened to him, and he could not guard himself against it. The mes-



sengers were always different ; usually well-dressed, innocuous-looking young men ; once a young lady ; once an old man who looked like a retired professor or lecturer ; once an old woman ; several times boys, and once a little girl.

Sometimes this happened when he was with Miss Edwards, in which case she always politely ignored it, although he fancied that, turning suddenly, he could see her suppressing a smile. This was enabled to happen very frequently now, from the fact that they were nearly always together. As a matter of fact, Miss Edwards began to miss her most important debtor all the time that he was away from her, and they were both heartily tired of that little bill. They wished that it was out of the way, but neither one could afford to do away with it. It meant too much. Even this, however, could not keep off the inevitable. Tinder must burn when the spark falls, and at last he ventured to speak the thing that was on his mind.

He did it beautifully, too. He found some little trouble in getting started. He stammered a trifle in the preliminaries before he conquered the quake in his knees, but, once into the swing of it, he poured out a magnificent flood of oratory, clasping her hand at precisely the proper moment, and telling her all the fervid things that modern young lovers can find nerve enough to phrase. Miss Edwards waited breathlessly until he had finished, and then, still permitting him to hold her hand, she looked up at him with half-moist lashes.

"You do it so exquisitely," she sighed. "But how about that seven dollars?"

"Abigail!" he pleaded. "You wouldn't let a little thing like that stand between us and our happiness, would you?"

"Would you?" she queried in turn.

That rather stopped the argument. They looked at each other in painful uncertainty for a time. All at once this seven dollars assumed a mountainous proportion. It was a matter of mastership now, and too serious for either argument or evasion. They released their hand-clasp with a mutual impulse. He noticed that little tilt of the chin and she saw that little muscular contraction which, under the jaws of a man, means "no thoroughfare." They chatted about the weather and such things for the balance of his brief call.

When he left, Miss Abigail Edwards went straight up to her room and cried. Mr. Dudley Hargrave went out on the street and said impulsive, unrestrained things under his breath. Miss Edwards was just finishing up with her cry when Aunt Tillie came in to take down her hair.

Aunt Tillie was exactly the shade of walnut stain, and her functions were not only those of maid and guardian, but of confidential adviser, censor, and firm foster-parent. To-night, her quick intuition, strengthened by many years of affection, taught her that about all five functions were urgently in need.

"Looka heah, honey," she began, turning Miss

Abigail's tear-stained face around to her with firm hands; "whad yo'-all been doin'? Now, yo' doan' need say ary word: Ah knows whad de matteh. Yo' been quawlin' wid Misto' Hahgrave. I know, 'case I done seen him stamp out dat doo' madder'n a hohnet. Yo' done put some kine o' bug in his eah an' sen' 'im away. Now yo'-all jes' sen' foh this yah young man to come totin' right back. He jes' th' kin' o' young man Marse Edwards would pick out foh yo', and he jes' th' kin' o' young man yo' pick out foh yo'seff. Yo' Aunt Tillie ain' blin', chile. Ah knows he de man yo'-all wants, and ef yo' doan' git 'im yo' gwan be plumb suah mis'ble all de days o' yo' bohn life. Now, yo' done tell me whad this yah trouble all about, an' Aunt Tillie gwan fix it all up, an' if yo' doan' do jes' de thing whad yo' ought'er do, Aunt Tillie gwan pick yo' up an' spank yo' lak' she done when yo' wah a young 'un."

Miss Abigail laughed. It was such a relief to find that she actually had a friend left in this miserable, gray world.

"Well, Aunt Tillie, you won't be able to understand it," she explained, "because I don't understand it very well myself, but I'm going to tell you all about it, just the same. I think it will do me good."

So she did. Whether Aunt Tillie comprehended the psychological features of it, whether she understood the perversity that lay at the bottom of it all, or the underlying principle of mastery it

involved, Miss Abigail could not have told for the life of her, but after the talk was over Aunt Tillie preserved a sphinx-like silence while she braided her mistress's hair and performed the many other grateful offices, upon the precision of which she had for so many years prided herself.

"An' now, honey," she said, when she was ready to go, "yo' jes' think dis hyah all oveh, an' tomah' mebbe yo' be 'shamed o' yo'seff."

Miss Abigail did think differently about it the next day, but in a way she had scarcely expected, for along about two o'clock Mr. Banks broke her spell of worry and indecision just as she was almost decided to perform a painful operation that would involve the loss of her backbone.

"It may interest you to know that Mr. Hargrave has paid that seven-dollar bill," he telephoned her.

The thanks that she gave him were very brief, for she was in a breathless hurry to use the telephone for another message—to the Stadium Club.

Yes, Mr. Hargrave was in. Yes, he would be there in a moment. She had never heard a voice with such exquisite timbre as that which presently thrilled her.

"This is Dudley Hargrave," he announced.

"Well, this is Abigail Beatrice Cecilia Dorothea Evangelina Florodora Clear-Down-to-Xantippe Edwards. I just called you up to tell you that you are a very nice boy."

"Indeed!" he conservatively replied, not knowing

what next to expect. "I'm so glad you've come around to that opinion."

"Oh, I always thought that," she assured him; "and I'll tell you something else. You may come over this evening and ask me the same question you did last night, if you like."

"Where are you?" he asked with a sudden new vibration in his voice.

"At home," she answered.

"I'm coming now," he vigorously announced, and hung up the receiver.

But he didn't ask her the question. When he was ushered into the room where she stood waiting for him, he simply grabbed her. By and by she raised her head from where it had been comfortably resting, and twisted the top button of his coat around and around.

"After all," she confessed, "I'm sorry now that I was not the one to give in. It was magnanimous of you, Dudley, but it's funny, isn't it, that I wish you hadn't paid that bill? Just an hour longer and I would have capitulated myself."

"But I don't understand," he replied, holding her off from him in amazement. "I never paid the—the seven, if that is what you mean."

"You didn't!" For a moment she was breathless with amazement. "Why, Mr. Banks told me that you did! I'm going to telephone him and find out about it."

There was an instant of half-embarrassed silence

between them, but before it had lasted long enough to be serious, this remarkably natural and direct young woman took his wrist with a happy laugh and drew his arm into the place it fitted so snugly.

"It doesn't make any difference now," she said, "because we've got each other and we're going to keep each other. But come on; we'll find out about it together."

Both puzzled, they walked over to the telephone and she called up Mr. Banks.

No, she was not mistaken. The account had been paid. No, it had not been paid by Mr. Hargrave's check. A post-office money order had come, in Mr. Hargrave's name, to the amount of seven dollars. They had simply applied it to his account on the books and mailed him a formal receipt for it.

They stood in perplexity until Miss Abigail—turning swiftly at a rustling sound her ear detected—caught Aunt Tillie's happy brown face disappearing from between the folds of the portières, and then she darted after her very best friend, dragging the bewildered but ecstatic Dudley along with her.

Aunt Tillie had paid that seven-dollar bill.

---

### The Twins.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

IN form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.

It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached a fearful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed;  
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John got christened me,  
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged  
When John turned out a fool.  
I put this question, fruitlessly,  
To every one I knew:  
"What would you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow, my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.  
In fact, year after year the same  
Absurd mistakes went on,  
And when I died, the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

**Patriotic Remnants.**

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

From "Including Finnigan." Copyright, 1908, by Strickland W. Gillilan. Reprinted by special permission.

THE evening of the Fourth has came,  
But where is Willie's ear?  
The one that's left looks quite the same,  
But where is Willie's ear?  
This morning when he went to play  
With cannon-crackers all the day,  
His lugs were twain; now where, I pray,  
Is Willie's other ear?

Upon the Fourth the sun has set,  
But where is Albert's nose?  
We've all our little darlings yet,  
But where is Albert's nose?  
When to the fray he went at morn,  
With matches, punk, and powder-horn,  
He'd all the things with which we're born—  
Now where is Albert's nose?

The gloaming's started in to gloam,  
But where is Charlie's leg?  
The rest of Charles has all came home,  
But where is Charlie's leg?  
The man who drave the ambu-lance  
Said laughingly, "No more he'll dance,  
But 'twill be cheaper buying pance"—  
Ah, where is Charlie's leg?



Thus every Fourth our darlings lose  
Some features or a limb;  
'Tis 'most enough to cause the blues  
And make life hard and grim.  
But many be their limbs or few  
Compared with those that on them grew,  
We'll shout for Yankee-doodle-do  
From dawn till dusktide dim!

---

### Poor Dear Mamma.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

From "The Story of the Gadsbys."

Scene: *Interior of MISS MINNIE THREEGAN'S bedroom at Simla. MISS THREEGAN, in window-seat, turning over a drawerful of things. MISS EMMA DEERCOURT, bosom friend, who has come to spend the day, sitting on the bed, manipulating the bodice of a ballroom frock and a bunch of artificial lilies of the valley. Time, 5.30 P.M. on a hot May afternoon.*

*Miss Deercourt.* And he said: "I shall never forget this dance," and, of course, I said: "Oh! how can you be so silly!" Do you think he meant anything, dear?

*Miss Threegan (extracting long lavender silk stocking from the rubbish).* You know him better than I do.

*Miss D.* Oh, do be sympathetic, Minnie! I'm sure he does. At least I *would* be sure if he wasn't always riding with that odious Mrs. Hagan.

*Miss T.* I suppose so. How *does* one manage to

dance through one's heels first? Look at this— isn't it shameful? (*Spreads stocking-heel on open hand for inspection.*)

*Miss D.* Never mind that! You can't mend it. Help me with this hateful bodice. I've run the string *so*, and I've run the string *so*, and I *can't* make the fulness come right. Where would you put this? (*Waves lilies of the valley.*)

*Miss T.* As high up on the shoulder as possible.

*Miss D.* Am I quite tall enough? I know it makes May Olger look lop-sided.

*Miss T.* Yes, but May hasn't your shoulders. Hers are like a hock-bottle.

*Bearer (rapping at door).* Captain Sahib, aya.

*Miss D.* (*jumping up wildly, and hunting for body, which she has discarded owing to the heat of the day*). Captain Sahib! What Captain Sahib? Oh, good gracious, and I'm only half dressed! Well, I sha'n't bother.

*Miss T. (calmly).* You needn't! It isn't for us. That's Captain Gadsby. He is going for a ride with Mamma. He generally comes five days out of the seven.

*Agonized Voice (from an inner apartment).* Minnie, run out and give Captain Gadsby some tea, and tell him I shall be ready in ten minutes; and, O Minnie, come to me an instant, there's a dear girl!

*Miss T.* Oh, bother! (*Aloud.*) Very well, Mamma.

[*Exit, and reappears, after five minutes, flushed and rubbing her fingers.*]

Miss D. You look pink. What has happened?

Miss T. (*in a stage whisper*). A twenty-four-inch waist, and she won't let it out. Where are my bangles? (*Rummages on the toilet-table, and dabs at her hair with a brush in the interval.*)

Miss D. Who is this Captain Gadsby? I don't think I've met him.

Miss T. You *must* have. He belongs to the Har-rar set. I've danced with him, but I've never talked to him. He's a big yellow man, just like a newly-hatched chicken, with an e-normous mustache. He walks like this (*imitates Cavalry swagger*), and he goes "Ha—Hmmm!" deep down in his throat when he can't think of anything to say. Mamma likes him. I don't.

Miss D. (*abstractedly*). Does he wax that mustache?

Miss T. (*busy with powder-puff*). Yes, I think so. Why?

Miss D. (*bending over the bodice and sewing furiously*). Oh, nothing—only——

Miss T. (*sternly*). Only what? Out with it, Emma.

Miss D. Well, May Olger—she's engaged to Mr. Charteris, you know—said—Promise you won't repeat this?

Miss T. Yes, I promise. What did she say?

Miss D. That—that being kissed (*with a rush*), by a man who *didn't* wax his mustache was—like eating an egg without salt.

Miss T. (*at her full height, with crushing scorn*).

May Olger is a horrid, nasty *Thing*, and you can tell her I said so. I'm glad she doesn't belong to my set—I must go and feed this *man*! Do I look presentable?

*Miss D.* Yes, perfectly. Be quick and hand him over to your Mother, and then we can talk. *I* shall listen at the door to hear what you say to him.

*Miss T.* Sure I don't care. *I'm* not afraid of Captain Gadsby.

[*In proof of this swings into drawing-room with a mannish stride followed by two short steps, which produces the effect of a restive horse entering. Misses CAPTAIN GADSBY, who is sitting in the shadow of the window-curtain, and gazes round helplessly.*

*Captain Gadsby (aside).* The filly, by Jove! Must ha' picked up that action from the sire. (*Aloud, rising.*) Good evening, Miss Threegan.

*Miss T. (conscious that she is flushing).* Good-evening, Captain Gadsby. Mamma told me to say that she will be ready in a few minutes. Won't you have some tea? (*Aside.*) I hope Mamma will be quick. What *am* I to say to the creature? (*Aloud and abruptly.*) Milk and sugar?

*Capt. G.* No sugar, tha-anks, and very little milk. Ha-Hmmm.

*Miss T. (aside).* If he's going to do that, I'm lost. I shall laugh. *I know* I shall!

*Capt. G. (pulling at his mustache and watching it sideways down his nose).* Ha-Hmmm. (*Aside.*)

Wonder what the little beast can talk about. Must make a shot at it.

*Miss T. (aside).* Oh, this is agonizing. I *must* say something.

*Both Together.* Have you been——

*Capt. G.* I beg your pardon. You were going to say——

*Miss T. (who has been watching the mustache with awed fascination).* Won't you have some eggs?

*Capt. G. (looking bewilderedly at the tea-table).* Eggs! (*Aside.*) O Hades! She must have a nursery-tea at this hour. S'pose they've wiped her mouth and sent her to me while the Mother is getting on her duds. (*Aloud.*) No, thanks.

*Miss T. (crimson with confusion).* Oh! I didn't mean that. I wasn't thinking of mu—eggs for an instant. I mean *salt*. Won't you have some sa—sweets? (*Aside.*) He'll think me a raving lunatic. I wish Mamma would come.

*Capt. G. (aside).* It *was* a nursery-tea and she's ashamed of it. By Jove! She doesn't look half bad when she colors up like that. (*Aloud.*) Do you ride much? I've never seen you on the Mall.

*Miss T. (aside).* I haven't passed him *more* than fifty times. (*Aloud.*) Nearly every day.

*Capt. G.* By Jove! I didn't know that. H-Hmmm! (*Pulls at his mustache and is silent for forty seconds.*)

*Miss T. (desperately, and wondering what will*

*happen next*). It looks beautiful. I shouldn't touch it if I were you. (*Aside.*) It's all Mamma's fault for not coming before. I *will* be rude!

*Capt. G.* (*bronzing under the tan and bringing down his hand very quickly*). Eh! Wha-at! Oh, yes! Ha! Ha! (*Laughs uneasily.*) (*Aside.*) Well, of *all* the dashed cheek! I never had a woman say that to me yet. She must be a cool hand or else—— Ah! that nursery-tea!

*Voice from the Unknown.* Tchk! Tchk! Tchk!

*Capt. G.* Good gracious! What's that?

*Miss T.* The dog, I think. (*Aside.*) Emma has been listening, and I'll never forgive her!

*Capt. G.* (*aside*). They don't keep dogs here. (*Aloud.*) Didn't sound like a dog, did it?

*Miss T.* Then it must have been the cat. Let's go into the veranda. What a lovely evening it is!

[*Steps into veranda and looks out across the hills into sunset. The Captain follows.*]

*Capt. G.* (*aside*). Superb eyes! I wonder that I never noticed them before! (*Aloud.*) There's going to be a dance at Viceregal Lodge on Wednesday. Can you spare me one?

*Miss T.* (*shortly*). No! I don't want any of your charity-dances. You only ask me because Maruma told you to. I hop and I bump. You *know* I do!

*Capt. G.* (*aside*). That's true, but little girls shouldn't understand these things. (*Aloud.*) No, on my word, I don't. You dance beautifully.

*Miss T.* Then why do you always stand out

after half a dozen turns? I thought officers in the Army didn't tell fibs.

*Capt. G.* It wasn't a fib, believe me. I really *do* want the pleasure of a dance with you.

*Miss T. (wickedly).* Why? Won't Mamma dance with you any more?

*Capt. G. (more earnestly than the necessity demands).* I wasn't thinking of your Mother. (*Aside.*) You little vixen!

*Miss T. (still looking out of the window).* Eh? Oh, I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something else.

*Capt. G. (aside).* Well! I wonder what she'll say next. I've never known a woman treat *me* like this before. I might be—— Dash it, I might be an Infantry subaltern! (*Aloud.*) Oh, *please* don't trouble. I'm not worth thinking about. Isn't your Mother ready yet?

*Miss T.* I should think so; but promise me, Captain Gadsby, you won't take poor dear Mamma twice round Jakko any more. It tires her so.

*Capt. G.* She says that no exercise tires her.

*Miss T.* Yes, but she suffers afterwards. *You* don't know what rheumatism is, and you oughtn't to keep her out so late, when it gets chill in the evenings.

*Capt. G. (aside).* Rheumatism! I *thought* she came off her horse rather in a bunch. Whew! One lives and learns. (*Aloud.*) I'm sorry to hear that. She hasn't mentioned it to me.

*Miss T. (flurried).* Of course not! Poor dear Mamma never would. And you mustn't say that I told you either. Promise me that you won't. Oh, Captain Gadsby, *promise* me you won't!

*Capt. G.* I am dumb, or—I shall be as soon as you've given me that dance, and another—if you can trouble yourself to think about me for a minute.

*Miss T.* But you won't like it one little bit. You'll be awfully sorry afterwards.

*Capt. G.* I shall like it above all things, and I shall only be sorry that I didn't get more. (*Aside.*) Now what in the world am I saying?

*Miss T.* Very well. You will have only yourself to thank if your toes are trodden on. Shall we say Seven?

*Capt. G.* And Eleven.

*Poor Dear Mamma (entering, habited, hatted, and booted).* Ah, Captain Gadsby! Sorry to keep you waiting. Hope you haven't been bored. My little girl been talking to you?

*Miss T. (aside).* I'm not sorry I spoke about the rheumatism. I'm not! I'm NOT! I only wish I'd mentioned the corns too.

*Capt. G. (aside).* What a shame! I wonder how old she is. It never occurred to me before.

*Miss T. (aside).* Nice man! (*Aloud.*) Good-bye, Captain Gadsby. (*Aside.*) What a huge hand and *what* a squeeze! I don't suppose he meant it, but he has driven the rings into my fingers.



## INTERVAL OF EIGHT WEEKS.

Scene: *Exterior of New Simla Library on a foggy evening.* MISS THREEGAN and MISS DEERCOURT meet among the 'rickshaws. MISS T. is carrying a bundle of books under her left arm.

Miss D. (*level intonation.*) Well?

Miss T. (*ascending intonation.*) Well?

Miss D. (*capturing her friend's left arm, taking away all the books, placing books in 'rickshaw, returning to arm, securing hand by the third finger and investigating.*) Well! You bad girl! And you never told me.

Miss T. (*demurely.*) He—he—he only spoke yesterday afternoon.

Miss D. Bless you, dear! And I'm to be bridesmaid, aren't I? You *know* you promised *ever* so long ago.

Miss T. Of course. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. (*Gets into 'rickshaw.*) O Emma!

Miss D. (*with intense interest.*) Yes, dear?

Miss T. (*piano.*) It's quite true—about—the—egg.

Miss D. What egg?

Miss T. (*pianissimo prestissimo.*) The egg without the salt.

**A Department-Store Ditty.**

CHARLES T. GRILLEY.

From "Jingles of a Jester." Copyright, 1907. Reprinted by special permission of the author and the publishers, Pearson Brothers.

OH, how well do I remember !  
'Twas a warm day in September  
That I foolishly went shopping  
With my wife, a two-months' bride.  
As o'er the trip I ponder,  
I vow ne'er again to wander  
Into one of those department-stores,  
No matter who my guide.

She carefully approached me,  
And she wheedled and she coaxed me  
To go along and help select  
A pattern for a dress.  
Little did I think on starting  
Of how near we'd come to parting  
Before we ended up that trip  
Of sorrow and distress.

It was "Bargain Day," she told me,  
As the store we entered boldly ;  
I thought there was a riot  
When we got inside the door.  
There were females of all ages,  
Some who ought to be in cages ;

For they fought like wild hyenas  
Rushing madly through the store.

My heart was palpitating,  
And my eyes with fear dilating,  
As I gazed in terror at the scene  
Which now before me passed.  
Like a storm upon the ocean  
Was this terrible commotion,  
And something seemed to tell me  
That this moment was our last.

Into this vortex whirling,  
With my coat-tails round me curling,  
We plunged together, vowing  
That we'd get that dress or die.  
But what a foolish notion!  
When we struck that whirlpool motion  
We were rudely torn asunder,  
With no chance to say "Good-by!"

A big fat woman grasped me,  
And in her arms she clasped me,  
Then straightened back and threw me  
Some twenty feet or more.  
I felt a sudden crashing,  
Through a skylight I went dashing,  
And when I gained my senses  
I was on the basement floor.

Here were clothes-pins, tubs, and blueing,  
Washboards, mops, and pans for stewing,  
And stacks of kitchen furniture  
Where'er my eyes would roam.  
I had no time to tarry,  
But ran like "the old Harry,"  
And up the stairs I made a dash  
For "Home, Sweet Home."

But when I gained the landing  
I found a bluecoat standing;  
My crazy-like appearance  
Was suspicious, I've no doubt;  
Then he set my blood congealing  
As he roared, "So! you've been stealing.  
We've been watching you for weeks, young man,  
And now we've found you out."

Then toward the street we started,  
But soon we too got parted.  
Some females formed a flying wedge,  
And away went Mr. Cop.  
I offered no objection  
To his seeming disaffection,  
But round I went gyrating;  
I couldn't seem to stop.

I heard a shrill voice calling;  
"Cash!" on the air was falling;  
And knowing that my wife would be  
Wherever *that* was found,

For this spot I now went tearing,  
For my safety little caring,  
If I could only reach the place  
And find her safe and sound.

There I saw her calmly standing,  
While to her a clerk was handing  
A measly little bundle;  
'Twas the cause of all my woe.  
Then, turning she smiled sweetly,  
And stepping up to greet me,  
Said, "Oh, here you are, my darling,  
Are you ready now to go?"

That she was sane I doubted.  
"Ready?" I loudly shouted;  
"Well, you can bet I'm ready."  
Then I grasped her by the wrist.  
"In the future when you're dropping  
Into this mad-house shopping,  
Please remember it's my busy day  
And scratch me off your list."

Now before I'm disappearing,  
To all married men in hearing  
I have a word of warning,  
And perhaps 'twill save your life.  
Get a football suit well padded,  
Have a course in wrestling added:  
For you certainly will need them  
If you're shopping with your wife.

## The Princess Mary.

CHARLES MAJOR.

From "When Knighthood was in Flower." Copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The following story is told by Sir Edward Caskoden, Master of the Dance to Henry VIII. The characters are Mary Tudor, sister to the King; Jane, her lady-in-waiting; and Charles Brandon, who had just been invited to the court.

Now, at that time Mary, the king's sister, was just ripening into her greatest womanly perfection. She was of medium height, with a figure that Venus might have envied.

Will Sommers, the fool, one day spread through court an announcement that there would be a public exhibition in the main hall of the palace that evening, when the Princess Mary would perform the somewhat alarming, but, in fact, harmless, operation of wheedling the king out of his ears.

She had been made love to by so many men, who had lost their senses in the dazzling rays of her thousand perfections. Man's love was so cheap and plentiful that it had no value in her eyes, and it looked as if she would lose the best thing in life by having too much of it.

Mary did not come with us from Westminster the morning after the joustings, as we had expected, but followed some four or five days later, and

Brandon had fairly settled himself at court before her arrival.

On the evening of the day Mary came home to Greenwich, Brandon asked: "Who and what on earth is this wonderful Mary I hear so much about? They say she is coming home to-day, and the court seems to have gone mad about it; I hear nothing but 'Mary is coming! Mary is coming! Mary! Mary!' from morning until night. They say Buckingham is beside himself for love of her. He has a wife at home, if I am right, and is old enough to be her father. Is he not?" I assented; and Brandon continued: "A man who will make such a fool of himself about a woman is woefully weak. The men of the court must be poor creatures."

"Wait until you see her," I answered, "and you will be one of them, also. I flatter you by giving you one hour with her to be heels over head in love. With an ordinary man it takes one-sixtieth of that time; so you see I pay a compliment to your strength of mind."

"Nonsense!" broke in Brandon. "Do you think I left all of my wits down in Suffolk? Why, man, she is the sister of the king, and is sought by kings and emperors. I might as well fall in love with a twinkling star. Then, besides, my heart is not on my sleeve."

Now when Mary returned the whole court rejoiced, and I was anxious for Brandon to meet her, that they should become friends. It was on the

second morning after Mary's arrival at Greenwich. Brandon and I were walking in the palace park when we met Jane, and I took the opportunity to make these, my two best-loved friends, acquainted.

In a short time we came to a summer-house near the marble boat-landing, where we found the queen and some of her ladies awaiting the rest of their party for a trip down the river, which had been planned the day before.

The queen, seeing us, sent me off to bring the king. After I had gone, she asked if any one had seen the Princess Mary, and Brandon told her that Lady Jane had said she was at the other side of the grounds. Thereupon her Majesty asked Brandon to find the princess and to say that she was wanted.

Brandon started off and soon found a bevy of girls sitting on some benches under a spreading oak, weaving spring flowers. He had never seen the princess, so could not positively know her. As a matter of fact, he did know her, as soon as his eyes rested on her, for she could not be mistaken among a thousand. Some stubborn spirit of opposition, however, prompted him to pretend ignorance.

Coming up to the group Brandon took off his hat, and with a graceful little bow that let the curls fall around his face, he asked: "Have I the honor to find the Princess Mary among these ladies?"

Mary, whom I know you will at once say was thoroughly spoiled, without turning her face toward him, replied:



"Is the Princess Mary a person of so little consequence about the court that she is not known to a mighty captain of the guard?"

He wore his guardsman's doublet, and she knew his rank by his uniform. She had not noticed his face.

Quick as a flash came the answer: "I cannot say of what consequence the Princess Mary is about the court; it is not my place to determine such matters. I am sure, however, she is not here, for I doubt not she would have given a gentle answer to a message from the queen. I shall continue my search." With this, he determined to leave, and the ladies, including Jane, who was there and saw it all and told me of it, awaited the bolt they knew would come, for they saw the lightning gathering in Mary's eyes.

Mary sprang to her feet with an angry flush in her face, exclaiming, "Insolent fellow, I am the Princess Mary; if you have a message, deliver it and be gone." You may be sure this sort of treatment was such as the cool-headed, daring Brandon would repay with usury; so, turning upon his heel, and almost presenting his back to Mary, he spoke to Lady Jane:

"Will your ladyship say to her highness that her majesty, the queen, awaits her coming at the marble landing?"

"No need to repeat the message, Jane," cried Mary; "I have ears and can hear for myself." Then, turning to Brandon: "If your insolence will

permit you to receive a message from so insignificant a person as the king's sister, I beg you to say to the queen that I shall be with her presently."

He did not turn his face toward Mary, but bowed again to Jane.

"May I ask your ladyship further to say for me that if I have been guilty of any discourtesy I greatly regret it. My failure to recognize the Princess Mary grew out of my misfortune in never having been allowed to bask in the light of her countenance. I cannot believe the fault lies at my door, and hope for her own sake that her highness, upon second thought, will realize how ungentle and unkind some one else has been." And with a sweeping courtesy he walked quickly down the path.

"The insolent wretch!" cried one.

"He ought to hold papers on the pillory," said another.

"Nothing of the sort," broke in sensible, fearless little Jane; "I think the Lady Mary was wrong. He could not have known her by inspiration."

"Jane is right," exclaimed Mary, whose temper, if short, was also short-lived. "Jane is right; it was what I deserved. I did not think when I spoke, and did not really mean it as it sounded. He acted like a man, and looked like one, too, when he defended himself. For once I have found a real live man, full of manliness. I saw him in the lists at Windsor a week ago, but the king said his name was a secret, and I could not learn it. He seemed

to know you, Jane. Who is he? Now tell us all you know. The queen can wait."

And her majesty waited on a girl's curiosity.

After Jane's account of Brandon, they all started in a roundabout way for the marble landing. In a few moments whom did they see, coming toward them down the path, but Brandon, who had delivered his message and continued his walk. When he saw whom he was about to meet, he quietly turned in another direction. The Lady Mary had seen him, however, and told Jane to run forward and bring him to her. She soon overtook him and said:

"Master Brandon, the princess wishes to see you." Then, maliciously, "You will suffer this time. I assure you she is not used to such treatment. It was glorious, though, to see you resent such an affront. Men usually smirk and smile foolishly and thank her when she smites them."

Brandon was disinclined to return.

"I am not in her highness's command," he answered, "and do not care to go back for a reprimand when I am in no way to blame."

"Oh, but you must come; perhaps she will not scold this time," and she put her hand upon his arm and laughingly drew him along. Brandon, of course, had to submit when led by so sweet a captor—anybody would. So fresh, and fair, and lovable was Jane, that I am sure anything masculine *must* have given way.

Coming up to the princess and her ladies, who

were waiting, Jane said, "Lady Mary, let me present Master Brandon, who, if he has offended in any way, humbly sues for pardon." That was the one thing Brandon had no notion on earth of doing, but he let it go as Jane had put it, and this was his reward:

"It is not Master Brandon who should sue for pardon," responded the princess, "it is I who was wrong. I blush for what I did and said. Forgive me, sir, and let us start anew." At this she stepped up to Brandon and offered him her hand, which he, dropping to his knee, kissed most gallantly.

"Your highness, you can well afford to offend when you have so sweet and gracious a talent for making amends. 'A wrong acknowledged,' as some one has said, 'becomes an obligation.'" He looked straight into the girl's eyes as he said this, and his gaze was altogether too strong for her, so the lashes fell. She flushed and said with a smile that brought the dimples:

"I thank you; that is a real compliment." Then laughingly: "Much better than extravagant comments on one's skin, and eyes, and hair. We are going to the queen at the marble landing; will you walk with us, sir?" And they strolled away together, while the other girls followed in a whispering, laughing group.

Was there ever so glorious a calm after such a storm?

"Then those mythological compliments," continued Mary, "don't you dislike them?"

"I can't say that I ever received many—none that I recall," replied Brandon, with a perfectly straight face, but with a smile trying its best to break out.

"Oh! you have not? Well! how would you like to have somebody always telling you that Apollo was humpbacked and misshapen compared with you; that Endymion would have covered his face had he but seen yours, and so on?"

"I don't know, but I think I should like it—from some persons," he replied, looking ever so innocent.

This savored of familiarity after so brief an acquaintance, and caused the princess to glance up in slight surprise; but only for the instant, for his innocent look disarmed her.

"I have a mind to see," she returned, laughing and throwing her head back, as she looked up at him out of the corner of her lustrous eyes. "But I will pay you a better compliment. I positively thank you for the rebuke. I do many things like that, for which I am always sorry. Oh! you don't know how difficult it is to be a good princess." And she shook her head with a gathering of little trouble-wrinkles in her forehead, as much as to say, "There is no getting away from it, though." Then she breathed a soft little sigh of tribulation as they walked on. "But here is the queen." Then they both laughed and courtesied, and Brandon walked away.

**When Lovely Woman.**

PHOEBE CARY.

WHEN lovely woman wants a favor,  
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,  
What earthly circumstance can save her  
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,  
The last experiment to try,  
Whether a husband or a lover,  
If he have feeling is—to cry.

---

**Lines by an Old Fogey.**

ANONYMOUS.

I'M thankful that the sun and moon  
Are both hung up so high,  
That no presumptuous hand can stretch  
And pull them from the sky.  
If they were not I have no doubt  
But some reforming ass  
Would recommend to take them down  
And light the world with gas.

---

**De Circus Turkey.**

BEN KING.

From "Ben King's Verse." Reprinted by permission of  
the publishers, Forbes & Co.

HE's de worst I evah see,  
Dat ole turkey up'n de tree;

I bin pesta'n him 'n' punchin' him saince mohnin'.

I nev', saince I was bo'n,

See de way he do stick on,

En he 'pears to look down at me 's if he scornin'.

He doesn't seem to 'pear

Ter hab a bit ob fear,

Kase I'se wasted all mah strength 'n' bref upon 'im.

It may be he's in fun,

But I'll scah 'im wid dis gun,

I'se boun' ter git 'im down some way, dog on 'im.

I'se fro'd mos' all de sticks

In de yard, 'n' all de bricks;

Ef yo' was me, whut under d' sun 'ud yo' do?

He doesn't seem ter change,

'N' 'pears ter act so strange,

I d'clar he mus' be pestah'd wid a hoodoo.

I tale yo' hit's er fac',

I nearly broke mah back

Er histin' shoes 'n' brickbats up dar to 'im.

'Pon dis Tanksgibbin' day,

I hate ter shoot, but say—

I b'leeve a gun's de only thing'll do 'im!

I 'low I'll make 'im think

He kain't gib me de wink

An' sait upon dat limb en be secuah.

Biff! Bang! I'll make 'im sing;

Mah goodness, watch 'im swing!

W'y, he's a reg'lah circus turkey, suah.

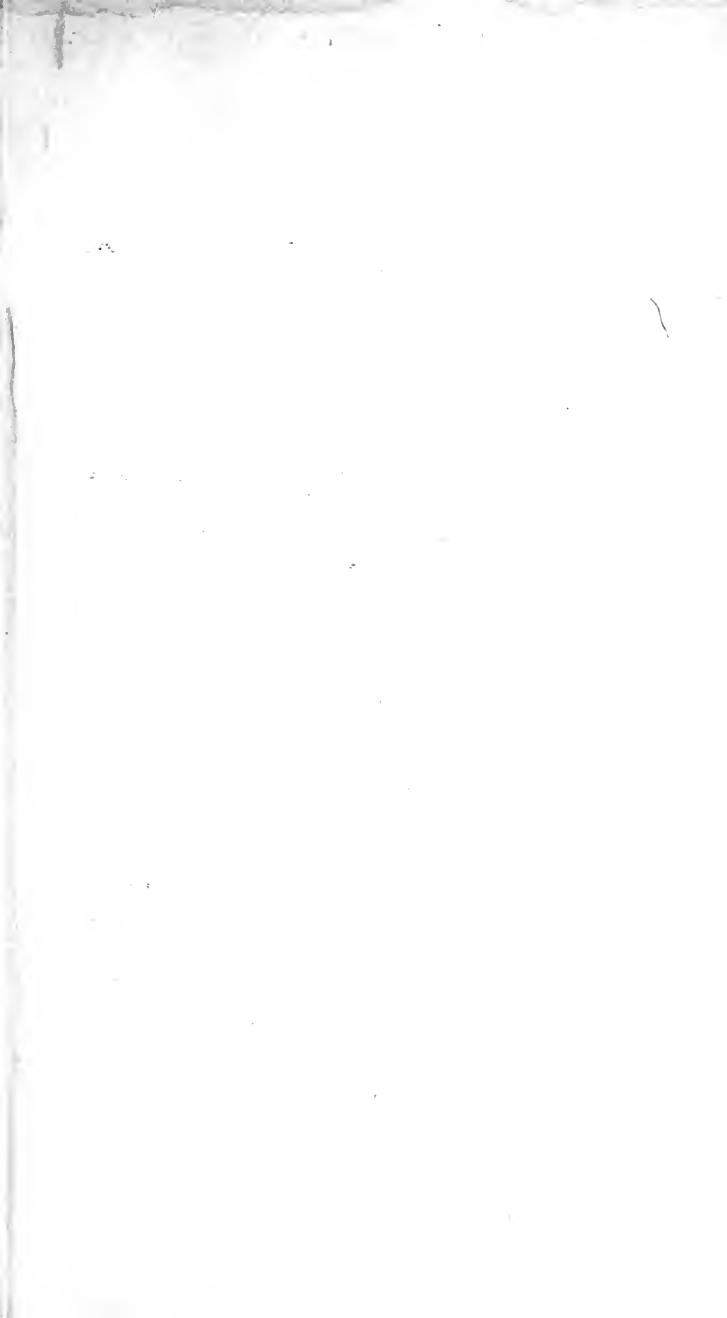
Hi see de hull thing now—  
Dat Rasmus boy, I 'low,  
Has done gone tied 'is feet up dar wid strings.  
No wondah dat he tried  
Ter come off; he was tied,  
'N' all what he could do was flap 'is wings.

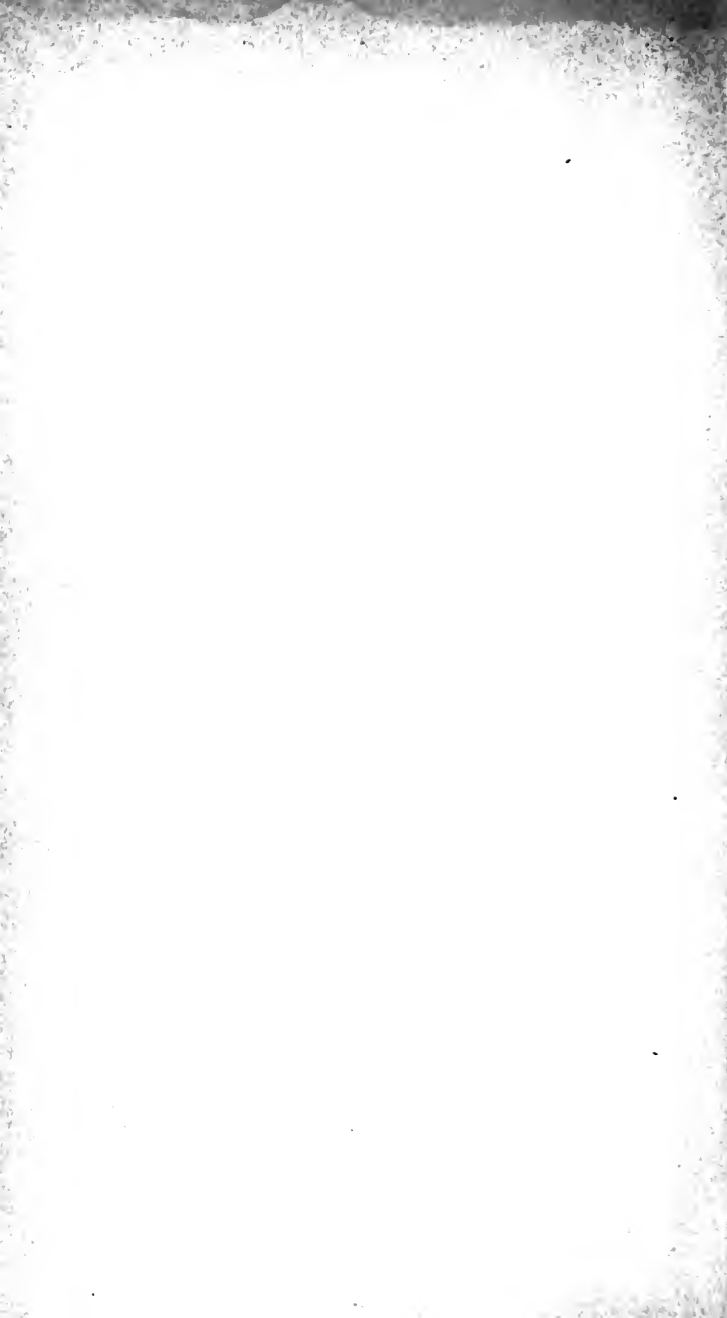
Come hyar, yo' Rasmus, quick, sah!  
I'se min' ter use dis stick, sah!  
Come hyar, from ovar dar, from whar yo' stood.  
I 'low I ought to lay yo'  
Down on dat groun' en flay yo';  
I'se tempted mos' ter use a stick o' wood.

Yo' kain't go to de meetin',  
An' w'en it comes ter eatin',  
Yo' mudder sais yo' kain't come to de table.  
I bet you'll sing er tune,  
Kase all dis aftahnoon  
We's 'cided dat we'll lock yo' in de stable.

Yo' kain't hab none de white meat,  
An' yo' kain't hab none de brown meat,  
An' yo' jes' hearn whut yer po' ole mudder sade;  
Yo' kain't hab none de stuffin',  
Er de cranber' sauce er nuffin',  
An' 'cisely at six o'clock yo' go ter baid.









UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

<p>29 May '51</p> <p>25 1952 LU</p> <p>4 May '54 MC</p>	<p>6 May '54 EL</p> <p>APR 24 1954 LU</p> <p>31 Jul 54 WM</p> <p>JUL 17 1954 LU</p> <p>22 Oct 55 EW</p> <p>OCT 8 1955 LU</p> <p>LIBRARY USE</p> <p>FEB 7 1956</p> <p>FEB 7 1956 LU</p> <p>5 Jan '58 ES</p> <p>REC'D LD</p> <p>JAN 6 1958</p>	<p>18 Nov '59 CH</p> <p>REC'D LD</p> <p>JAN 9 1960</p> <p>REC'D XS</p> <p>REC'D LD</p> <p>JUL 25 1963</p>
---	--	---

LD 21-100m-11,'49 (B7146s16)476

18 ✓

109 ✓

77 ✓

41 ✓

294

295

296

141 ✓

YB 02250

502116

J

P36

h

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

